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The Hardest Problem Before the Washington Conference

THE program of things to be done at the Conference in Washington—the agenda—falls into four parts: the limitation of armaments; China; Siberia; the mandated islands—meaning Yap. The first of these, the limitation of armaments, will probably come as a corollary to the solution of the other problems, as the Q. E. D. at the close. As for Yap and the other Pacific islands, it seems incredible that they should present any formidable difficulties. If the other problems are solved, Yap loses most of its importance both to Japan and to us. Only in case there is to be a desperate struggle between the United States and Japan does Yap become a piece of much consequence on the chess-board. Siberia seems to present no difficulties that diplomats should not be able to handle successfully. It might have been left out of the agenda altogether without surprizing anyone very much. That it is introduced in a conference in which Russia (for obvious reasons) does not participate may be due to the fact that

it may make the real problem of the Conference easier of solution. It may help the Conference to find a way out, at the expense of an absent Power that is unable to help itself and which is shaking its bolshevik fist at all the rest of the world.

China is the real problem. If the Conference can solve China, it can solve all the other problems. The fact that China has become an urgent problem is due to Japan and her insistent need of expansion, especially industrial expansion. If it were not for that central fact of Japan's needs and of her aggressive efforts to supply those needs, China would be no more of a problem to the world to-day than she has been all along for the last 50 years or more.

Consider the situation of this water-logged old craft with incalculable treasures in her hold.

China has to-day the largest number of men under arms of any nation in the world. The number is estimated at 1200 thousand. Yet she is the most helpless of nations. These men under



WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF DISARMAMENT—COULD
WE NOT DISARM OUR MINDS?

—Pon in *London Daily Mail*.

arms do not constitute a national army.

They constitute a score or more of armies, under the commands of the viceroys. By means of them the viceroys are enabled to snap their fingers at the Peking government's—or the Canton government's—orders whenever they please. "Instead of two divisions in China," says Professor John Dewey, fresh from the Orient, "there are at least five—two parties in both the north and south, and another in the Central or Yangtze region, each one of the five splitting up again more or less on factional and provincial lines."

The integrity of China is a grim joke. When Germany grabbed Kiaochow and economic rights in Shantung, in 1897, she started a general grab game. Russia took Port

Arthur, Dalny and part of the Liaotung Peninsula. Great Britain, just to even things up, accepted Weihaiwei and the Kowloon Peninsula, opposite the island of Hong Kong, which she already held. France demanded and got the Bay of Kwangchow. In addition, each Power marked out for itself a "sphere of interest." All these appropriations were thinly disguised as leases. Japan, who had been the one to break China's power, was shoved to one side while the game was going on. She got into it later, wresting Port Arthur from Russia, Kiaochow from Germany, and entrenching herself in Manchuria and Mongolia.

But this tells only half the story of foreign control.



THE ALIBI

—Reid in *N. Y. Evening Mail*.

governing," says Charles Merz, special correspondent of the *N. Y. World*, "a considerable part of the governing is in fact done by foreigners." The Maritime Customs, the Chinese post-office, and the collection of salt taxes are all under foreign supervision. The expenditure of foreign loans is similarly supervised and "Chinese governments live on foreign loans."

The financial and economic dependence of China is, in fact, the secret of all the trouble she is making. And, strange to say, this dependence is due chiefly to militarism. We think of China as a hopelessly pacifist nation, and so she is when it comes to defending her rights against foreign aggression. But otherwise she is ridden to death by militarism. Civil wars are commonplaces. Each Viceroy maintains himself by a military force. The foreign loans go to pay the price of militarism. A few days before the Washington Conference, China defaulted on the interest on a foreign loan of \$5,500,000. Monlin Chiang, Dean of the University of Peking and now in Washington as a representative of the Chambers of Commerce of both North and South China, explains this default. The Chinese bankers have concluded not to make any more loans at present to the government. "Hereto-

fore," he says, "loans have been obtained and the money has gone to the support of armies and the maintenance of influences which have disrupted China. That must stop." Accordingly all the banks in the sphere of influence of the Peking Government have removed practically all their assets to Shanghai, Tientsin and elsewhere. The business men are "tired of rule by military cliques and politicians."

The financial plight of China, as Professor Dewey also tells us ("China, Japan and the U. S. A."), depends upon "militaristic domination and wild expenditure for unproductive purposes and 'squeeze.'" The easiest and most direct method, he thinks, of relieving China of the Japan menace is by some international economic arrangement among the powers. The much-heralded Consortium, he declares, has failed to inaugurate any constructive policy chiefly because of the jealousy and lack of interest in any such policy shown by Japan and Great Britain. The "open door" policy looks primarily not to protection of China but to an equality of opportunity among foreign nations in their financial and industrial enterprises in China. "There is nothing in it to render impossible a conjoint exploitation of China by foreign powers."

Such is the situation of the great

SOWING DRAGONS' TEETH

From a report unanimously adopted by the Judicial Section of the American Bar Association

The judicial section of the American Bar Association, venturing to speak for all the judges, wishes to express this warning to the American people: Reverence for law and enforcement of law depend mainly upon the ideals and customs of those who occupy the vantage ground of life in business and society. The people of the United States, by solemn constitutional and statutory enactment, have undertaken to suppress the age-long evil of the liquor traffic. When, for the gratification of their appetites or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, disobey and scoff at this law, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery and homicide, they are sowing dragons' teeth, and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from reaping the harvest.

Chinese Empire, full of just the kind of potential wealth—minerals, coal, cotton, etc.—which Japan lacks and which are essential to her national development, perhaps to her national existence. What nation situated so close to such a treasure-laden derelict and seeing other nations so busily looting it would resist the temptation to join in the looting? We have not joined in it, but we have vast supplies of iron, copper, coal, oil, cotton, of our own. Japan has not. And it must be remembered that while we talk about the "open door" in China, China herself has never adopted an open-door policy. Foreigners can lease land, carry on business and manufacture only in accord with express treaty agreements, and such agreements must be obtained either by bulldozing the government or bribing its officials.

The real offense of Japan is not in the fact that she has joined in the game of looting China but in the ruthless way in which she has played the game. Just as her offense in Korea is not in seizing control of it so much as in the ruthless way in which she has exercised control. Her legal and logical claim to the German rights in Shantung is as indisputable as any other nation can show for its possessions in China. But she has gone far beyond anything the Germans ever did in the way of high-handed administration. One need refer only to the notorious Twenty-One Demands, made upon China when Japanese machine-guns were in position at various strategic points throughout Shantung, with trenches dug and sand-bags placed. And it is a Japanese magnate, Viscount Shibusawa, "the J. P. Morgan of Japan," who denounces those demands as high-handed, brutal, unrighteous and cowardly. "If the American people," says the Viscount, "think that the people of Japan were back of the notorious demands they are wrong, grievously mistaken." But to all ac-

counts the spirit of those demands prevails to-day in the administration of affairs in Shantung.

China is the problem, but what is the answer? Japan can not well be compelled to leave Shantung, not, at least, by a conference for the limitation of armament, nor by a conference participated in by Great Britain, France and Italy, all of whom formally agreed, before we went into the war, that she should go there. Can she be persuaded to leave Shantung voluntarily and forego all "economic rights" there, while France and Great Britain retain their "spheres of influence" in China? It seems very doubtful unless it is made well worth her while. And if she consents to leave Shantung, will she also leave Manchuria and Mongolia? "The whole success of our policy in the Far East," says Frank H. Simonds, in a careful survey of the situation for the *N. Y. Tribune*, "depends upon persuading the Japanese of the criminal folly of most of what they have done in the past decade and extorting from them a firm pledge to go and sin no more." If we can not persuade them to accept the principles of the open door and the integrity of China, then, says Simonds, "limitation of armaments becomes irrelevant and war in the Far East well-nigh inevitable." And how many citizens of the United States will be willing to see our Government engage in such a war, on the other side of the world, to maintain the integrity of a nation that will not defend itself?

In this Conference, as Mr. Simonds sees it, the United States is undertaking an aggressive foreign policy. "It is undertaking to forbid China to Japan, so far as Japan has looked upon it as an exclusive field for political and economic exploitation." The anonymous author of "The Mirrors of Washington," in a cogent analysis of the situation, points out that "the limitation of armaments alone will insure Japan's dominance of

the Far East." Unless we are willing to extend our fortifications to Guam and Manila, and take control of the situation alone, "nothing but an Anglo-American combination, perhaps finally an alliance, can keep the continent of Asia open to white development. Limitation of armaments and the limitation of Japan's ambitions in China are two contradictory aims without an Anglo-American entente." No mention is made by this writer of an Anglo-American-Japanese entente, which is understood to be in the minds of the British statesmen.

The most effective solution would be for all the Powers concerned to scrap all their concessions and "economic rights" in China, on condition that China consents to an international receivership for her national finances (with Chinese bankers playing important rôles) and an open economic policy by which private capital from Japan and other countries is invited to engage in the development—not the exploitation—of China's vast resources. America was developed largely by foreign capital and China might well be developed in the same way to her own advantage and that of all the rest of the world. What is likely to happen, we fear, is a more or less futile agreement on formulated principles to which Japan will assent but which, in action, she will interpret to serve her own interests. If that is done and no adequate machinery for carrying out such principles is instituted and armaments are then reduced to anything like the extent proposed by Mr. Hughes in his speech at the opening of the Conference, Japan will have a freer hand

than ever in China. And, as the N. Y. *Evening Post* points out, "the wrongs inflicted upon China have been less in the form of open aggression than in the practical distortion of more or less fair-seeming arrangements." We shall by such an agreement get the fair-seeming arrangements and a limitation of armaments; but China will be more than ever at the mercy of Japan, unless, indeed, she develops within herself the will and the power to defend her own integrity.

After all, as Professor Dewey points out, China will not be saved from outside. Even if we waged a successful war in her behalf, the disunity and corruption and inertia would still be there.

A newspaper writer says that the ancient Greeks did not go in for disarming. How about the Venus de Milo?—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.



A HEAVY LOAD

—Fox in Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*.

Scrapping the Battleships

IN OPENING the Washington Conference, Secretary Hughes began by playing his highest trump card. The cheering that greeted this play was vociferous. To read the American comment that followed one might conclude that this one play decided the game. Of course it decides nothing. It is merely a bold, direct, definite proposal. It is being carefully scrutinized and final action on it will be taken in connection with the issues that have caused the building of the navies.

To scrap the battleships, unless the issues that are responsible for them are scrapped, would create a situation that calls for careful examination, now that the first burst of cheering is over. The one outstanding feature of such a situa-

tion is this—China would be left more than ever at the mercy of Japan. It would leave Japan, so far as we are concerned, a practically free hand in the Orient. She needs no navy to speak of to dominate China. If we reduce our navy so that its striking power 5,000 miles from home is gone, Japan has no further need to hesitate out of any fear of us. It is true that the plan of Secretary Hughes would leave our navy with capital ships of about 500,000 aggregate tonnage and leave Japan a navy of but 300,000 tons. But Japan would have four battle-cruisers among her ships and we would have none. What holds Japan in check, moreover, is not the size of our present navy but its size as planned for the future. These plans would, of course, also go into the scrap-heap. The dispatch from the *Chicago Tribune's* special correspondent in Tokio, the day after the

Conference in Washington opened, is significant. It reads in part as follows: "The announcement of America's navy reduction program wins the intense approval of Japan, being heralded as a great Japanese victory. . . . It seems certain that Japan will agree to the basis proposed, especially as it really is left in an advantageous position. Limitation to 300,000 tons, being three-fifths of the American strength in the program, gives Japan a definite advantage, it is thought, as mistress of the Orient, at the same time enabling her to make a radical cut in the budget."

Interviews in Washington with Japan's delegates and those of England, France and Italy are filled with words of praise and approbation for the Secretary's bold proposal. But as we write this, the views



THE SECRET ROOM AND THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS
—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

of China's delegates are conspicuous by their absence. The editor of the *Paris Eclair* pointedly remarks: "It is quite possibly that they"—the delegates, in Washington—"will come to a temporary understanding at the expense of the weakest of their number. The Chinese are well aware of this and it would seem that they are not feeling very happy at Washington." The *Paris Temps*, a far weightier journal than the *Eclair*, also remarks: "Even after the adoption of Mr. Hughes's program, to which we wish every success, it is urgent to think of the future of China." *La Nacion*, of Santiago, Chile, apparently has the same thought in mind when it says that "it is an admitted fact that President Harding's ideal of the limitation of armaments cannot be considered except at the price of a definite and satisfactory settlement of international differences existing on the Pacific."

Another situation that should be considered before we accept Secretary Hughes's proposal as in itself a great victory is this: the Anglo-Japanese alliance is still in existence. It may be no peril to us, but it greatly strengthens Japan's position in her own part of the world. The *Chicago Tribune* is one of the few American journals that was not swept off its feet by the storm of cheers that followed Mr. Hughes's opening speech. It deemed it wise to suspend judgment, saying: "This agreement loses its value if the British-Japanese alliance exists. The denunciation of the alliance is a necessary complement to the signing of this pact. If it is not denounced the United States is overreached." It is noticeable also that Sen-



HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

—Walker in New York Call (Socialist).

ator Poindexter, head of the Senate Naval Committee, and Senator Swanson, head of the same committee during the Wilson administration, are reported as suspending judgment. It is noticeable also that the *London Chronicle's* Washington correspondent cables to his paper that "rumor speaks of great gnashing of teeth in the U. S. navy department," and that the Washington correspondent of the *Paris Petit Journal* cables to his journal that "the English think that the naval holiday will assure them, for at least ten years, absolute superiority on the sea." It is also worthy of note that the spokesman in Washington—Mr. Mochizuki—of the Kenseikai or opposition party in Japan states that "the reduction of forts in the Pacific is necessarily a part of any proper plan for limitation of naval armaments," referring, of course, to our plans for fortifications in Guam, Manila and Hawaii. When Baron Kato, head of the Japanese delegation, was asked about this he said

nothing but "smiled like a wise old owl."

These matters may be called to attention without detracting in any way from the initial success of Secretary Hughes. The response that his proposal has elicited is magnificent and heartening. "By a single gesture," says the London *Daily News*, "America has changed the whole face of international affairs. The despairing world has been shown a way of salvation." The *Westminster Gazette* also speaks of his "magnificent gesture" and adds: "We are told it aroused frantic applause from those who were present, and it is certain that it will be received with no less enthusiasm all over the world." "Nothing," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "has happened since the armistice of 1918 that has moved so profoundly the world as this will move it." The prediction is apparently verified. American comment, as we have said, is of the same tenor, including that of the U. S. Senators.

It is a magnificent initial success; but Secretary Hughes himself would be the first, if we are not mistaken, to warn us against accepting it as conclusive of anything. If his proposal is agreed upon just as it stands, it means, in itself, a saving in our federal budget of an amount estimated at about 200 million dollars. That of itself does not exactly mean the salvation of the world, even when the savings in England and Japan are added to it.

Briefly, the proposal is: (1) the scrapping, by the three nations, of 66 "capital ships," aggregating 1,878,043 tons; (2) a "naval holiday" of ten years during which no capital craft shall be laid down, except to replace an existing capital ship at least 20 years old. The tonnage scrapped by us would aggregate 843,740 tons; that by Great Britain, 583,375 tons; that by Japan, 448,928 tons. Two classes of capital ships would be scrapped, those being built or already planned, and old ships. We would scrap

30; Great Britain, 19; Japan, 17. We would have left 18, with 500,650 tons; Great Britain, 22 (six of them being battle-cruisers), with 604,450 tons; Japan, 10 (four battle-cruisers), with 299,700 tons.

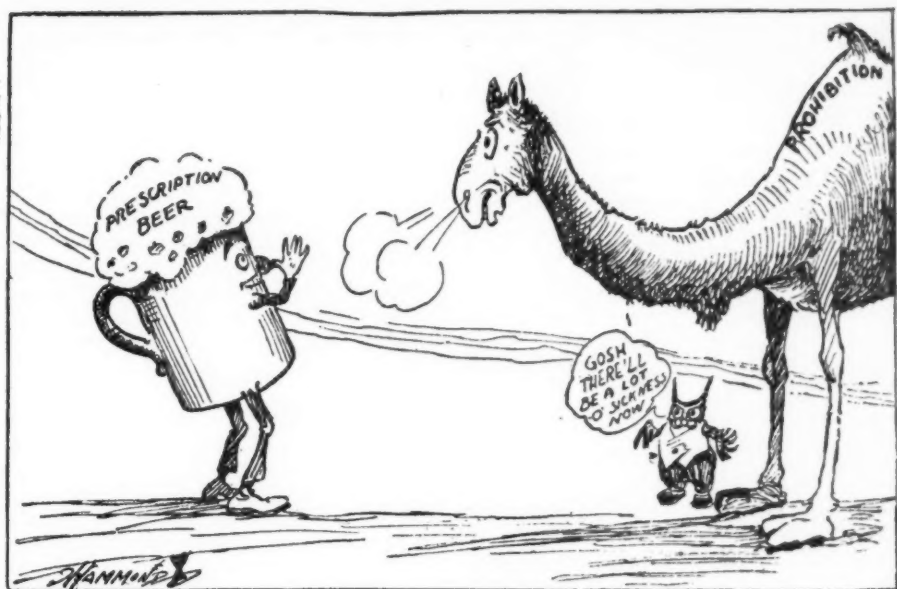
The chief cause for apprehension in the Secretary's proposal is not that it will fail to go through, but that it may go through too readily. Should Japan and Great Britain accept the proposal promptly before any other matters are settled it would leave us in the position of having played our only trump card on the first trick. We have nothing else to concede as an inducement to concessions on the part of Japan or the other nations. If Japan's delegates were to accept the proposal and an agreement were reached and they then took the next ship for home, the cheering that greeted them on their arrival would surpass the cheering with which we have greeted the opening of the Conference.

That Italian professor who said he could prove the world was flat, probably meant flat broke.—New York American.

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President Harding Discourses on the Color Line

MR. HARDING is not the first Republican President who has talked to the South on the color line. He is not the first to emphasize the fact that it is a national, not a sectional, problem. But he is the first to emphasize the fact that it is much more than a national problem. As he talked, the Japanese delegates to the Washington Conference were on the way here, carrying with them perhaps the same demands for social equality that they pressed at Versailles. He may have had them in mind when he told his audience in Birmingham, blacks as well as whites: "The time has passed when you are entitled to assume that this problem of races is peculiarly and particularly your



"TEASING THE CAMEL AGAIN

—Hammond in *Wichita Eagle*.

problem. More and more it is becoming a problem of the North; more and more it is the problem of Africa, of South America, of the Pacific, of the South Seas, of the world. It is the problem of democracy everywhere."

What the President said, therefore, was said with the international character of the issue in mind. This, says the *Newark News*, "makes his effort to point 'the true way out' a bolder undertaking and gives it a vastly greater significance than it would have if he were dealing only with a domestic race question." The *Springfield Republican* thinks the address was, for this reason, "a not inappropriate prelude to the Washington Conference."

It is a remarkable indication of the developing world-consciousness in this country when the race question is discussed in the American press as a world issue.

There was another circumstance attending the speech that gave it significance as bearing upon American politics.

The President had in mind, says the Washington correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution* very positively, "the complete reorganization of Republican politics in the South along the lines of the experiment that he personally put into effect in Georgia." This refers to the fact that the Republican National Committee not long ago swept out of existence overnight the negro-controlled party organization in Georgia and a new white organization composed of non-office-seeking Republicans was put in charge. The federal patronage, moreover, "is being delivered to white applicants only and to those not affiliated with the old bunch of office-seekers." The same sort of movement is going on in Virginia and elsewhere. In Virginia the recent Republican candidate for Governor told the negroes very frankly that, as the whites own 95 per cent. of the property, they must continue to rule the state. With this movement in the party in the South President Harding is believed to be in close touch. He doubt-

less had it in mind when he said at Birmingham: "I want to see the time come when the black men . . . will vote for Democratic candidates if they prefer the Democratic policy on tariff or taxation or foreign relations or what not. . . . I plead with my own political party to lay aside every program that looks to lining up the black man as a mere political adjunct. Let there be an end of prejudice and demagoguery in this line."

The part of the speech which has elicited the most comment, especially in the South, is that which relates to the kind of equality which the blacks are entitled to. This part of the speech was received, it is reported, with repeated demonstrations of approval from Mr. Harding's black auditors and with stony silence from the whites. He prefaced this part of the speech with a quotation

from an article in the *Edinburgh Review* by F. D. Ludard, as follows:

"Here, then, is the true conception of the interrelation of color—complete uniformity in ideals, absolute equality in the paths of knowledge and culture, equal opportunity for those who strive, equal admiration for those who achieve; in matters social and racial a separate path, each pursuing his own inherited traditions, preserving his own race purity and race pride; equality in things spiritual; agreed divergence in the physical and material."

The President proceeded to make this program his own and to amplify it as follows:

"Here, it has seemed to me, is a suggestion of the true way out. Politically and economically, there need be no occasion for great and permanent differentiation, for limitations of the individual's opportunity, provided that on both sides there shall be recognition of the absolute divergence in things social and racial. When I suggest the possibility of economic equality between the races I mean it in precisely the same way and to the same extent that I would mean it if I spoke of equality of economic opportunity as between members of the same race. In each case I would mean equality proportioned to the honest capacities and deserts of the individual.

"Men of both races may well stand uncompromisingly against every suggestion of social equality. Indeed, it would be helpful to have that word 'equality' eliminated from this consideration; to have it accepted on both sides that this is not a question of social equality, but a question of recognizing a fundamental, eternal and inescapable difference. We shall have made real progress when we develop an



ADMIRAL KIDD OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE
—Cooper in *Chicago Post*.

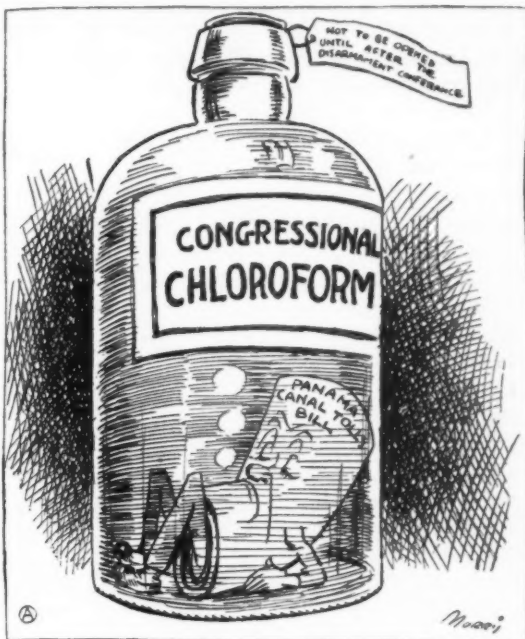
attitude in the public and community thought of both races which recognize this difference.

"I would say let the black man vote when he is fit to vote; prohibit the white man voting when he is unfit to vote. Especially would I appeal to the self-respect of the colored race. I would inculcate in it the wish to improve itself as a distinct race, with a heredity, a set of traditions, an array of aspirations all its own. Out of such racial ambitions and pride will come natural segregations, without narrowing any rights, such as are proceeding in rural and urban communities now in Southern states, satisfying natural inclinations and adding notably to happiness and contentment.

"On the other hand, I would insist upon equal educational opportunity for both. Racial amalgamation there cannot be. Partnership of the races in developing the highest aims of all humanity there must be if humanity, not only here but everywhere, is to achieve the ends which we have set for it."

The applause for this speech which came from the negroes is by no means unanimous. The *Boston Chronicle*, a negro paper, calls it "an asinine attempt to help the negro and not offend the South." What the negro race wants, it affirms, is "the same that the Anglo-Saxon race wants—economic, political and social equality." By social equality it does not mean racial assimilation. It deprecates that. But it means that fundamentally all races are one, with "a variety of gifts but equality of capacity." It warns us that everywhere, the world over, "rebellion against the unfraternal attitude of the white races abounds" and that the Anglo-Saxons especially are "playing on top of the crater of a live volcano."

An organization in New York City—



WILL THIS BE ITS FATE?

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

the People's Educational Forum—formed by blacks and whites in the interest of the blacks, condemns Mr. Harding's position and asserts in a series of resolutions that "the social safety of our country can rest securely upon no other foundation than the social equality of all its citizens." Anything else will forever fasten on the blacks "the shackles of segregation, discrimination, disfranchisement, legal injustice, peonage, lynching and all other despicable and injurious forms of social degradation."

On the other hand, Robert R. Moton, who succeeded Booker T. Washington as president of Tuskegee Institute, speaks with enthusiasm of Harding's "statesmanlike view-point," thinks he has proposed a platform upon which blacks and whites can stand together and that his speech is "the most important utterance on this question by a President since Lincoln."

Comment in the (white) press of the South is for the most part adverse to Mr. Harding's speech. This is, in part, due to the feeling that it was inappropriate to the occasion—the fiftieth anniversary of Birmingham—and in part to the belief that any exciting public discussion of the subject does more harm than good. The *Houston Post* thinks that, while the theory of political equality may appear sound, it meets grave obstacles when put into practice in such states as Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina that have a heavy negro population. The speech will “only retard progress by stimulating unnecessary and mischievous agitation.” The *Nashville Banner* takes a similar view. The speech, it thinks, “will tend to make race antipathies stronger and be provocative of conflict and also have the pernicious tendency of reviving sectional ill-feeling.” There is but slight effort in the press of the South to controvert, in principle, the President's position; but some of the political leaders, notably Senators Harrison, of Mississippi, Watson, of Georgia, McKellar, of Tennessee, and Heflin, of Alabama, denounce the idea of political equality as wrong in principle and impossible of application. It means, says Senator Heflin, in a typical statement, the election of negroes to office over white people and “social equality is next door to such a humiliating and disgraceful policy.”

But there is also influential support in the South for the President's views. The *Atlanta Constitution* assumes that the President, in speaking of political equality, used the phrase in its broad aspect of protection under the law for the negro as a citizen, and such a position, it says, has the approval of the best public sentiment of the South. “There is no reason,” it goes on to add, “why the whole so-called ‘negro prob-

lem’ should not be solved along the very lines laid down by the President, and solved to the satisfaction of the whole nation, removing the race question as a political issue and enabling the people of every section to consider all economic issues on their merits.” The *Age-Herald*, of Birmingham, takes the same view, that the President presented “a practical common-sense solution of the race problem” and “his views coincide with the best thought in this part of the country.” The *St. Louis Star* and the *Richmond News Leader* speak in much the same strain.

On the whole, the most encouraging feature of the comment, especially of that in the South, which counts most, is the tolerant temper with which the President's remarks have been discussed even when they have been disapproved. The discussion has been singularly free from inflammatory utterances and there is almost no disposition to asperse the President's motives.

About the only place where the speed laws are not violated is the road back to normalcy.—*Rochester Times-Union*.

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Ulster's Move

IT WAS inevitable that, when he got his cue, Sir James Craig, leader of the Ulster Irish, would step out upon the London political stage to decide whether or not Mr. Lloyd George must “go to the country” in a general election. A general election on the Irish issue—Sinn Fein against Ulster—was predicted before the five Sinn Fein delegates arrived at Euston weeks ago. When the exciting conferences began in Downing Street, Sir James Craig told his parliament just where he stood. All Belfast asked the same question then: “Are we going into the conference to give anything away?” Sir James assured his applauding House

of Commons that he, for one, was not. If there were even a suggestion of giving anything away he would immediately call the House together in Belfast.

The Sinn Feiners came over to London in state. They called themselves "a delegation of plenipotentiaries." The theory of an independent Ireland was reduced to pitiless practice. Mr. Arthur Griffith, with the prestige of his post as Dail Eireann Minister for Foreign Affairs, headed the "embassy." A uniformed escort rode on the steps of each automobile and a guard of honor was afforded by battalions of Irish patriotic societies. It is no secret that Michael Collins thought the whole proceedings premature. It was for Ireland to grant a peace to Great Britain, and Lloyd George ought to be going to Dublin! In this idea he was upheld by the Sinn Fein envoy at Rome, George Gavan Duffy, who was added to the delegation in order that it might have the benefit of his well-known fluency in presenting the Sinn Fein side of any proposition. As the hurraing crowds sped these newcomers in the direction of the Prime Minister's official residence, the disgruntled *London Post*, organ of the irreconcilable Conservatives, relieved its feelings in this style:

"The Irish Conference meets to-day, and we wish we could join in the chorus of congratulations with which it is being greeted. The delegation has even been likened—it is a charming fancy—to a dove flying across the Irish Channel with an olive branch in its bill. To be exact, there are five doves, of which the last to arrive, Michael Collins, was wanted by the police for the murder of a very large number of loyal British subjects. This last dove



AFTER HE TOOK HIM IN AND FED HIM

—Reid in N. Y. Evening Mail.

seems to have flown across by himself, disguised as some other sort of bird. An admiring scribe of the Northcliffe press describes his 'smiling eyes,' and he has reason to smile, since this Conference may be called a personal triumph for Michael Collins and his methods. The German Michael went down before the might of the British nation, but the Irish Michael is amply revenging his fall. The murderer has won what the warrior lost, and for the first time, we suppose, in British history, a gang of rebels who did not dare to fight in the open but only fought by ambushes and in the dark are met face to face with the King's Ministers. We find it difficult to understand how any Englishman can fatuously congratulate himself upon such a situation."

De Valera remained away, as his Dublin organ explained, because he could not, as President of the Irish Republic, talk with a mere Prime Minister. Had King George participated, De Valera would have been there. As it was, De Valera permitted himself to set forth—in Irish words from beginning to end—the doctrine that Ire-

land is of right an independent sovereignty. The application of that doctrine to the facts of the moment remained the riddle of the conference. It was a greater riddle than ever when the Pope and King George exchanged telegrams, each expressing a hope that the men now talking around the table in Downing Street would settle something. Mr. De Valera intervened with a telegram of his own to the Pope from which it was inferred that Sinn Fein meant to remain sovereign and independent. It was this irreconcilable attitude which prompted the London *Times* to remark that the delegates from Dublin seemed to attach much importance to phrases. It admitted, with the London *Westminster Gazette*, that there were men in the councils of Lloyd George who meant that the embassy from Sinn Fein should go back to Dublin a failure.

A distinctly anti-Irish, or rather anti-Sinn Fein, sentiment dominated the men who, with Lloyd George, listened to Griffith and his friends. Collins felt this acutely and he made no concealment of what he felt. One day he said he would not come back to Downing Street, but this was an explosion of temperament. There are British dailies which feel that the men who faced the Sinn Feiners were a little too aggressive with them. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was accused of "hauteur" and Mr. Winston Churchill gave offense by the manner of his refusal to recognize the sovereignty by which Mr. Collins set such store. No very satisfactory details of what anybody said got into the newspapers. It did not really matter to many of the London newspapers, which again and again reminded their readers that nothing important could possibly happen until Sir James Craig stepped upon the scene. His attitude, as interpreted by that firm friend of Irish aspirations, the Manchester *Guardian*, which goes along with Sinn

Fein in everything but the claim to independence, is as follows:

"Sir James Craig has a difficult part to play, and no one need envy him. He is not himself an irreconcilable, tho no doubt a stout upholder of what he conceives to be the interests and traditions of the important party of which he is the accepted leader; but he has to do with a good many irreconcilables, and he will have to consider them. The attitude of the Ulster minority has been hitherto consistently unhelpful and negative. It is that of a dominant minority which resisted desperately all attempts to interfere with its dominance, and which only when it saw that it could no longer be dominant consented to accept a change in the old order on condition that it could shut itself off in a fixed area of its own from a Home-Ruled Ireland and there exercise an undesired and unwelcome Home Rule of its own. That settlement is already obsolete, or rather it has never come into effective existence, for Northern Ireland could, under the Act, only receive its powers over police, finance and the rest when Southern Ireland—either voluntarily or under the sort of Crown colony government which was to be the alternative—had received its corresponding powers, and so far neither the one thing nor the other has happened and Ulster is living in a kind of constitutional limbo, with all the nominal apparatus of a Parliament and Government but with none of the necessary resources and powers."

The question of the hour, as we write, is twofold: Have the negotiations failed? What comes next? Half the London newspapers have predicted that the negotiations must fail and will leave things just where they were. The other half asserts that the outcome must be either reconciliation between Sinn Fein and Ulster or civil war—not the kind of hostilities and risings hitherto characteristic of the Irish picture but ruthless and relentless war. That is why the whole world

waits with intense interest the communication so soon to be made to the Commons in Belfast by Sir James Craig. In his hands for the moment seem to rest the destinies of Ireland and the immediate political future of Mr. Lloyd George. The London *New Statesman* predicts:

"The real battle is almost certain to rage round the problem of Tyrone and Fermanagh. If these counties are allotted to Southern Ireland, as on a plebiscite they ought to be, the general belief is that Sinn Fein will accept Dominion status. It will be remembered that Tyrone and Fermanagh were the rock upon which the Buckingham Palace Conference foundered in 1914. Since that date a whole crop of new precedents, established by the victorious Allies, can be produced in support of the Nationalist demand."

The formula of self-determination to which the Sinn Feiners attach so much

importance is double-edged. The British delegates to the Versailles Conference accepted the formula from Mr. Wilson but refused to consider its application to Ireland. Ireland was not a "self"; it was a part of the British Empire. The Sinn Feiners accept the formula but refuse to consider its application to Ulster. Ulster is not a "self"; it is an integral part of the Irish Republic. Ulster accepts the formula but refuses to consider its application to the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh. They are not a "self"; they are an indivisible part of Ulster.

It is so easy to make a beautiful formula and obtain consent to it, so long as it is merely a formula; but what a difference when it comes to making the application!

It seems that about the only way to satisfy both De Valera and Lloyd George is to make Ireland a republic and elect King George president.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

We Can't Seem to Get Away From Mr. Wilson

IT HAS been eight months since Mr. Wilson left the White House. He has taken no part in public affairs since. He has not made a speech or issued a statement or submitted to a press interview. He is still a sick man. He was too sick the other day to see Marshal Foch.

Yet we can't seem to escape him. The literature about him will already fill several six-foot shelves. There is Ray Stannard Baker's book and George Creel's and ex-Secretary Lansing's and William F. McCombs's and, now, Mr. Joseph Patrick Tumulty's. As fast as the newspaper controversy over one begins to subside, another one appears and the controversy is renewed. It is raging now over Mr. Tumulty's book, "Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him," being published as a serial in a chain of

newspapers reaching from Boston to the Pacific Coast, and to be issued in book-form early this month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Least of all do we seem able to escape Mr. Wilson as the Washington Conference has been approaching. M. Poincaré, ex-President of France, writing of the Conference, says in the *Paris Temps*: "What an unexampled triumph for the national pride of a people youthful and rejoicing in its greatness! The New World is host to the Old; it extends the honors of the house; it completes, without Mr. Wilson, the noble mission which Mr. Wilson assigned it." And the brilliant author of "The Mirrors of Washington," writing in the *New York Times* on "Wilsonizing Secretary Hughes," goes ahead to draw a startling parallel between the "mis-

takes" Mr. Wilson made at Paris and the position taken by Mr. Hughes in regard to the Washington Conference—"a position which almost exactly parallels that of Mr. Wilson at Paris." America, said Mr. Wilson, asks nothing; yet he had his heart so set upon the League of Nations that "foreign diplomats were able to trade him out of all his moral belongings in return for his League." Mr. Hughes also spurns the idea that this is to be a trading conference. We have nothing to ask except an opportunity to serve a troubled world. Yet both he and the President, we are assured, have their hearts set on one thing—to avert the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and to change the balance of power in the Far East which that Alliance gives to Japan.

Another mistake debited to Mr. Wilson was the tying of the League and the Peace Treaty together. Mr. Hughes is doing the same thing—tying together the limitation of armaments and the settlement of the problems of the East. Mr. Wilson went to Paris, so Mr. Lansing tells us, with no program—even the Covenant was in a raw state. Mr. Hughes, says the present Washington critic, has no detailed program. The reason is, he can offer no alliances, and therefore about all he can do is "to bring fine phrases, lofty aspirations, noble examples, splendid moralities"—just as Wilson did at Paris. "The mistakes of Wilson," the same anonymous writer goes on to say, "which may, of course, turn out to be the glories of Mr. Hughes—where do they come from; why do they so persist? I don't think they are the mistakes or the glories of any one. They are inevitable. They are American. So long as we are not in trade internationally we shall always approach international conferences as Mr. Wilson approached his and Mr. Hughes his. If our principles do not permit us to bargain, all we can do is to lay our cards

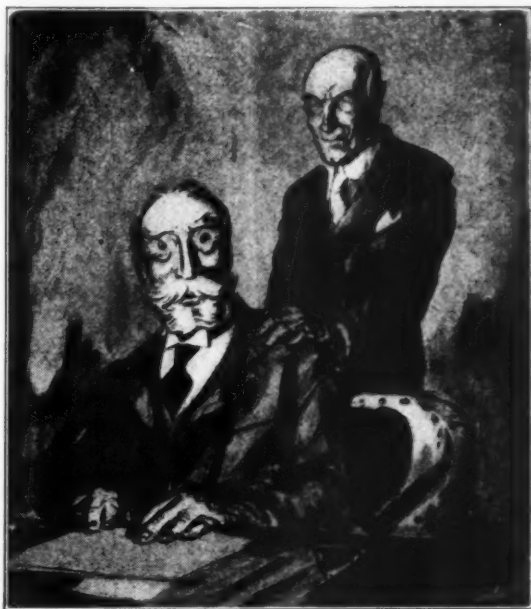
on the table and invite every one else to do so."

We shall know soon whether or not the parallel between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson is to extend also to results. Mr. Wilson failed to achieve his chief purpose because the Senate balked at any kind of an alliance. Without an alliance, Mr. Hughes also, we are assured, must fail. "The limitation of armaments alone will insure Japan's dominance of the Far East. . . . Limitation of armaments and the limitation of Japan's ambitions in China are two contradictory aims without an Anglo-American entente."

And if an Anglo-American alliance is put up to the United States Senate, look out for squalls.

As for Mr. Tumulty, he believes that Mr. Wilson made no mistakes—believes, one is tempted to say, that Mr. Wilson could not make mistakes. There is something almost sacerdotal in Mr. Tumulty's attitude toward Mr. Wilson. It is that of a priest officiating at the shrine of his idol. From the first page of his book to the last, there is no admission of a mistake on Mr. Wilson's part, either of head or of heart. All the mistakes, if they were mistakes, of the Wilson administration, were made by others than Mr. Wilson. Mr. Tumulty is a devotee, yet he is far from being a blind devotee. He is a keen observer, a sagacious political adviser (his letters to his chief prove that), a clever judge of men and their motives. His book is an interesting and well-written inside story of Wilson's career from the time he emerged from academic shades into the political arena as candidate for Governor of New Jersey to the time he left the White House. And it is a tremendous tribute to Mr. Wilson's qualities of mind and heart that such a man as Tumulty, after ten years of such intimate association, should remain such a whole-hearted worshipper.

Mr. Tumulty's book is illuminating and usually but not always convincing. There are gaps in the case he presents for Mr. Wilson. For instance, he explains the refusal to send General Wood to France. The President, he says, "played no part in the movement to keep General Wood from realizing his ambition to lead his division to France." According to George Creel, as quoted and endorsed by Mr. Tumulty, the decision was not the President's nor that of the Secretary of War nor that of the General Staff. It was that of General Pershing, who "was given full power in the selection of those generals upon whom he should have to depend." General March, instead of notifying General Wood at once, followed the usual routine of waiting until the training period of the division was ended. General Wood, however, left Camp Funston in advance of his division without waiting to receive his orders. The result was that he received them in New York at the eleventh hour giving the effect of "literally pulling General Wood from the deck of the transport." The President was appealed to and refused to interfere. Tumulty himself felt that Wood was being "unfairly treated" and protested to the President that if Wood could not be sent to France he be sent to Italy and if that could not be done that at least the public be given knowledge of the situation to avert criticism of the President. The reply he received was: "I am sorry, but I do not care a damn for the criticism of the country. It would not be fair to Pershing if I tried to escape what appears to be my responsibility. I do not intend to embarrass



"HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"

—Cesare in *New York Times*.

General Pershing by forcing his hand."

This explanation would be adequate and satisfactory if the incident stood alone. But it does not. It was preceded by a series of incidents running back to the time of Roosevelt's unfortunate speech at Plattsburg when Wood was in command there, and culminating in an attempt to induce Wood to go to the Philippines or Hawaii, and sidetracking him, as it seemed, at Charleston. These other incidents are not explained by Mr. Tumulty. It is quite possible that the well-known hostility of West Point officers to General Wood would explain them, too; but it is also possible that Mr. Wilson himself, after the Plattsburg incident, participated unduly in that hostility.

Mr. Tumulty's explanation of the refusal to send Mr. Roosevelt abroad leaves less room for doubt. That was due to the decision of the General Staff. So far from having any ill-will toward the Colonel, Mr. Wilson's inclination



HOW THAT CHILD HAS GROWN IN FOUR MONTHS!

—Knott in Dallas News.

was to overrule the decision. But it was urged upon him that the war "must be a professional war, conducted by professionals with complete authority over subordinates," and that there could be "no experimenting with volunteer commanders." Military experts and the majority opinion in Congress were at one, we are told by Mr. Tumulty, in agreeing that "to make an exception of Colonel Roosevelt would have been to strike at the heart of the whole design."

The chapter on Mexico and "watchful waiting" indicates that even Tumulty's faith and devotion were put to a severe strain. "Even I," he says, "who had stood with the President during the critical days of the Mexican imbroglio, for a while grew faint-hearted in my devotion to the policy of watchful waiting." He even tried to "force the President's hand," after Villa's attack on Columbus, by writing

to him: "To retrace our steps now would be not only disastrous to our party and humiliating to the country but would be destructive of our influence in international affairs and make it forever impossible to deal in any effective way with Mexican affairs." He urged a message to Carranza as follows: "Release those American soldiers or take the consequences." But Wilson was adamant in his resistance. He said to Tumulty: "I can say frankly to you, and you may inform the Cabinet officers who discuss it with you, that 'there won't be no war with Mexico' if I can prevent it." His reasons as given by Mr. Tumulty were threefold: (1) his detestation for war ("I came from the South and I know what war is, for I have seen its terrible wreckage and ruin"); (2) his sympathy with Mexico ("men forget what is back of this struggle in Mexico; it is the age-long struggle of the people to come into their own"); (3) his distrust of Germany. This last reason—far the most valid one—merits a longer quotation. Said the President:

"Tumulty, some day the people of America will know why I hesitated to intervene in Mexico. I cannot tell them now, for we are at peace with the great power whose poisonous propaganda is responsible for the present terrible condition of affairs in Mexico. German propagandists are there now, fomenting strife and trouble between our countries. Germany is anxious to have us at war with Mexico, so that our minds and our energies will be taken off the great war across the sea. She wishes an uninterrupted opportunity to carry on her submarine warfare and believes that war with Mexico will keep our hands off her and thus give her liberty of action to do as

she pleases on the high seas. It begins to look as if war with Germany is inevitable. If it should come—I pray God it may not—I do not wish America's energies and forces divided, for we will need every ounce of reserve we have to lick Germany. My dear fellow, we must try patience a little longer and await the development of the whole plot in Mexico."

The President's position was vindicated, in Tumulty's opinion, by the revelations that came later, in the Zimmermann note, of German intrigue in Mexico. But Mr. Tumulty's account will not settle the controversy on the Mexican policy. It leaves too many gaps. It is the vacillation of that policy that needs explaining. We are told that "in the Cabinet, the Secretary of War, the vigorous spokesman of the Cabinet group demanding radical action in the way of intervention, was insisting that we intervene and put an end to the pusillanimous rule of Carranza and 'clean up' Mexico." The reference is to Lindley M. Garrison. But Mr. Tumulty seems entirely to miss the point of Mr. Garrison's objections, as well as the point of the country's discontent at that time. It was not the President's policy but his lack of policy that spelled trouble—just as, according to Mr. Lansing's story, was the case later in France. In a letter to the *New York Times*, Mr. Garrison, in a kindly way, exempting Mr. Tumulty from any desire to mislead, says he was misinformed. Says the ex-Secretary of War:

"My attitude was either to abstain absolutely from interference or to interfere effectually, by force if necessary. I was willing to subscribe to the doctrine that the Mexicans

should be permitted to settle their own internal affairs in their own way, and that it was no concern of ours, and that we should do nothing in the premises and should watch and wait. Or I was willing to take the position that we had an international responsibility under the circumstances and must see that order was brought out of the existing chaos and that Mexico must be made to stop running amuck. I was not willing to agree to our constant interference with the internal affairs of Mexico by ineffectual communications which, when utterly disregarded by Mexico, were not followed up by any action on our part. It was our failure to adopt and to adhere to any consistent policy of which I disapproved."

Probably none of Mr. Wilson's mistakes will stand out in history as more glaring than the appeal he issued in October, 1918, for the election of a Democratic Congress. It was, perhaps, the one mistake over which even time will throw no mantle of charity. Mr. Tumulty's apology for it makes it seem



JUST NEEDS SOMEONE TO TELL HIM

—Reid in *N. Y. Evening Mail*.

worse than most of us supposed it was. It has been assumed that in the press of duties Mr. Wilson issued the note in an unpremeditated way in response to the urgent appeals of Burleson and other party leaders. It seems now that Burleson "had nothing to do with the appeal and that he had never been consulted about it." It appears also that it was issued not in any unpremeditated way but after much deliberation. Tumulty's excuses for it are singularly inadequate, tho he seems singularly unconscious of the fact. In the first place, we are told, "opinion in the Democratic ranks as to the wisdom and necessity of a general appeal was unanimous prior to the issuance of the statement." This, however, does not extenuate the blunder; it is simply an attempt to "pass the buck"—to shift the responsibility. In the second place, Will Hays had been "openly and blatantly demanding an emphatic repudiation of the Administration." But Will Hays was not President of the United States; he was chairman of the Republican National Committee—a purely partizan position. In the third place, other Presidents have issued such appeals—Lincoln, McKinley, Harrison, Roosevelt. True, but when Lincoln issued such an appeal—in the form of a private letter to General Sherman—the Democratic party had taken the official position that the war was a failure and was calling for its cessation and the consequent consent to disunion. The appeal issued by Mr. Wilson had no such justification. It makes no distinction between Republicans who had been sturdily loyal and those who had been wobbly or worse, nor between Democrats who had been half-hearted and those who had been whole-hearted in their loyalty. It was a purely partizan appeal, issued even before the fighting was over and its effect was that of a challenge to the Republicans to resume partizan warfare and

to treat both the war and the subsequent making of peace as mere partizan footballs.

Whether Mr. Wilson will ever again be able to take an active personal part in public affairs is doubtful. But whether he does or does not, it will be years before his name ceases to provoke violent reactions in the minds of many millions.

Pitchforked, so to speak, in a few short years, from a lifelong academic career into the highest and most difficult post in the land, he was, naturally enough, unable to change at once the temperament and mental habits of a lifetime. Who can censure him severely for that? What else could have been expected? Inexperienced himself in the heavy duties imposed upon him by the will of the people, he had to depend upon a party that had been out of power in the federal government for many years and upon leaders almost equally inexperienced in constructive statesmanship. His mistakes were not in what he strove to achieve, which was as noble and great as any man ever strove to achieve; they were in the methods by which he worked and the mental habits which he brought to the task. Upon him was laid a load of responsibility comparable only to that borne by Lincoln. That he was keenly conscious of his responsibilities, not indifferent, goes without the saying. He was, indeed, if one may say so, over-conscious of them. He tried to do too much in carrying them on his own shoulders, and he broke under the burden. He gave to a great task all that he had and he deserves from his countrymen the gratitude that is due to any man who aims at high purposes and gives all that he has, to the last ounce of strength, to the service of his country and of humanity. Those who are too ungenerous to see this or to admit it are far more to be pitied than he.

Significant Sayings

"I wish I knew if there is such a thing as love, apart from maternal love, or whether it is all only passion."—*Mrs. Clare Sheridan.*

"Some unknown influences are acting on the moon and we are at a loss to say what they are."—*Dr. A. C. D. Crommelin, of Greenwich Observatory.*

"I take off my hat to America for what she has done here."—*Lord Northcliffe in a speech in Manila.*

"Yellow journalists make poison out of the blood of the soldiers."—*Gilbert K. Chesterton.*

"My wife was disloyal to me, my children have left me, my friends have deserted me,—but I still have my teeth."—*Georges Clemenceau.*

"The era of wars which began with the World War will bring on new wars. This is the only way for us Germans to look on the world to-day."—*General Ludendorff.*

"Overweight of rolling stock is the prime mistake on the mechanical side of railroad-ing. A freight train is several times the weight of the load it carries and a passenger train is twenty times as heavy. The dead weight must be moved whether the train is loaded or empty."—*Henry Ford.*

"The number of Japanese abroad is far less than the net increase in population every six months."—*Walter Weyl.*

"Between the nations absolutely unarmed and the nations armed to the very teeth there is a difference only in the sweat, the life blood and the billions wasted to provide the shining armor. There is no difference in relative strength—no advantage at all. This is the ridiculous folly of armament."—*General Hugh Johnson, late of the General Staff, U. S. A.*

"At the Zion schools the new course of study teaches that the sun is really a little orb 32 miles across and only 3,000 miles from the earth."—*Special dispatch to N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is a cold and naked fact that 15 of the 30 officers and publicity experts of the New York Federal Reserve bank are drawing

from the treasury of the bank annually in salaries more money than all the ten members of the Cabinet, all the nine members of the Supreme Court, six United States Senators and ten governors of states combined."—*John Skelton Williams, former U. S. Controller of the Currency.*

"We are now certain that the upper Silesian fire is out."—*Premier Briand.*

"A handsome man or woman is the rarest of all creatures. There are no beautiful women in the United States. Only among the Liberian and kindred races is real beauty to be found."—*Prof. Frederick Starr, anthropologist.*

"There is nothing in saving money. The thing to do with it is to put it back into yourself, into your work, into the thing that is important, into whatever you are so much interested in that it is more important to you than money."—*Henry Ford.*

"It's the men, darlin'. They flatter the girls, and say pretty things, which the girls believe. That's the reason which underlies the conditions which exist to-day."—*Mrs. Martin Davis, 101 years old.*

"Europe is finished. The age of American domination of the world has begun."—*Georg Brandes.*

"I am going to Washington not to speak long but to act quickly."—*M. Briand, Premier of France.*

"I do not look for any immediate solution of China's present disturbed condition. It may take another five or ten or twenty years."—*Dr. John C. Ferguson, American adviser to China's President.*

"If the Washington Conference cannot rise to the level of that idea"—an Association of Nations—"then it were better that the Washington Conference never gathered together."—*H. G. Wells.*

"They"—Japan's Twenty-one Demands on China—"were not only unrighteous but they had all the earmarks and suggestions of being a cowardly act, utterly out of tune with the spirit of the ancient Samurai code or of the modern sense of fair play."—*Viscount Shibusawa, Japanese banker.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

What the League Thinks of Us

WE have been treated to many a statement as to what we think of the League. It might be a good thing if we knew what the League thinks of us.

A man who is entirely occupied with his opinions of others and never takes the trouble to get other people's opinion of him is likely to become disagreeable.

I met the other day a very distinguished American who had spent two weeks at the meeting of the League Assembly at Geneva carefully studying the situation. I asked him if he would be kind enough to give me his candid impressions in regard to it. He said in substance as follows:

After patiently sitting through many a session of the Congress at Geneva, after meeting and talking with its most prominent members and after sitting through some committee meetings, where the talk was very open and candid, I have come to three conclusions.

First: The League is essential. It is absolutely necessary for Europe, at least, if not for the whole world.

The tendency in modern times has been for nations to break up into smaller sections. The old order, in which such nations as Russia and Germany, for instance, were constantly reaching out and absorbing smaller nations, has been reversed by the war. Now the smaller nations are getting away from the big ones.

That necessitates an entire reversal of the process of international policy. Formerly the representatives of two or three great powers could get together

and determine upon a course of action and the little fellows had nothing to say about it.

Nowadays, however, it is absolutely necessary to have some sort of common council or clearing-house in which Europe can be considered as Europe and the various interests of the nations properly balanced.

If the League shall eventuate in nothing else and shall not succeed in comprizing the world, there will at least come out of it a United States of Europe.

Second: No substitute for the League is probable. In the opinion of its member nations, at least, it has not failed. And every month it is going to be harder to change.

Third: The League will not do much in the way of practical government. It will disappoint those who looked for a super-state.

It is not a government at all.

But it will do a great deal towards promoting a better political order.

There is no danger of Article X being changed. The objections raised to this article in the United States are hardly considered here. It is the smaller nations who are firm for Article X. They regard it as the bulwark of their safety.

Altogether, it is the smaller nations of the League who are its most ardent supporters.

Frankly, the League members do not seem to know what to make of the United States. They regard our action as childish. Of course they are very polite and anxious to conciliate us. But in reality they believe that it is the United States that is blocking the progress of the world. And it is probably

their unanimous belief that the real foe of disarmament in the world is the United States.

□ □

What Is the Matter With Europe?

THE matter with Europe is simply disorder.

It is well to look carefully at this statement.

For the trouble with Europe and with the world is not Injustice. That is to say, that is not the immediate and pressing trouble. For we have always had injustice and probably always will. Injustice goes along with all human affairs, and is an ingredient of human frailty, which is a constant quantity.

The trouble with most schemes for making things better is that they are an effort to secure justice.

The very perfection of their aim defeats their purpose.

What the world needs right now is Order.

We make a great hullabaloo about governments, discussing with tremendous earnestness who is to be elected, whether we will have a King or President, which party will be in control, and so on. As a matter of fact, it makes very little difference what kind of government we have. And it makes a vast deal of difference whether the people want the kind of government they have, are satisfied with it and support it.

The trouble with Europe now is that so many of the nations are dissatisfied with their governments and want to change them.

This would not be so bad, but the situation is made acute by the fact that they are kept in hope of changing them.

Europe is now under the régime of the Treaty of Versailles; that is, the agreement which the nations reached at the close of the war. This treaty has

many faults, doubtless, as any other treaty would have had. But it is the arrangement which exists, and there is neither probability nor possibility of making any other arrangement within this generation.

If the nations of the world would understand this and go to work and adjust themselves and their affairs to the conditions of this treaty, order would be restored and the wounds of the world would begin to heal.

Sad to say, the principal reason why so many nations hope to break up the Versailles arrangement is found in the action of the United States, wherein it refuses to agree to the treaty.

It is the United States which is keeping the world in turmoil, upsetting business everywhere and making the way to reconstruction very difficult.

On account of its peculiar partisan politics, the United States is directly playing into the hands of the malcontents of Germany, Hungary and the Balkan States.

They want the Treaty of Versailles broken up. They resent and hate the ascendancy of France and Great Britain in Europe. And these two countries are the main guarantees of order in the world.

If the people of the United States could be made to see the vast importance of their getting into touch and cooperation with the other nations of the world, it would do more than any other one thing to hasten the processes of reconstruction.

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Mental Disarmament

IT is hereby suggested to the distinguished Limitation of Armament Conference that it is not going to do any good to disarm physically unless we disarm mentally.

There is no use in nations giving up their guns on land and sea if they are

going to keep their souls full of gunpowder and their ideas bristling with howitzers.

All material things are but symbols of the realities which are spiritual. And the trouble with us all is that we go about with minds full of ideas that are like revolvers and bowie knives.

If we want peace and prosperity, and if we want quiet along the lanes of the world, we will have to disarm mentally.

What are some of the mental weapons we tote?

One is Contempt.

Contempt for any human being, contempt of one nation for another, is the basis of hostility and contains the makings of trouble. Everybody and every nation has something estimable. If we try to find out what that is and think about it and talk about it, matters might improve.

The second weapon of defense that we carry, and every weapon of defense easily becomes a weapon of offense, is Vanity.

That is the present curse of the world. Every nation thinks it won the war. America thinks she saved the world. France and England whisper around that they did not need America and they wish now that she had not come in. Italy is convinced that without her the Allies would not have succeeded. Even Germany is fully convinced that her armies were never defeated.

God help us all for a lot of cock sparrows!

The third deadly weapon is Isolation.

Each nation thinks it can get along by itself. Other nations are not needed, they are only tolerated. We will never get rid of this source of future wars until we realize the fact that each one of us needs the other and that God did not make the world for the sake of some one race but for mankind. All talk of "manifest destiny," "Anglo-Saxon Superiority," "White Man's Government,"

and the like, is worse than dust. For it is the kind of gunpowder that makes explosions.

The fourth big gun we need to quit manufacturing is Vengeance.

What is the use of getting even with another nation or another man? Whoever nurses this vile and septic sentiment is getting ready for a dangerous spell of fever.

Another offensive armament is Suspicion.

Mischief-makers are now busy sowing suspicion in Japan and in the United States from which our friend the Devil may reap his crop of war in the near future. Why cannot we take up the business of appreciation? All men are human beings. All men under the skin have about the same motives of conduct. And all men in the bottom of their minds are fair.

This is a free country and you don't have to believe this if you don't want to. The only trouble is that he that believeth not shall be damned.

The worst of war is the aftermath it has left in the minds of all people—bristling hostilities. The foolish leaders of labor and capital are fighting each other. Politicians nurse hates because hate waves carry them most surely into office.

Is it not time for us to throw off the heritage of the brute and cease living together in this pleasant world as tigers and tom-cats and try to live together as intelligent human beings?

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The Moon Is Inhabited

ON Sunday, the 16th of October, there was an eclipse of the moon.

It came around exactly on time and we all felt a thrill of pride in the human mind that could so accurately predict the movement of the hands upon the face of the celestial clock.

Speaking of the moon, some interest

has recently been excited in a theory proposed by Professor Pickering that vegetation exists on some of the floors of some of the lunar craters.

The mass of scientific opinion leans to the view that the moon is a completely dead world. But Professor Pickering's reputation as an astronomer is too high to permit of his observation being lightly dismissed.

Professor Pickering's theory is correct. This does not need proof, because we admit it.

It is more than correct. For there is not only vegetation on the moon, but there is human life on the moon.

It may be interesting to have us tell you about this; and you may take our word for it that it is true. And if you deny that it is true we will deny your denial, and so there you are.

As a matter of fact, in the bottom of these craters there exists a stunted, half-savage form of human beings, the last remnants of a race which once peopled the whole surface of our satellite.

For you must know that the moon was once as pleasant a place as this planet. It was covered with vast forests, oceans, rivers, animals and people.

There were great cities there and they had railroads, telegraphs, flying machines, phonographs and suffragets.

The moon, however, was divided into separate nations, each one of which was governed by a monarch who was declared by his subjects to be the Son of Heaven. And each nation was peopled by a race that considered itself superior to all other races.

They had no nonsense in the moon. Every nation was practical and had its Monroe Doctrine and was too clever to trust any other nation.

Of course, under these conditions they had wars periodically. With the growth of science these wars became more and more deadly, until finally a certain professor named Snigglefritz

discovered a gas that would absolutely destroy everything: people, beasts, houses, crops—everything.

So they had a grand war finally and they all shot off their gases at each other and the result was that the entire surface of the moon, with the exception of a few crater holes, was reduced to rock and cinders.

What people remain are now gathered in these holes, and have degenerated into a sort of ape.

The moon is a shining example of the triumph of common sense, military preparedness and practical, sound statesmanship over the tom-fool idealism that is now making so much trouble upon *Tellus*.

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The Scavengers

THE universe is a thing of life. Life means growth, and growth means constant change.

And in the processes of life the destroyers are as necessary as the builders.

Long ago it was written, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."

Death, decay and removal are as essential to the operation of growth as birth and sustenance.

With this fact in mind, we perceive that decomposition is just as pure as growth.

The disgusting carrion that rots by the roadside offends us. Nature makes it offensive because she wishes to keep us away from it. That is, she is building, and in decomposition she is carrying on her business of wreckage and she does not want us to meddle.

But the buzzards and worms that clean up the world are just as important as the song birds and fruits that feed the world.

Death is as clean as birth.

And the removal of waste is quite as

necessary as the procuring of food. In fact, most of our diseases come from interference with the sewage system.

It is the same way in the intellectual life. The pessimists, the deniers, the doubters and the scorners might be called the kidneys of the social organism.

Also a man's failures are as useful in rounding out his life as his successes. Our chagrins, disappointments and disillusion are as sanitary to the soul as our joys and loves.

A life of perfect bliss and unhalting success is not only not normal, but it would be distinctly abnormal.

That is why we are offended by those whose natures are a continual blaze of sunshine and have no redeeming shadows.

We are not put in this world to be happy. We are put here to be great. And suffering and failure are the meat upon which greatness feeds. Nobleness of character, the glow of genius and the beauty of holiness are but the light from souls that are burning.

"This earth," says Anatole France, "is but a grain of sand in the infinite desert of worlds, but if only upon this planet suffering exists, it is greater than all the rest together. What do I say? It is all; the rest are nothing."

Thousands of houses must be wrecked and taken to the rubbish heap before the city becomes beautiful.

Billions of insects and microbes are constantly at work removing the debris of the human race, keeping the earth fertile, the streams clean and the waters pure.

In every society, customs grow rank and pernicious and institutions become old and septic, and the army of wreckers must remove them.

The progress of the world is marked by its Calvaries.

The path of the Golden Age is strewn with revolutions and violence.

And in the individual soul the perfection of character and the right apprehension of ourselves and of the universe depends upon a continual demolition of old huts of belief and discarded enthusiasms that have become insanitary.

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Psycho-Analysis

FADS run their course through the mob like the measles or the Spanish influenza.

One of the latest is psycho-analysis.

Nobody thinks of writing upon any subject these days, including politics, finance, fashions, food, eugenics or baseball, without treating us to the "psychological" elements of the matter.

Young ladies in college and just out will hand you all sorts of psychological discoveries they have made, display their expertness in the psychic studies they have pursued, overwhelm you with their psycho-analytical arguments and bewilder you with their psychic tantrums.

Young gentlemen hardly dry behind the ears will tell you of their theories of psycho-analysis.

All this would not be any more dangerous than the average schoolboy's views on Einstein's theory, were it not for the fact that there are peculiar elements of peril in the business of digging into one's soul.

In a word, that element is the danger of morbidity. A man's soul functions in forthputting and when it turns about and begins to devour itself, it is liable to all manner of strange diseases.

There is one thing a mind needs more than knowledge, and that is health.

And the healthy mind, as a rule, is one that is exerted upon work outside of itself.

Just as the healthy body is one that is occupied in wholesome labor and the unhealthy body is one that is occupied

in tinkering with its ailments, so the healthy mind is one that is intent upon business or some other externality that shall call it away from itself.

Selfishness is more than a sin; it is a disease.

And the danger in this present fad is that people shall get to contemplating themselves, handling themselves, gazing at themselves, and otherwise occupying themselves with themselves, until they lose that normal vigor which characterizes the healthy and become probably sickly and certainly a nuisance.

Freud was a scientist, and held himself for the most part to the scientific method, and his researches and conclusions are of great value to those who are equipped to use them for the benefit of the race.

But Freud becomes a pest in the hands of those who are ignorant and unskilled to use his theories.

Psycho-analysis is based upon a principle admitted by psychologists—before Freud and constantly employed by the intelligent members of the medical profession. But it is a science that is still in its nebular state and is far from being ready for use by the untrained mind.

The chief peril to the amateur Freudian lies in the fact that much is made of repressed sexual tendencies. And the sex instinct being the strongest and the most potent for good or evil in human beings, it is much better dealt with under the purifying influences of idealism and in the wholesome activities of normal social life than by continuous self-study, which easily leads to morbidity.

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Hold-Overs

A HOLD-OVER is a technical name for something which we keep simply because we don't know how to get rid of it.

We have no use for it, indeed it of-

fends and threatens our life, mars our happiness and destroys our efficiency. But we don't know how to let go.

And yet hold-overs are an incident of growth. They mean that the ideas of one generation, altho withered and worn out, are lapping over the ideas of the new.

Thus it becomes a delicate problem to get rid of them, for we cannot loose entirely from the past without destroying the principle of growth.

For instance, nations are a good thing. And they are also great enemies to 'progress, according to the law that the good is the enemy of the best. Nations are good if we keep in mind that they are but incidents of progress. They are bad if we look upon them as eventualities. The one eventuality is mankind.

In every man's secret mind his dream should be not to make the world American or Anglo-Saxon, but to make it human. Just now nationalism is perniciously exerting itself to interfere with that necessity for a normal and intelligent internationalism which is forcing itself upon us.

Another Hold-Over is Spiritism. Soothsaying, dream reading, table-rapping and all such things are reappearing.

This is one of the most ancient of characteristics. In former times sorcery, astrology and witchcraft were almost universally believed. Almanacs were published and greedily bought which abounded in absurd prognostications. The greatest minds were not free from those superstitions that we now usually associate with weak-mindedness. And in one form or another this ancient mental dirt continues to be manifested in our thought.

Alcohol is another Hold-Over. For centuries the childish mind of the world was steeped in the delusion that the ecstasies of intoxication represented the

fullness and beauty of life. Our history, our poetry, our literature of the past, is steeped in alcohol. It is going to take a generation or two of breeding to get it out of us.

The world of industry is cursed with the Hold-Over of competition. Not normal and wholesome competition but competition in terms of conflict. The ranks of producers still draw themselves up in battle array, the managers on one side and the workmen on the other, and imagine that there can be some good result from fighting each other. How long before we shall out-grow this infantile frenzy?

Education is cursed with Hold-Over ideas. The children of democracy are still trained in schoolrooms that are little autocracies.

Our universities still devote their chief efforts to turning out specialists in every department of life except in life itself.

The two most important things for a child to learn are still classed as fads and luxuries. They are, first, that he should learn some kind of work to do for which the world is willing to pay him money.

The second is that he should learn how to govern himself and get along with his fellows.

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Northcliffe on Prohibition

VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE, who controls a number of newspapers in England, recently passed through America on a trip around the world.

While in our midst he made up his mind about Prohibition. In his opinion it is a failure, in which conclusion he agrees with Mr. Arbuckle.

His reasons seem to be that he saw plenty of liquor everywhere he was

entertained; that Prohibition encourages hypocrisy in the vision of the law, and that he did not like it anyhow.

It is regrettable that a newspaper man who ought to be able to estimate public sentiment and see beneath the surface should have come to such a superficial conclusion.

Curiously enough, a Frenchman, Louis Forest, seems to have the vision to perceive the gist of the matter. The universal custom of drinking in France does not seem to have destroyed French intelligence. Forest says:

"Whatever you may say of it, Prohibition is the proof of the vitality of a people. Always the great nations of Europe are those who have been able to make great sacrifices for general health. So the dry Americans may say to us, 'Have your little joke, but they laugh best who laugh last.'"

Of course, Prohibition does not stop the surreptitious gin parties where young men are driven to madness and young women to ruin.

Neither does it stop the wilful rich, who value their own pleasure above the welfare of the community, from stocking their cellars with alcoholic goods. Nor does it quiet the curses of the disgusted hobo who misses his saloon, nor the elegant cynicism of the literary gentlemen who suspect anything that is moral of being bourgeois.

It will probably take a generation or so to get the alcoholic poison out of our blood and alcoholic reasoning out of our minds.

But America has taken its stand and will stick to it.

It will repeal Prohibition on about the same day that it repeals the Emancipation Proclamation, takes the vote away from the women, prohibits workmen from forming unions, repeals the Declaration of Independence and requests to be reunited with the British Empire.

CANADA FACES A CRISIS ON ELECTION EVE

By Agnes C. Laut

THE Canadian Parliament has been dissolved; and the Meighen government, consisting of a coalition of Liberal and Conservative forces, which functioned during the war as a Union government under Sir Robert Borden, will go to the country this month under the straight old party policy of Protection. If straws show which way the wind blows, and if Dominion elections are to follow the weather vane of provincial elections, Arthur Meighen has taken his courage in his hands. If he rides back to power, he will do so on the United States tariff, which has hit Canada a terrific blow just when she was staggering under a huge war debt and the slump in general values.

Now Meighen is not responsible for the weather; but he is going to be held responsible for it along with other things this year. Farmers, desperate for money, for extension of credits, which have already been extended to the breaking point, are going to vote for a change; and that gives impetus to the rising power of the Farmers' Party, which is sweeping Canada in a flood tide. These farmers are not "drunk with political power," as their opponents allege. As far as I could gather from motoring over all the farm counties of British Columbia and Alberta and half Saskatchewan in a four months' lecture tour, the U. F. A.'s—as they call themselves—do not want the premiership of Canada. They do not court the job of taking over "the war mess," as they call it, and taking the blame for failing to clean it up. Crerar is the leader of this party in the Dominion, and Wood in the Prairie Provinces. Neither leader has ever grasped

at the Federal premiership; but the U. F. A.'s do aim to get, take and wield political power to create conditions that will make the farmer as prosperous as the city man.

This election in many respects marks the cross road of Canada's destiny.

Twice before Canada has passed similar forks on the trail of her destiny—once when Quebec fell in 1759 and Canada became British, instead of French; and again in 1867, when the provinces federated into a dominion and the national policy of protection dominated Canadian progress. To-day the issue is not Protection *versus* Free Trade. It is Farmer *versus* Manufacturer, and that is a much more dangerous thing to national unity, for it may split Canada again into two great antagonistic parties, East *versus* West, just as the contest of Quebec *versus* Ontario held Canadian progress back for 110 years.

And make no mistake about it—Canada is conscious, for the first time in her history, of a lot of things. The war gave her national consciousness and unity, just as the Civil War cemented the United States into a great nation. It was after the Civil War that the greatest progress came to the United States. It was after the Civil War that 45 million people poured in and populated the Middle West, sent land values up from nothing to \$100 and \$200 an acre, grid-ironed the country with railroads north and south, east and west, created manufacturing centers in the west where formerly had been the roaming ground of the buffalo, and built up dozens of cities whose individual population exceeds the entire population of any one Western Canadian province.

Is national unity going to do the same for Canada? That is what Canada is asking herself. "We have a larger area than the United States, and we have a population less than that of one American State. Why? Why does our progress go in a series of fits and starts and stalls, when American progress goes ahead in flood tides? We have the largest per capita foreign trade of any nation in the world. Compare our two billion dollar trade for seven and a half million people to Uncle Sam's, even under inflated war values; and it is almost, not quite, two to one. Why don't we go ahead?"

Of the 400,000 to 500,000 men who served in the war from Canada, not one but got a new vision and a new perspective. They know now that if the countries they fought to save—France, Belgium—were taken up and laid on the map, those countries would barely cover a corner of one prairie province. Yet these countries have populations, one of forty and one of seven millions. Why hasn't Canada such population? Why don't her cities develop into a second Paris or Brussels or Antwerp or Liverpool? What holds back her destiny to become one of the world's great powers? Under British suzerainty she is virtually free, commercially, industrially, governmentally. Why doesn't she become a Greater Britain over seas?

This is the spirit that is quickening Canada to a new life, to a new national consciousness, and in the flame of that spirit the old party tom-toms are powerless to rally the clans. And at this very interval comes the U. S. tariff, like a blow in the face, and the Farmers' Party arises, conscious of power, with its sleeves rolled up and its teeth set, saying little but thinking much, a great silent vote on which only a fool would venture predictions; and this silent vote Arthur Meighen challenges, as

the leader of the party which, as he conceives, stands for national unity.

Consider, first, the reaction of the U. S. tariff. When I went west in April of 1921, Canadian cattle were selling at \$80 to \$100 a head. By the end of June it was self-evident that the Canadian Northwest was in for a very light forage crop. By July the slightest hope entertained for a good hay crop had vanished. Pasture was in much the same condition as in the two Dakotas. It would not keep cattle in good weight another month and farmers did not dare risk the loss of weight and going into a hard winter with prospects of hay at \$50 to \$75 a ton as two years before. They rushed their beef, old and young, to market. Cattle fell to \$33 a head. On top of this came the Fordney tariff bill. Cattle on the market brought \$3 a head, a third the value of a hide in war times. Yet boots were selling at \$9 to \$20 a pair. The same sort of story could be told of wool, except that by July wool was unsaleable at any price. Yet all wool suits were still costing \$75. The Mormon settlement of Cardstone told me their entire wool clip of 1920 was still unsold and they could not sell 300,000 hides at any price. Yet drought compelled the sale of stock. Young mares for which we pay in the Eastern States from \$200 to \$300 a head could be picked up at from \$9 to \$19 and in rare cases as high as \$75 a head; and farmers killed calves and colts because it would not pay to raise them. Any farmer knows that \$33 a head—the price at which I saw car-loads rushed to market in June—would not pay the cost of hay for a winter; and while stock might be left to run and forage for pasture in Northern Alberta and in Peace River, there was no prospect of winter forage in the middle and southern belts, and high freights prevented shipment north except to the very few. The 30 per cent. ad valorem duty on cattle and \$30

on horses, added to the high freights East, barricaded the American market.

The thirty cents a bushel leveled on wheat raised the loudest outcry, but was really doing the least damage. The rate of exchange gave the Canadian seller a premium of twelve to fourteen cents a bushel on the ninety millions of wheat rushed across the border; and the world shortage of wheat kept Winnipeg prices about at a parity with Chicago prices, taking into account the exchange rate. Also, as sterling exchange rose from its low of July, wheat moved to European markets in larger volume in 1921 than in 1920. How great is the world shortage of wheat any schoolboy can figure. Nearly all farmers consider the Government estimates of 750,000,000 bushels for the United States and 280,000,000 for Canada as much too high. The big yields are only in spots; and to estimate the entire acreage in wheat by these big averages may increase optimism; it will not fill empty stomachs. The United States uses seven bushels a head for food a year and 100,000,000 bushels a year for seed. How much will there be for export? Just what comes through from Canada and Argentina. The price of wheat will be regulated this year not by the crop but by the ability of Europe to pay when a pound sterling is worth \$3.70 instead of \$4.86.

Now Canada is one of the best customers that the United States manufacturers have in the world. Canada normally buys about a billion dollars a year from the United States—chiefly in steel, next in manufactured products, sugar, vehicles, wool, wood, cotton, breadstuffs, corn products, silks, chemicals, rubber, metals, leather, tin, tobacco—all the products of factories which have been running part time—so causing unemployment—for lack of a foreign market. Of the unmanufactured products sold to Canada, coal is

the big item, totaling always over \$100,000,000. Coal and steel total over a third of all Canada's imports from the United States. But Canada cannot buy unless she sells; and she sells to the United States just a little over half as much as she buys. That is, she sells from \$500,000,000 to \$600,000,000 a year, chiefly grain products, cheese, meats, raw and manufactured, print paper, wood, flour, metals, furs, farm animals.

This is not the worst result of the U. S. tariff on Canada. For the billion dollars Canada has been buying from the United States, her adverse exchange has compelled her to pay a premium of from 12 per cent. to 14 per cent.; and tho the rule works both ways in the half billion she sells to Uncle Sam, it has left Canada paying a premium of close on a million a year over and above what she gained in exchange by sales to the United States. Against the half billion Canada sells to the United States the emergency tariff has struck a crushing blow at 35c. per bushel placed on wheat, 20 per cent. ad valorem on wheat flour, 25c. per bushel on potatoes, 40c. per bushel on onions, 30 per cent. ad valorem on cattle, 6c. per pound on butter, 23 per cent. ad valorem on cheese, 2c. per gallon on milk, 5c. per gallon on cream, 30c. per bushel on apples. It has resulted in practically cutting off \$225,000,000 of Canada's sales to the United States. Considering that Canada has a population of seven and a half millions and adverse exchange costing every soul in the country \$13 a head, and that the tariff threatened loss of farm sales to the extent of \$30 a head, on top of a war debt standing the country interest charges at the rate of \$300 per capita, it is easily realized that the U. S. tariff, either the emergency tariff of May or the permanent tariff now under consideration, is not popular in Canada.

What Canada said is this: If the United States purposes cutting off half our exports to them, we'll have to cut off two-thirds of our purchases from them. U. S. sales to Canada dropped from over \$900,000,000 for 1920 to \$683,000,000 for 1921; while U. S. purchases from Canada, in spite of the tariff, fell only from \$505,000,000 for 1920 to \$450,000,000 for 1921.

Once back from the Imperial Conference of mid-summer in London, it did not take Mr. Meighen long to size up the situation. The U. S. tariff had given him the psychological moment in which to go to the country on the old rallying cry of Protection. He would get the support of all the manufacturers and manufacturing provinces, chiefly in the East; he would get the support of the fisheries in the maritime provinces; and he would get the support of those farmers in the West who had been swerving from the Conservative ranks. The U. S. tariff had practically pulled the planks out from under MacKenzie King, the leader of the Free Traders (Liberals); and, with a heavy war debt hanging over the country, even Crerar, the Federal leader of the Farm Party, could not advocate Free Trade.

The trouble is the U. F. A.'s have not been thinking in terms of the old parties. The most striking example of this was in the Alberta elections. Stewart, the Premier, is a Liberal of the old Free Trade school. He believes in the old party line-up. He is a farmer so beloved by the farmers of Alberta that the most of them call him by his first name. He is a farmer, but he would not stand for farm-class legislation. The farmers would have given him the premiership if he would have taken it as a leader of the U. F. A.'s, but he would not. He was one of the best premiers Alberta ever had, but he stood for the old-party line-up. The New Canada Party, led by the U. F. A.'s, swept the polls, and they put

in as Premier Greenfield, a new man of English birth and Canadian training as a farmer from the ground up.

Then they locked Greenfield up alone for three days and told him to choose the best executors he could find, independent of party, race, creed. It was a new one for the old-line politicians. They have been scratching their heads ever since.

"If the farmers, smarting under the U. S. tariff, realize that they can't have Free Trade, and yet they repudiate Protection, what do they want, and what do they intend to do with their victory when they get it?" is the indignant question I heard the old-line men asking after the Alberta elections. What they are aiming at is the balance of power; and, as far as the West is concerned, it must be acknowledged that they are close to realization of that aim, IF the reaction of the U. S. tariff does not throw the rank and file into confusion. On that hangs the impending Dominion election.

I asked farm leader after farm leader what they intended to do. Said one of them: "We are a nation of 7,500,000 people, of whom only 500,000 are factory workers. Of the rest, all live as essential producers or on the products of the essential producers—the farmer, the fisherman, the miner, the lumberman. We want the manufacturer and banks to get all that is theirs out of it; but *we don't want them to get all there is out of it; or to get the maximum, while we get the minimum.* We pay the highest price for all we buy and take the lowest price for all we sell. Between producer and consumer is the narrow neck of a bottle called transportation, with freight rates strangling us at both ends. The price of oats last year did not pay the freight as far as the lake ports. We are going to change all that."

"How?" I asked.

"By group government, our group be-

ing the strongest because we represent the biggest group in Canada. Let labor have its group representative! Let the manufacturer! Let the fisherman! Let the mine owner! Let the lumberman!"

And that is more than likely what will come out of the Dominion elections. A

group government is already functioning in Manitoba.

There is just one safe bet in the impending Dominion elections and that is that every precedent from the past is going over the dam into a new stream of national life.

THE PIVOTAL POINT OF THE WASHINGTON PARLEY—THE OPEN DOOR

By P. W. Wilson

American Correspondent of the London Daily News

ON the third anniversary of this troubled Armistice, there assembles at Washington an international Conference of the Powers, called by President Harding to deal with problems affecting the Pacific Ocean and, assuming that these are adjusted, with the question of limiting armaments on land and sea. Other Conferences of this kind are on record—at Vienna in 1814, for instance, and at Berlin, in 1878; but hitherto they have been held in Europe, and the United States has attended, if at all, as a detached spectator. For this Conference, however, the stage is set in a new world. The United States of America has assumed the initiative, will act as host, has drawn up the list of guests and determined the agenda, which has been accepted provisionally by the Powers, after some demur from Japan. It means that, for diplomacy as for wealth and industrial resources, the center of gravity has crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also, and the country with reserves of gold is in a position to propose policy. Following the sun westwards, the lamp of progress has marched for uncounted centuries from Babylon to Rome, from Rome to Paris, from Paris to London, and so to Washington, where dawns a wider day.

Previous Conferences settled things from the European point of view. Near as is Turkey to Europe, Bismarck could declare that Constantinople was not worth to Prussia—the Prussia of his day—the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. As for Shantung and California, they were not on Bismarck's map. Even at Paris the fate of Strassburg and Silesia have meant a thousand times more than the entire future of China, with her population of several hundred millions. At Washington, however, Europe, with her feuds and her debts, will find that the world is no longer her suburb. As the ancient and original Christendom, she has been an apostate to the faith that inspired her. Exhausted by war, she must resign the destinies of the race to countries as yet unexhausted by the effects of such folly. At the recent Imperial Conference in London, General Smuts, speaking for the British Dominions, made this clear, and, during his discussions with France, Mr. Lloyd George handed on the message. It is arguable that there might be another war between France and Germany. Such a war would leave both countries irretrievably ruined. But it would be a war of countries not continents, a struggle strictly localized. There will not be in our day another

world war on the Rhine. Of such a world war, if the clouds shall arise, the thunders will be on the horizons of the Pacific Ocean.

It is quite possible that the European Powers, summoned to Washington, will endeavor to introduce subjects of their own. The United States has been asked and apparently has agreed to deal with the indebtedness of the Allies. She may be urged to join an amended League of Nations. Her formidable visitor, Marshal Foch, may urge that she grant the guarantee of the French frontier promised by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, but not yet ratified by the U. S. Senate and strongly criticized by Mr. George Harvey. None of these matters, however, important tho they may be, account for the anxiety felt over the Conference by all thoughtful persons. When first proposed, the gathering was regarded in many quarters merely as a concession to the astonishing outburst of approval which greeted the speeches of Senator Borah and the campaign of the *New York World* in favor of disarmament. The Republican Administration and Congress had rejected the Treaty of Versailles, with the League of Nations in it, and it was thought that some alternative must be offered to a disappointed and still expectant idealism. But as the date of the Conference drew on and there was disclosed a growing tension in Japan, the true significance of the occasion was appreciated. Attempts from London either to postpone the date or to anticipate the meeting by preliminary discussions only served to whet the appetite of the public for news of the Conference. It was realized how serious might be the sequel to such an event if it were to fail. In the highest financial circles there has been uncertainty for many months over the future of credit, and, until this uncertainty is removed, industry cannot

emerge from the doldrums. Churches and universities are watching the Conference intently because they know well that, if wisdom is not displayed, the accumulated assets of thought and art and faith may be again menaced.

For to this synod of statesmen, called to arrange a truce of God, there is indeed a somber background in history. Eighteen centuries ago, there was born to us a Child of whom it was said that even the angels called him the Prince of Peace. He taught men that war brings death and poverty and hatred, and that what men need is a more abundant life, developed by all nations in mutual friendship and for a common happiness. It seemed as if this transcendent ideal was uttered at an auspicious moment. From the River Euphrates to the Atlantic Ocean, throughout the entire known world of Europe, there had been established the *Pax Romana*. When the apostles of the new faith went forth, they did indeed encounter shipwreck and robbers, but their mission was interrupted by no conscription, no battles and no sieges. It was an impressive tranquillity, which, however, did not last. The nations were held down, as they were held together, against their will. Of four persons, three were slaves and only one was free, while few even of the free were citizens. In such communities there could be no genuine public opinion. The Roman Empire was a league to enforce an armed peace. When the generals quarreled, the peace was broken, the Empire bled to death, and became a prey to the barbarians beyond. From that chaos, all the statecraft of Charlemagne, all the spiritual authority of Pope Gregory, all the military genius of Napoleon, failed to rescue the Old World. Ancient Christendom has indeed enjoyed periods of a partial recovery. But to-day Europe is overwhelmed by disasters that spread far beyond her former Roman frontiers.

From the Arctic Ocean to the Mediterranean and from the Urals to the British Isles, her civilization—save for the fortunate fringes of Scandinavia—lies desolate and disillusioned; at best burdened with a crushing debt and at worst dying of hunger, plague and famine. The reason is, in one word, war, and at Washington the only question that matters is whether war is or is not to be abandoned by statesmen who in fact are usually themselves too old to fight.

The reasons for war have been in the main four: religion, dynasties, commerce and greed for territory. Let us consider how far any of these objects have been advanced by slaughter. Take religion. For thirty years the Catholics and Protestants deluged Europe with tears and blood, and to-day Europe is neither Protestant nor Catholic but Rationalist. It was by the sword that Islam set out to conquer men's souls and to-day there is hardly a Moslem country that governs itself. In India the chief argument in favor of British rule is that, despite its many imperfections, it does at least prevent wars of religious fanaticism.

For the Japanese delegates, it may be pointed out that dynastic wars also fail of their object. In France it was a succession of such conflicts that prepared the revolutions which drove from the throne first the Bourbons and then the Bonapartes. Wars have destroyed the crowns of the Romanoffs in Russia, of the Hohenzollerns in Germany and of the Hapsburgs in Austria. If the Elder Statesmen of Japan suppose that war will preserve their court and their caste from the demand of the people for political freedom, they are likely to be deceived in the event. The British throne is secure because it stands for peace. If the Japanese throne stands for anything but peace, it will be the

last that history will know of an absolute Mikado.

The idea that a war in the Far East would protect or increase Japan's trade may also be dismissed. Among the victors in the late war are the United States and Britain, and in both countries there is unemployment and an arrest of commerce. Britain has found that the maxim, "trade follows the flag," is not justified by statistics. Germany, supposed to be her rival, was, before the war, her best customer and, conversely, she was Germany's best customer, at any rate overseas. South Asia is British while South America is Latin, but with South America, Britain trades as easily as she trades with the most directly governed province of India. At Washington Japan will have to choose between the open and the closed door in China. If she examines history, she will find that the open door to commerce is not only the open door to peace but to actual prosperity and wealth. In the sixteenth century Spain won and held the new world. She regarded her conquests exactly as the Conservatives of Japan regard China and Korea. She was for the closed door to all save Spaniards. Where is Spain to-day? Having once ruled both the new world and the old, she is now ejected from the new and in the old remains merely as a third-class power. Just as China revolts against the exclusive policy of Japan, so the very Spaniards in America would not tolerate the exclusive policy of Spain. In the end the closed door shut out the country that had held the key.

Britain had to learn the same lesson. She tried to impose the closed door on her colonies and in America lost thirteen of them. Afterwards, she was wiser, and, if the world to-day accepts the British Empire and British spheres of influence, it is because, as a rule,

Britain extends to all nations equal trading rights and arranges equal tolls at her seaports and through the Suez Canal. It is arguable that the motive for this conduct is selfish as well as humanitarian. As an island power Britain has found that international and competitive trade pays her better than monopolist trade, as sought, let us say, by France. Wherever French and British methods have come into collision, whether in India, Egypt, Canada or latterly in Constantinople, the open door has won against the closed door, not a little because the open door invites confidence, while the closed door arouses antagonisms. An open door in China would be found, in actual experience, not a sacrifice by Japan but an advantage to her. From the enlarged volume of commerce she would derive a more generous harvest.

Fourthly, it is obvious that territorial aggression yields conquests which are, at best, short-lived. Vast and vacant areas like America and Australia may be peopled by immigrants, but China, well populated and proud of a civilization more ancient even than Japan's, will accept Japanese tutelage only knowing that at any time she can throw it off. The recent experiences of Britain in India, Egypt, Persia and Mesopotamia are sufficient illustrations of the truth that Asia, tho patient under modern education, uses that education to live her own life. The idea that China might be included in a great Japanese Empire is a delusive dream.

The first main object of the Conference is thus to bring to bear upon Japan a firm but friendly opinion that armaments in the Far East will fail either to sustain her dynasty, extend her trade or secure for her new provinces. The case is the stronger because Japan is attempting what every great power hitherto—for instance, France and Spain and Germany—has failed to

achieve, namely, to keep up at one and the same time a fully equipped conscript army and navy, the latter to be supreme at sea, at any rate in home waters. For the moment, Japan is rich with the profits which she made out of the recent war. But in due course she will find that she cannot shoulder the double burden, as described. It will prove too much for her, and the desire to be rid of it may tempt her, as it tempted Germany, to adopt an extreme diplomacy.

The Japanese press is severely censored. It is only too possible that the real issues are not fully known to her people. Clearly they ought to be stated with the utmost care. In the doctrine of the open door, as applicable to China, there appears to be nothing that would limit Japanese immigration into Asia, or the export of her manufactures, or her imported supplies of fuel, minerals and raw products. In all these respects she would find herself as favorably circumstanced as Britain. Both Britain and Japan are islands. In both countries there are large areas of mountain where population must be small. If Britain has coal and iron, while Japan is lacking in these, it must be remembered that the density of population in the United Kingdom is roughly double that of Japan. To become as crowded as Britain will take Japan the best part of a century, even assuming that in the meantime she has no relief from emigration. Yet on the continent of Europe, Britain holds scarcely an inch of soil. In the main, she has poured forth her flesh and blood into a distant country, the United States, of wholly independent sovereignty and frequently divergent impulse. She has thus "lost" the allegiance of tens of millions of her sons and daughters. Her leading industry is cotton, yet for cotton she has to depend almost wholly on foreign

supplies. During fifty years of critical industrial development, years which include the great war, Britain has been dependent similarly upon others for oil. It is true that she has a link with the Dominions, but the Dominions are free none the less to impose customs duties on imports from Britain, and assuredly the Dominions do it.

If Britain can maintain a foreign commerce and her shipping by means of the open door, there seems to be no reason why Japan should not do the same with equal success. It is possible that at Washington she may claim certain areas of China for herself, Manchuria for instance or inner Mongolia; but the real basis of her prosperity will be, none the less, her general trade, not any such "crown colonies." The right of immigration into Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand is denied Japan. But into all these countries she can send her goods. And it is fair to add that, in practice, the white man on his side does not settle in Asia. Even in India there is no permanent British population. To China as to Japan the white man goes as an official, a missionary, a trader, but that is all. The whites are a mere handful and Asia continues to be, as hitherto, the heritage of the Asiatic.

The Japanese have agreed to attend this Conference. That is the first step, after all, to a settlement. It is a further acknowledgment by diplomacy of Japan's position as a great Power and of her racial equality in the counsels and finances of the world. Once more she is welcomed by the western nations into their innermost conclave. With them, she is ready, she says, to limit her armaments; but it must be, she thinks, on the basis of her *status quo* in China. It is with China alone that she would prefer to discuss Shantung and she doubts whether China, distraught with a bloodless civil war, is

in fit condition to enter the Conference at all. Japan has, of course, five times the army of the United States. On the ocean, her navy, operating near its bases, would enjoy an overwhelming initial advantage over the American fleet, thousands of miles away. Japan can threaten the Philippines, Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand. But she can never win ultimately, even in the Far East, by any such deplorable arbitrament, and, if she attempts it, she will find that British influence, with American, is solid against her. The task of developing and uniting China is not Japan's alone; it is international, with Japan an honored partner in its accomplishment. A director of a company who enters the boardroom with loaded revolvers in both hands cannot be welcomed as a normal collegue. The world has seen in Germany's case what this kind of militarism means and the spread of such a peril from Japan over the Far East and so to the Americas cannot be allowed—so it is argued—whatever be the cost of averting it. A prosperous, progressive, contented Japan is essential to the peace of the world, and it is the first business of the Conference to ensure for Japan this prosperity, this progress, this content, within the policy of justice to China and justice for all in China, which is known as the open door. It is a grave matter that at a moment when so much depends on opinion in Japan herself, there should come the news of the assassination of Mr. Hara, the Prime Minister. Such an assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phoenix Park, Dublin, prejudiced the Irish Cause for many years, and in the case of Mr. Hara, the stroke fell upon a statesman who belonged to the people, was trained as a journalist among newspapers, and was selected for his high office because he embodied the more progressive spirit of Liberal Japan.

MICHAEL COLLINS—MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL SINN FEINERS

FOR a parallel to the genius of Michael Collins as a master of the art of guerrilla warfare, the military historian, according to the expert of the Rome *Tribuna*, must go as far back as Napoleon's disaster in Spain. In his capacity as "the sword of Sinn Fein," Collins has won triumph after triumph for those bands of armed men who have waged the irregular Sinn Fein war on the English pretty much all over Ireland. This young man organized what in his own country goes by the name of the Irish Republican Army and what the London *Post* invariably mentions as "the murder gangs." Collins never had a soldier's training; in fact, he had very little training of any kind, and for a time not so long ago was supporting himself as a sorting clerk in an English post-office.

The touch of mystery in the career of Collins is matched by his inscrutable countenance. A dark-haired, broad-faced young man, according to the London *Mail*, he occasionally shaves off the military mustache affected by him, disclosing a firm upper lip pressed grimly against the lower one. The eyes have a humorous twinkle and they seem conspicuously dark in a face of unusual pallor—so white, indeed, that there is a suspicion of bloodlessness about him. The thick, wavy, brown hair is brushed carelessly away from a fine forehead. The well-chiseled nose is set firmly in a face that is both handsome and effeminate in appearance. The expression varies endlessly, sometimes changing so much that Collins might be taken for a facial contortionist. A characteristic attitude shows his arms on a table in front of him and his head buried in them.

Altogether, as the *Matin* observes, it is not easy to believe, as one contemplates this pale, nervous and often talkative man, who looks much younger than his 36 years, that he has made himself famous in the conduct of the most difficult of all kinds of military operations. One theory of his career insists that he has not genius at all—only an unexampled familiarity with the physical geography of Ireland. Born

of people in poor circumstances and having, like de Valera, a touch of Spanish blood, he early broke away from home ties and wandered afoot over every part of his native country. Before he was 20 he knew every inch of the Mournes in County Down. It is said that he can find his way through the recesses of the Wicklow Mountains on a dark night with no lantern, and as for the Macgillicuddy Reeks, in Kerry, he could give a hundred men the slip there. He can live in the morasses. He has dived to the depths of innumerable loughs and slept on bogs impenetrable to all but himself and those he consents to guide. A pursuit of Collins through these regions invariably terminates, therefore, in the spectacle of a British force bogged or mired, or perhaps lost in the mists of a secluded range of hills, while he finds his way to the plain below by paths of which he only has the secret. Collins is additionally favored by the fact that no adequate topographical survey of Ireland has ever been made by the British. They are forced to operate in a country of which they know surprisingly little, whereas Collins and his men know every foot of it.

Such is the background of a career against which the vivid personality of the man stands out, as the French paper says, like a lightning flash against a cloud. Michael Collins has the emotion and the imagination of the Celt, but they are held in leash by an iron will. His early poverty forced an ascetic life upon him, and to this day he eats sparingly, drinks no whiskey in the field, never smokes on a campaign and permits neither drinking nor smoking among his troops when they are "out," the word being a euphemism for a raid. These raids are led only by Sinn Feiners who possess a knowledge of the face of Ireland vying with that of Collins himself. A peculiarity of his warfare is that no orders can be conveyed by word of mouth. Another feature of his campaigns is the use of the Irish language, a tongue in which Collins himself is pro-

ficient, in transmitting orders and in keeping records. A further regulation forbids all sleeping in beds, even if beds be available. Only a man of force and initiative, the *Temps* observes, could devise a discipline so Spartan and adhere to it so strictly. Without it, Sinn Fein as a fighting force would dissolve in a night.

There is not to be found in all the Sinn Fein country, as Michael Collins calls southern Ireland, a home to which he has not access at any hour of the day or night, the houses of the loyalists being no exception, thanks to a system of espionage unrivaled in the history of war. The servants of the "castle" are suspected at times of being in his army. Collins is the author of the epigram that he had found fighting a short cut into the best society, and the *London Mail* adds that he never enters a house without having two escapes from it planned in advance. On one occasion he had to remain suspended by his hands from the window-ledge of a hotel on a dark night while his room was searched by an invading constabulary. The floor of a room was once taken up and nailed down again over him to baffle a hot pursuit. He has dyed his face and hands with walnut juice and wandered through the Dublin streets barefooted, pretending to be an Indian juggler connected with an itinerant circus. The most sensational of all his escapades was his appearance in the capacity of corpse within a coffin at a funeral in Cork. His admirers insist that he is the best shot with an automatic pistol in all Ireland, but it is as a diver that he particularly excels. His tremendous leaps from the summit of a crag into a lough below with the British panting after him are the merest trivialities in a career that has become legendary throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

The British foes of Michael Collins insist that he was the inspiration of the luckless Easter rebellion, in the course of which he was shot in the arm, captured, imprisoned and later released for want of evidence. Not many months ago he was "proclaimed" by the "Castle" as directly responsible for recent ambushes in Dublin streets in which nearly 50 civilians and some score or more of police and sol-

diers lost their lives. He has been arrested for inciting treason and held to bail, only to disappear. He was blockaded in a house by the "black and tans" during a Dublin "riot," whereupon the premises next door were found to be in flames. This mysterious circumstance invariably repeats itself whenever Michael Collins is cornered in any kind of edifice within a city limits. When the fire brigade appears, he contrives to make his escape by donning the hat and uniform of one of the men. The ease with which he can accomplish this deception, even to the extent of riding off on one of the trucks, has inspired a suspicion in England that the fire brigade is recruited exclusively among Sinn Feiners—at any rate, in Dublin and Cork.

It is characteristic of the man to refuse, while in the field, all communications from British sources that are not addressed to him in his official capacity as commander-in-chief of the "armies" of the "republic." He refers to the British invariably as "the enemy." A street fracas becomes "an engagement." A raid on a country estate is "reconnoitering." Before his recent departure for London, Collins made a tremendous scene in Dublin because the "cessation of hostilities" was not officially referred to as "the armistice." He disliked that word "truce" because, he explained, it was "beneath the dignity of civilized warfare." In London itself he was careful to observe all the forms of Irish independence. There were military escorts, sentinels at post, flags on the automobile, and salutes. He was highly indignant at the omission of 21 guns when the boat bringing them across the Irish Sea came into "an enemy port." His chagrin was intensified because he had to participate in the negotiations as a mere minister of finance. He left cards at the war office in his military capacity, and was outraged because this "official" call was not even noticed. "You English," he told a reporter, "have no manners. You never had any and you never will have any."

All these touches, observes the *London News*, are normal and inevitable expressions of the temperament of this man. There is nothing the least affected about

him or his performances. His moods of impatience with de Valera and with Griffith have brought Sinn Fein more than once to the verge of a breach between its extremists and its moderates. Collins is the darling of the so-called "left wing." He deplores the vacillations of Griffith, a mere pedant, he fears, who writes books and in his official action reveals the indecision of the literary man. De Valera is a mathematician who wants to reduce everything to a formula. Gavan Duffy is too much of a lawyer. What Sinn Fein needs, according to Collins, is men of action. As he never conceals his opinions, there are now and then open clashes between him and Griffith, who is suspected of being lukewarm on the subject of independence. Collins has had such brilliant success in the guerrilla warfare that he can at times override the judgment of his more pacific associates, and he has the further advantage of being able to make inflammatory speeches which never fail to stimulate the rank and file of his army. He bellows at an audience, waves long arms and dances about the platform until he seems forced to stop from sheer physical exhaustion.

Students of this singular temperament insist that Michael Collins is a well-defined case of dual personality, a theory of him elaborated in the *London Mail*. The fact is obvious, one nerve specialist affirms, in the face. The eyes, the ears, the cheek bones denote the esthete, the genial comrad, the weakling even. The lower jaw,

the chin, the set of the mouth, betray the iron determination, the relentless temperament. The upper half of the countenance has beauty, while the lower expresses power. Michael Collins smiles easily with his eyes, but never readily with his lips. There are times when the beaming part of the physiognomy is flatly contradicted by the grimness of the mouth. He cannot be flattered even if he be mollified by a compliment. "He has a faculty which is met with in individuals but rarely—that is, when speaking to anyone he has every gun of his whole mental battery concentrated on the point at issue." It is the secret of his ascendancy. He has no love for books, such as Griffith has; very little of the spirituality which makes de Valera almost a theologian in his outlook upon life, but he excels both combined in action. He is perpetually planning a moonlight descent upon a village held by "the enemy," and, once the plan is made, execution is immediate. Never is he found in safety at any headquarters. He must be in the thick of whatever fighting is forward, struggling hand to hand, it may be, with an officer while his followers deal with the rank and file, directing the progress of a battering ram, perhaps, at a fortified portal. All ranks in Sinn Fein hail him as "Mike," but if an "enemy" commander takes that liberty the retort is immediate: "You are addressing the commander-in-chief of the Irish Republican Army—salute!"

A PREDESTINED CABINET MEMBER WHO PIQUES THE POLITICIANS

IN the sense that Virginia is the mother or, more properly, grandmother of Presidents, Iowa is attaining the distinction of being the mother of our Secretaries of Agriculture, as witness "Tama Jim" Wilson, who holds the record for service in the nineties and early part of the present century; E. T. Meredith, of the Wilson Cabinet, followed by the present incumbent, Henry Cantwell Wallace, who, like his predecessor, is an Iowa farmer-editor. The controlling influences that presumably dictated his selection for

a Cabinet portfolio was (1) that he is aggressive, (2) that he is a practical farmer, (3) that he is of the type that can whittle a stick in front of a cross-roads general store and hold up his end of an argument, verbal or physical, and (4) that, being an editor of proved patience and sapient philosophy, he can give comfort to the most pessimistic agriculturist that ever snarled at Wall Street or favored a highly protective tariff.

Professional politicians, who are not slow to appreciate the value of the Agri-



Photo from Brown Brothers

HE CARRIES ON THE IOWA TRADITION IN THE HARDING CABINET

Henry C. Wallace is the third Secretary of Agriculture to hail from that sovereign State. He is a farmer-editor who is averse to playing politics.

cultural Department as an adjunct to the political machine, have thus far not been particularly impressed with Secretary Wallace. Louis Seibold, in the *New York World*, reports that, for one thing, he has not appeared to take a practical view of politics; for another, the great combinations of packers and groups of middlemen that have for years dictated the control of the grain market, have regarded him as

foe rather than friend. For years, as editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, he has hammered at these combinations, thereby earning their enmity and the gratitude of the more numerous yeomen tilling the soil and trying to keep up with the profiteers.

In view of his fighting record, the new Secretary of Agriculture is something of a physical disappointment. He wears little of the external characteristics of the

statesman, and may be best described as "a plain man of the soil." He is red as to hair, which covers a round head of pugnacious contour. Even his bushy eyebrows are red, and his complexion is of a clear ruddy hue. He weighs at most 160 pounds, mainly nerve and sinew, writes the *World* biographer, who expresses astonishment that a Secretary of Agriculture should keep "farmer hours" in Washington. For this one "gets down to work at an unholy hour—for official Washington—often showing up before the doors of the Agricultural Department are open" and "waiting to be let in." In replying to correspondence, we read, Secretary Wallace personally dictates the greater part of the responses. He is painstakingly exact and thoro in saying what he has in mind and takes his time about it. He talks straight to one and at one, answers questions directly, and is anything but a monologist. His Scotch heather-colored eyes confirm the impression that an alert intelligence lurks behind the slight bulge of his forehead above the eyes. He looks to be in the early forties rather than fifty-three, probably because he has always led an outdoor life and knows farming from early milking to strawberry festival.

To this biographer Secretary Wallace gave a most interesting but, to a layman, rather complicated explanation of the newly adopted policy of the farming community in cutting down acreage hitherto devoted to the production of staples, of which there is a huge surplus. At one time, he said, the farmers were learning to convert acreage of this kind to the raising of products other than staples. A great many of them, he said, were converting corn, wheat and cotton lands into the production of vegetables and were making it pay. "The farmer," he summarized, "is learning to readjust himself to the new conditions. It will take time, but he will do it."

The present Secretary of Agriculture thinks that farming is the most important industry in the world, and it is no trouble for him to set out to prove it if circumstances are propitious. He has entered on his job with the zest that promises much for the welfare of the farmer. For

"the first thing he set out to do on taking office was to find out what the farmer wanted and to obtain it for him if possible, making proper allowances, of course, for the rights of the unfortunate people who are not farmers." After some weeks of investigation, he has figured out that the farmer desires most of all closer relations and more recognition at the hands of the Government, which, in itself, is no novelty in the situation. Besides an emergency tariff, he admits that the farmer also wants lower taxes, because farmers always want lower taxes or none at all, preferring to leave that privilege to the industrial or unclassified elements in the population, with New York first choice.

The reasons set forth by the Agricultural Secretary for an emergency tariff are many. An important one is that farmers have piled up such surpluses, as a result of intensive cultivation during the war, that there is no market for their products. The fact that there are three or four hundred million bushels of corn left over from the last crop, which will not bring what it cost to produce them, constitutes another argument. The drug of potatoes, cotton and other staples has contributed in convincing the farmer that his immediate salvation lies in the direction of a tariff that will keep the Argentine, Australia, Canada and some of the European countries approaching normal production from dumping their cattle, hogs, wheat, corn and other products on the American market at lower prices than the domestic supply can be made to yield.

The little round-and-red-headed Secretary is not inclined to regard as an important objection the contention of the Secretary of Commerce Hoover that the first duty of the United States is to extend its trade relations with the South American countries, now protesting against any tariff that will shut their surplus stocks of foodstuffs out of the American market. He thinks the first duty of the Government and the people is to protect our own farmers, a view that elicits a chorus of hurrahs from the owner of a flivver in every wheat belt in the country. The new Secretary also has some other plans in view to help the farmers. He is in favor

of more intensive organization among them, the expansion of the cooperative idea along the lines of the Rochedale process, adopted with some success in England, France, Austria and Australia.

Secretary Wallace has been trained from boyhood to fill his present important post. In *The Country Gentleman* we read that his father, a remembered leader of agricultural thought in Iowa, dreamed of the day when he himself might direct the Department of Agriculture. When circumstances turned in favor of his friend and coworker, James Wilson, he transferred his ambition to his son. The father aided the son in getting a college education in agriculture at Ames, Iowa. He graduated in 1892 and served as professor of dairying from 1893 to 1895. The senior Wallace then established *Wallace's Farmer* and took his son into partnership in editorial and business management. Since 1916 Henry C. Wallace has been editor and directing head of the paper.

Secretary Wallace has raised three or four farms out of the mortgage market and a family of six children, equally

divided as to sex and bearing such good old names as Henry, John, James, Ruth, Mary and Helen. The latter is married. Out in Iowa their father's business success is largely attributed to his Scotch ancestry. He is a director in two or three banks, head of an electrotyping company and owns several prosperous farms. For twenty years he has been secretary of the Corn Belt Meat Packers' Association, and has been fighting the packers' combination most of the time. When he wasn't fighting the packers he was usually at war with the railroads over the cost of transportation of farm products, which did not make him the less popular in farming communities.

In the line of diversions, the new Agriculture Secretary goes in for church work and is a member of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., in the war activities of which he performed an important part. He is said to be a "fair hand" at golf. His other diversions are farming and work. His favorite slogan is "good farming, clear thinking, right living."

FEISUL: THE MASTER OF FICTION ON THE MESOPOTAMIAN THRONE

POET as well as prince, musician and horseman, a wit as well as a statesman, Feisul, who rules Mesopotamia with the title of King of the Irak, is a trifle past 30. He bears that glorious title of Sherif, applicable only to established male descendants of Hassan, the grandson of the prophet. The countenance of this gifted and graceful sovereign, swathed in the turban of his exalted tribe, wears an appropriate melancholy. The large dark eyes swim in great orbs beneath brows so delicate as to seem penciled. The cheeks lapse blankly from the bones of the skull on either side of a firm, patrician nose of the kind ascribed to the founder of the faith himself. The silken beard is worn to a point, and never has a razor or a pair of shears profaned its virginity. The full lips are sensitive, and when they part rows of even white teeth flash. The figure is

slim, lithe and elastic, fashioned by that horsemanship which renders Feisul the wonder and admiration of the Arab world. No one ever gazed upon this man, it seems, without a satisfaction positively esthetic in its quality, for he looks like a hero out of the Arabian Nights, a Haroun-al-Raschid in his first flawless youth.

Born in a princely household, the child Feisul, to the consternation of a fond father, early evinced that delicacy of constitution to which he is indebted for his interesting aspect. He passed the years of boyhood, accordingly, in the tents of the Bedouins, until, as the Arab phrase runs, he could sleep on the back of a galloping horse. At the age of 10 he could recite whole chapters of the Koran, and at 16 he could retain his seat on the hump of a maddened camel. He learned to spend a whole week without a sip of water in the

wastes of the desert, and to this very day he can, whenever necessary, restrict his diet indefinitely to a handful of dates a day. Never in his life has he tasted alcoholic liquor.

The poetical gifts for which he is so celebrated throughout the whole Arab world were not long in disclosing themselves, somewhat to the chagrin of his father, the Sherif Hussein. That stalwart guardian of Mecca and the holy places sought to persuade his son to forego verse altogether, feeling its pursuit prejudicial to the career of a serious sovereign. The young Feisul was packed off to Constantinople and his early manuscripts were thrown into a pit on the edge of an oasis, from which, in these later years of his glory, they were rescued and circulated with applause among the men who made the treaty of Versailles. The King—he was only an Emir then—poo-hooed these trivialities of youth. "Youth!" cried Clemenceau. "But you're a youth now!" The Abarian prince retorted with one of the poetical phrases that drop so appropriately from his lips. "I am young compared with the mosques of Mecca," he sighed, "but how old I am compared with the rose!" The aged French statesman thought him a trifle lackadaisical, an impression confirmed by another of Feisul's epigrams: "These European statesmen," he said, "are like impressionist pictures. Their effect is fine at a distance." When the aged Clemenceau observed that the crusaders had laid the foundation of his country's right to the Lebanon, the present King of the Irak politely inquired if there was any doubt as to who had won the crusades. Mr. Balfour could not resist the temptation once to mention British help in forming the Arab nation of to-day. "When your ancestors," retorted Feisul, "dressed in skins and lived in caves, mine were an ancient and a civilized nation."



THE ONE ROMANTIC KING LEFT IN THE WORLD

Feisul, King of the Irak, recalls with the wonder of his horsemanship all that the poets have said about handsome Arab princes on handsome Arab steeds—and then some.

Evidently, as Clemenceau observed, according to the *London Post*, the young Feisul had not wasted his time in Constantinople. He spent eighteen years there, acquiring that ease in the use of his lips and arms which he was later to display with such effect in Paris. He dived deeply into Arabic and Turkish, attracting the attention of the Sheik-ul-Islam by the elegance and insight of his commentaries on the Koran and by his assiduity in the acquisition of the tenets of the true faith. This lore he was later to exploit with glory against the heresy of the Idrisi, who had the impudence not long ago to set up claims to the guardianship of the holy places. He had also to humble the pretensions of the Sultans in Constantinople, who styled themselves commanders of the faithful. Nomad and townsman alike were

dazzled by the brilliance of the youth as he preached his theology from Mesopotamia to Palestine, echoes of the controversy spreading as far as India. There were reports in circulation throughout the whole Mohammedan world at this time that the prophet himself was incarnate in the person of this most magnificent of all his descendants.

At the age of 30, then, Feisul-ibn-ul-Hussein, to give him his full name, was the most influential of living Arabs, peculiarly identified in the native mind with the patriotic cause against the Turk. His election to the Turkish Chamber of Deputies after the crash of Abdul Hamid, a Sultan who suspected the future greatness of the youth, was inevitable. Now for the first time Feisul could reveal the eloquence which, in the opinion of his countrymen, makes his speeches float on the air like perfume in a breeze. Extracts from his orations have been set to the native music all around the Arabian peninsula, and the organ of his party in the Hejaz, where he was born, spoke of all the Mohammedan heavens as opening lest a word of what he said be lost in any of them.

Admiration of his elocutionary effects is not confined to Orientals. He charms the most critical listeners with his facility of phrase even in the western tongues. His flexible voice, his distinction in gesture, the deference of his attitude and the clarity with which he champions his case won expressions of approval from the reluctant Clemenceau. His tact rescued him from the embarrassments to which the creation of the mandate gave rise. It was impossible for him, as a patriot and a descendant of the prophet, to concede the existence of a mandate in the face of a suspicious Arab world, but neither could he repudiate in Paris a diplomatic device for which the "big four" contended. He had the good luck to find in his native tongue a word which, while the equivalent of the English term, denoted something quite different to the nomads of his native deserts. There are really two Arabic tongues, one made up of book words, so-called, and the other a dialect that varies with each tribe and is yet understood by them all. His perfection in this linguistic subtlety explains

the success of Feisul's oratory at home, and his mere appearance makes him effective as a speaker abroad.

His presence of mind in peril was exemplified when, some years ago, Djemal Pasha took Feisul to Syria with him. Theoretically, the young Arabian was an honored subordinate on the military staff of the Turkish politician. In fact, he was a prisoner. Djemal, explains the *Giornale d'Italia*, wanted to take advantage of the young man's influence in the Arabian provinces. Feisul was all smiles as they got nearer and nearer to Mecca, a city Djemal had no eagerness to approach on that occasion. "If I detect the least sign of treachery," warned the Turk, "I will put a bullet through your head." He held a revolver significantly. Feisul went through the facial contortions and the bodily gyrations of an individual in an acute stage of terror. Djemal thrust the revolver back into his belt, whereupon Feisul leaped upon the table between them. Before the Turk could whip out his revolver once more the Arab had him by the throat. There ensued a furious wrestling around the room, and after much rolling about the floor Feisul had Djemal tied hand and foot. Being in a disaffected region, the youth, having thrown his Turk out of the window into the street below, went serenely on his way to Mecca. "Why didn't you kill him?" asked his father angrily. "Because I love him," explained Feisul, "so I could only break his leg and throw him out of the window."

In the course of the war—which brought him renown as a military commander—Feisul led the Bedouins in many a camel charge. He sat his beast as if he were part of it, but his tribesmen, much as they loved him, were loud in their murmurs. More than one narrow pass through the mountains was held by Feisul himself with only a rifle. The food grew scarce. The young Prince secretly gathered a pile of stones, and with these he loaded by stealth a magnificent treasure chest brought from Damascus. In the morning he made his men a speech. It was charged with the poetry they loved so well, with quotations from the Koran, with allusions to his own exalted descent. Finally he described the

contents of the chest. It held jewels, he vowed, such as Aladdin dreamed of before he rubbed his lamp. The gold alone would ransom a holy place. He entrusted it to their keeping, such was his faith in their devotion. At the right moment a magnificently caparisoned camel was led into the center of the rapt circle. The chest with its burden of stones was hoisted to the animal's back. Every man was promised his share once they reached their objective in Deraa. The whole band got there after incredible hardships, but when the chest was opened Feisul was in far-off Akaba.

His knowledge of Arabian human nature enables him to play upon his people, suspects the Italian paper, as if they were his harp and he a master of that instrument. His most successful device is the tale. He appears to know by heart not only the masterpieces of the Arabian Nights, but countless legends handed down among his people since the time of his great ancestors who founded the faith. This storehouse in his memory procures him an audience. He

can hold it indefinitely with the genius of the born story-teller. At the right moment he enforces a moral or fortifies an argument or makes a point. He can go on by the hour, his voice never failing and the interest of his listeners never flagging. Once, in a stretch of desert, it seemed to Feisul's British staff officer that this prince of story-tellers had kept his peculiar public too long. He insinuated to an Arab of rank that he would like to know when the tale would be told at last, as there seemed literally no end to it. The Arab gravely informed the impatient Briton that the anecdote might be spun out for another two hours. "Two hours!" echoed the man from London, "but the Turks will have time to come up!" "If the Turks come up," replied the Arab, "they, too, will wait to hear the end of the story." Thus, in countless ways, does the incorrigible romanticism of the King of the Irak facilitate his rise in the world of Islam, for there is a general impression that his career has scarcely begun.

SIDELIGHTS ON FORD AND EDISON AS SEEN BY JOHN BURROUGHS

BETWEEN Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison lies not only a marked difference in age and achievement, but a contrast in characteristics that takes on a curious interest as revealed by such a student of nature and character as John Burroughs, their mutual friend and erstwhile companion on periodical camping trips. In an article found among the literary effects of the famous naturalist, and published in the *New York Evening Post*, John Burroughs records his impressions of Ford and Edison during a two weeks' trip in the mountains of North Carolina and the Virginias. Contrasting the "two chief characters of the party," we are told that the father of the cheap automobile is, or rather was, more adaptive, more indifferent to places, than the great inventor. His interest in every stream lay in its potential water-power. He would race up and down its banks to see its fall and where power could be developed. He never ceased to lament that so much power was

going to waste and to point out that if the streams were all harnessed, "as they could easily be," farm labor everywhere, indoors and out, could be greatly lessened. He would dilate upon the benefit that would accrue to every country neighborhood if the water-power going to waste in its valley streams were set to work in some useful industry, furnishing employment to the farmers and others in the winter seasons. He was "always thinking of the greatest benefits to the greatest number—especially to lighten the burden of the women folk."

Partly owing to his more advanced age, but mainly, in the opinion of their observing companion, to his meditative and introspective cast of mind, Edison was far less active. Pausing for the midday luncheon or to make camp at the end of the day, for instance, he would sit in his car and read or meditate, or would curl up, boy fashion, under a tree and take a nap, while Ford would inspect the nearest stream or rustle wood for the fire. There is an element of



Photo by Brown Brothers

THEY ARE FAMOUS AS CAMPERS AS WELL AS OTHERWISE

But President Harding only came into the picture recently, having taken the place vacated by John Burroughs as camp mate of Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison.

surprise in the statement that Ford is a sprinter and a high kicker, and frequently challenged some of the party to race with him. He also was a persistent walker, and from every camp, morning and evening, would sally forth for a brisk half-hour tramp. Not so surprising, but of passing interest, is the statement that, notwithstanding his practical turn of mind and his mastery of the mechanical arts, he is through and through an idealist. "As tender as a woman, he is much more tolerant. He looks like a poet and conducts his life like a philosopher. No poet ever expressed himself through his work more completely than Mr. Ford has expressed himself through his car and his tractor engine. They typify him—not imposing, nor complex, less expressive of mass than of simplicity, adaptability and universal service, they typify the combination of powers and qualities which makes him a beneficent, a likeable and a unique personality. Those who meet him are invariably drawn to him. He is a national figure, and the crowds that flock around the car in which he is riding are not paying their homage merely to a successful car builder or business man, but to a beneficent human force."

Edison is recorded as sharing a good deal of the Ford utopianism, plus a highly developed sense of humor. "We delighted in his wise and witty sayings." A good camper-out, the Wizard of Llewellyn Park could turn vagabond very easily; would go with hair disheveled and clothes unbrushed as long as the next one, and rough it week in and week out with a benevolent smile. His appetite was so defective, however, as to inspire anxiety, especially when "he was not tempted by the chicken roosts or turkey flocks along the way, nor by the corn fields and apple orchards," as some of the others were. A privation which Edison is said to have felt more keenly than his campmates was the scanty or delayed war news of 1918, the local papers here and there between Pennsylvania and North Carolina giving only brief summaries of world events. Occasionally around the campfire the others would draw Edison out on chemical problems and go to sleep "hearing formula after formula come from his lips as if he were reading them from a book." Burroughs confesses to being aware that he himself "was often irritable and ungracious," but his companions "were tolerant and gave little heed to the fitting moods of an octogenarian."

THE BEAR TAMER'S DAUGHTER

A tale of love and daring
among Carpathian Gypsies
by Konrad Bercovici

COSTA, the bear-tamer, was well known all along the Carpathian Mountains; on the Hungarian side of the chain of mountains as well as on the Rumanian side. Of the hundreds of gypsies, roving to and fro between the villages, dancing their bears before inns and on the market-places, more than half bought their bears from Costa.

A bear tamed by Costa was worth a fortune. It could dance on all fours and waltz on its hind legs to the sound of a tambourine or the music of a flute; it turned somersaults, could stand on its head, roll a log or an empty barrel, stand at attention and do a thousand other cute things to amuse children and grown-ups.

And Costa was continually inventing new tricks for his bears. He could teach them anything he wanted. Once in Costa's hands a bear was not let go until it was an accomplished artist and could be relied upon to do the bidding of its master.

Costa had his establishment in a gully deep down between two mountains. In the winter, the cold Carpathian winter, in large holes he had dug out in the mountainsides, and from early spring to late in the fall in small tents that were pitched between the tall sun-hungry trees, Costa lived with his daughter Margarita.

In a cranny at the foot of the mountain was the school. There Costa, all alone, surrounded only by huge brown bears, man-eating beasts caught only yesterday, plied his trade.

It was Costa's custom to leave his gully early every spring as soon as the snow began to melt, to go in search of

bears. With a large loaf of black bread and a piece of cheese in a carpet-bag, a bottle of whisky in the long upper of one of his boots, a sharp knife in the other, a well-oiled army revolver in his wide red belt, a rope, a few short chains, the links of which he had himself forged during the long winter months, the pointed black fur cap 'way down over his bushy brows, Costa was off among the mountains in search of bears.

Sometimes, when in luck, he returned the same day or the same night dragging at the end of the rope a huge she-bear not yet completely awakened from her winter sleep, and a little cub or two, hind paws tied to hind paws, slung on his shoulders. At other times Costa was away for days and weeks.

He never came home empty-handed and, indeed, it was a bad week when the heavily bearded, tall, black-eyed gypsy did not sell at least one fresh bearskin to some innkeeper.

But Costa was not much interested in killing bears. He needed them alive. He knew every inch of the Carpathian Mountains and knew every bear-hole. He had a thousand different tricks for catching a bear alive.

If there were no tracks about the bear's winter home Costa would empty half his flask of whisky in an earthen dish and place it at one of the two exit-places a she-bear generally makes before going to hibernate.

Then he would gather a few sticks, set them on fire, sprinkle them with sulphur, place them near the other exit and withdraw to observe developments.

If the bear was beginning to awaken from her long sleep the smoke and the odor of sulphur would have its ef-

THIS is one of a number of stories of gypsy life by Konrad Bercovici, published in a new book entitled "Ghitza and Other Romances" (Boni & Liveright). This wild romance reminds one of Sienkiewicz at his best. One of the tales in the book, "Fanutza," has been selected by Edward J. O'Brien as the best short story of 1921. We think this is better than "Fanutza." The author is a Rumanian Jew resident in New York City.

fect. The beast would soon come upon the bowl filled with alcohol, turn around it, smell it, taste it and finish by lapping it dry.

A while later Costa would creep in on all fours, knife between his teeth, pistol in one hand and ready rope-noose in the other. If his calculations had not gone amiss, if the whisky had been of the right kind, Costa was soon dragging a bear behind the rope.

But that was only one of a thousand ways of catching a bear alive. The real manner was determined according to conditions, whims and instinct. After catching a dozen bears or so, the schooling would begin. No matter how a freshly caught bear tugged at the chain when anyone approached it, when Costa came near the beast it would cringe and whine. In a week at the most the fiercest bear was tamed.

He would take the beast to the *cainny*, to the "private school," as he called the fissure in the mountains, and in a day or two Master Bruin was glad to do any trick demanded of him if only he had not to face again the man who had caught him.

Such was Costa. But once a bear was tamed he lost all interest in the animal, hated him, spat at him when he passed the tree to which the beast was chained. And during the long winter nights he would tell stories to the pipe-smoking peasants at the inn, stories of other days, when bears were really fierce beasts, when it took weeks of cunning to get them and months to tame them and when every bear-dancer caught and tamed his own bear, when the bears in the Carpathians were bears and men were men and not, as they are now, when bears are tame kittens and men are old women.

And it so happened that none of Costa's own sons was worthy of his father. They could teach fine enough tricks to the bears after they were tamed by the old man; they could drive a good bargain with another gypsy coming to buy a bear; but they did not have the nose, could not scent a bear's hole and never dared what their father dared. In time they all left their father and settled in a separate gully to ply his trade of bear-tamer.

COSTA would have despaired of life altogether because of his offspring had it not been for his only daughter, whom he had by one of his wives, a clean-limbed almost wild woman, half Tartar and half Cherkez. He had bought her from a horse-selling gypsy chief and she had died when her daughter was yet very young. And that daughter of his, Margarita, with the straight, clean limbs of her mother and the sharp, angular almost

Egyptian features of her father, was Costa's pride.

She was too young to go a-hunting like her father, or accompany him, but she could tame a mature bear almost as quickly and thoroly as he could. She had started with the cubs her father brought when she was not yet eight years old. When she was ten, cubs grown to bears, on a chain in the gully, were disgustingly easy for her, and even some of the beasts her father brought dragging at the end of a rope were unworthy of her attention, unless they were of the proper kind, fierce and full of fight.

Then, oh, then, life held some charms!

"Come, Margarita," her father would call to her. "This looks like a real one."

Bare-legged, disheveled, the gypsy girl would face the animal, cowhide whip in her bare brown arm, and try him. And if he showed fight she danced for joy, she hugged and kissed her father, tore at his mustach and bit hair from his beard.

"*Tatuca, tatuca*, it's a real one this time!"

And for days and days, from early morning to late at night, it mattered not whether a dozen wild-eyed buyers clamored to see the chief, or it snowed, or brother fought brother with knives and whips, father and daughter remained with the real one in the private school.

They emerged only when the work was done. Thinner, with eyes sparkling, arms and legs scarred and with pride in work accomplished, father or daughter would call to one of the would-be buyers:

"Take him out and give him some water. He will eat out of your hands."

And he would. The sight of any two-legged animal was enough to drive fear into any graduate from the private school of Costa and his daughter.

Then the father would say to Margarita: "That was yours." Or, "It was mine."

No compliments were exchanged. There was no contradiction on that score. Instinctively each of them knew by whom and when, at what stroke of the whip, the thing was accomplished.

When Margarita was fourteen years old it so happened that her father's catches that spring had been only *mortaciunas*, dead ones, kittens. It was a pity to waste cowhide on them. The winter had been a very long one after a very wet fall and the bears were so weak from prolonged hibernation and hunger that they looked more like sheep than man-eating beasts.

Margarita had hoped every day for a "real live one." But no. *Mortaciunas* they were,

every one of them. While her father was away she stalked, whip in hand, from one bear to the other, teased them, hit them, now gave them pieces of raw meat to awaken their taste for blood, lassoed the playful cubs from their mothers to stir their savagery, but to no avail.

Occasionally some female would shoot out a paw and give a tug at the chain, one end of which was dangling from a ring pierced through the nose. Margarita's hopes would rise and she would scream for joy in a dozen endearing names, yet a second application of the whip would hardly stir the bear from its place.

And when the spring came to a close and the wild bears left the gullies and valleys and climbed the tops of the mountains for sheep, deer and wild goat, father and daughter had no excitement. The taming done and most of the bears sold, Costa went a-browsing from inn to inn, from village to village, drinking, carousing, playing cards and fighting with other gypsies, sometimes on the Rumanian side of the mountains and at other times on the Hungarian side, working up some excitement for himself by outwitting the frontier guards posted on either side of the Carpathians.

He returned home once in a while to inquire how things went; if any of the bears needed private schooling. But if such a state had come to pass Margarita had already attended to it and there was nothing more to be done.

Margarita was far from being satisfied. She could have picked quarrels with her brothers, who came occasionally to visit her, or with the husbands of her half-sisters, but they were all "old women," well-fed, satisfied traders. Nor was there any fun in quarreling with the *tsiganes* who came to buy tamed bears. She threw insults to their teeth.

"Why don't you hunt for your own bears? You only want tame bears because you are tame men yourselves. You are tame men yourselves."

They did not answer her. They told her she had pretty eyes and beautiful teeth, that her arms were round and brown. Some playfully inquired how she would like it if they would buy her from her father. But that was all.

"Sell me to you? Sell me to you? Sell a tiger to a lamb? I would tear you to pieces. No, I would not. I would just spit at you. Like that, *na, phui.*"

"Well, no, I would not buy you. I would not take you for a gift," she was answered.

"Of course you would not. You are afraid.

I dare you. You are afraid. You buy tame bears. This one here, I tamed him. You could eat from one plate with him now. Or better buy this one here. He was born tame. As you were. His father was a lamb as yours was. That's the kind you want. You buy them tamed. Even your women you buy tamed. Why don't you hunt for them? You are afraid. You buy them at the end of a rope. Tied, cowed."

She teased, she dared. In vain. Men looked at her from the corner of an eye but avoided her, and no one ever inquired seriously of her father whether she was for sale or not.

ONE early morning, the time of the year when leaves were fluttering in the brumal air, when frost, the shadow of winter, sits on the fox grapes and plums, Petrackio, the son of Ursu, the bear-tamer, entered the gully where lived Costa and his daughter.

Ursu, the bear-tamer, was an old competitor of Costa's. His establishment was twenty miles from there. The two bear-tamers were deadly enemies, and it was known that if the two should ever meet alone in the mountains but one would return. That Ursu's son, Petrackio, should venture to Costa's gully was the height of audacity. What brought him there was the fact that his father had been away for more than two weeks and no one had seen him.

Sure that Costa had killed him, the boy came to avenge his father. Petrackio and Margarita had never seen each other. The young gypsy prowled about the camp for a little while without perceiving anyone. It was Sunday. Suddenly Margarita came out of the tent, and yawned as she stretched her arms high over her head.

"Hey, you!" he called to her. "Is your father dead or is he hibernating already?"

"No," she answered; "he is milking the goat for babies who have lost themselves in the mountains."

As she spoke she came nearer to the young gypsy and looked him straight in the eye. His was a new face. The boy stood straight, with feet well apart, neck bent forward, and lips drawn away from the teeth. Margarita was thrilled. It was a "live one," one that should fight the whole summer. She had longed for a bear who would not tame easily and she almost ran for her whip after one good look at the boy, who squared himself before her. She had never before seen a face that promised more fight, more sport, than that now before her.

"And who are you?" he asked the girl as he returned her fierce glances.

"I am Costa's daughter," she answered, without moving an inch.

"And who are you? Have you come to buy a tame bear, a very tame bear?" she mocked, "one who dances as soon as you say '*martino*,' like this, like that?"

"I want none of your puppets. When I want a bear I go and get him in his lair with my bare hands," the youth answered.

Then after a while he continued, narrowing his eyes as he spoke:

"So you are Margarita, Costa's daughter! So you are Margarita! So—so! The daughter of that Cherkez woman. So—so! Well, I am Petrackio, Ursu's son. And I have come for revenge. Where is your father?"

Margarita knew well what the trouble was. She also knew that her father had been away to the Dobrudja more than a month and had returned only the night before. She could have said so and assured Petrackio. Instead of that she laughed loudly, tossing her head this way and that, then hissing between her teeth, with neck stretching out toward the boy:

"Why don't you wait another twenty years when my father will be lame and blind, and fight him! Why, Ursu's son, that was between old men. If you want to fight, why not fight me?"

"You, a girl?"

It drew fire. In a flash Margarita was in her tent and back. She held her whip in one hand when she returned. Her body was as taut as a steel spring.

"So, that's what you think of me? Not good enough to fight with? I will show you who I am."

Chained to a stout tree, not far from where they were, a huge brown she-bear was standing on its haunches and grunting. Before Petrackio had known what had happened Margarita, with one tug at the chain, had torn the ring from the nose of the bear. Bellowing from the depths of its lungs, the bleeding animal charged ahead, kicking, pawing, shaking its head viciously back and forth as it charged the girl whose only weapon was the cowhide whip in her hand.

When the bear was near enough she let the whip fall upon its head again and again. Her arm worked like a piston rod. The bear repeated its charge, yet the girl gave no ground but kept on whipping the beast over the head until it reeled and retreated to seek shelter behind its tree.

"Will you fight me now?" Margarita asked, turning savagely on the boy who had not moved from his place.

"No," he said. "I won't fight a woman."

"It is because you are afraid. You want to fight an old man."

"Afraid, I? Have you never heard of Petrackio! I will fight a dozen of your brothers. The whole tribe of your men."

"We have no men, only old women; fight me if you dare. Here, I begin," and Margarita brought her whip across the boy's face.

It was as if a thousand bees had suddenly stung the boy. It was as if a swiftly turning wheel had been set on fire. Before Margarita had had time to know what happened her whip had been jerked loose from her hand and she was thrown face downward in the dirt. Petrackio's knee was between her shoulders, holding her down as one holds a squirming, wriggling, stinging snake.

Margarita felt the cold steel blade as it touched the back of her neck and thought the last breath was near.

"Snake! I will not kill you. I don't kill women. I want your father to know that I have been here. You shall tell him. And lest you forget I shall take your tresses as a reminder."

WHEN Margarita rose from the ground she felt the cold wind on her bare neck. Petrackio had cut off her tresses and was already on his horse galloping homeward at full gallop. She looked after him and screamed. She shook her fists and stamped her feet and devised a thousand tortures for him and his father as soon as she should capture them. That very night she and her father were to pounce upon them in their gully and drag them to the cranny, to the private school, and teach them to dance. Ah! He would pay dearly for that. She would chain him herself, pass a ring through his upper lip, as she did to bears, and teach him tricks.

And afterward—ah, afterward—he would know who Margarita was. She ran to her tent, looked at herself in the silver-handled mirror her father had once given her, and screamed again. He had cut off her hair! The coward! Better he had killed her!

How could she ever show herself now? She would have to stay in her hut the whole winter; avoid being seen by anyone. Oh, why had he not killed her? He would pay for that. Oh, he would pay! She stampeded the dogs and grazing horses and in her excitement tore through the camp like a whirlwind.

Presently, only too eager to start the journey of revenge, she blew the horn to call her father. But when she saw him descending the nearest mountain she went into the hut, and, covering her head with a colored shawl,

a *basma*, she pretended to Costa that she had called him because she was so wretched. She did not mention Petrackio's visit.

"What's the *basma* on your head?" Costa asked.

"Washed my hair, *taluca*."

"What do you want, Margarita? Why have you called me? Here, what is the matter with that bear there? Bleeding, I see, and loose, too. By all the devils! Margarita, what have you been up to?"

"Oh, leave him. He is like a kitten again. Leave him, father. Why don't you ever get real ones again? When spring comes I go with you hunting."

"But what has happened to the bear, Margarita? Has he thrown you? Did you call me because you were afraid now that the beast is loose? Speak, you she-devil."

"Afraid! I? Here!"

And she went close to the bear.

"But, then, why have you called me suddenly?"

"I want you to take me to the village."

"So, so; well, that's different! Let's close up this *martino* until we come back, and let us go. Saddle my horse, Margarita, while you saddle yours." As he spoke Costa roped the bear and dragged it to a fissure in the mountain for which a revolving rock served as a door.

"That's women. They are all alike when the time comes. Their feet burn. They want to go and come. She, too, like the rest," muttered Costa as he finished his job.

FATHER and daughter were not loquacious. Seclusion breeds silence. Margarita rode on her small horse, following at a few paces from her father's mount. As she rode on she thought of him, of Petrackio. Of course he was a real one. But was she herself a real one? How he had knocked the whip from her hand and thrown her to the ground! It had come with such suddenness and force that she did not know how it had been done.

But she still felt the grip of his fingers on her arm, the hardness of his knee between her shoulders and the quick, hot breath as he spoke to her while she was at his mercy.

"Snake! I don't kill women. I want your father to know that I have been here."

That was bravery. She would fight him, him alone. She would tame him. But not like that, not as one tames a bear. That was not the way. He was a man.

By the time they had reached the marketplace of the village Margarita had reconstructed the whole episode of the morning a hundred times and had judged carefully his

actions and hers. She had very little to reproach herself with. She had acted as she should. And he? He . . . No. He should have killed her. No. No. That would not have been the right thing. To cut off her hair, to provoke her father by the insult, was greater bravery.

By the time they had tethered their horses to the trees in front of the inn Margarita had weighed him carefully in her mind and decided that he was a real one.

Not a word to her father. She would take care of all that herself. All alone. Costa had a grudge to settle with Ursu. That was all his affair. The grudge between herself and Petrackio was a separate thing.

"Whoa, look who is here!" several peasants called out loudly at Costa's appearance at the inn. "Come in, come in. *Fata mare*, come in and let us look at your eyes," said the innkeeper, being seconded by the *papa*, the priest of the village.

"Still training cubs, *fata mare*?" *Popa* Yancu asked, trying to pinch Margarita's arm.

"Cubs!" called out Costa. "Cubs! She is taming the wildest quite as well as I can." And, growing suddenly very proud of his daughter: "Better, even better, I say. She may sit among men at the inn and everywhere. Sit near me, Margarita, here. Bring wine, the oldest, Calin, you swindling innkeeper, and set glasses, big glasses, Hungarian fashion, for each of us, including my daughter." And turning to Margarita, he said: "And if you want music, I will send a messenger to bring Yancu Lautauru, or anyone you like best to hear. No? As you wish it to be."

"Ursu has gone by, an hour ago," said the innkeeper Calin as he filled the glasses.

"And why do you tell me that?" broke out Costa in a rage. "Have I ever inquired about him, what?"

"No, Costa, but he was bitten by a snake while he was in the mountains. He had to cut off one of his toes—he may lose his right foot, it swells so rapidly, and he is lame, maybe forever," said the innkeeper.

"Is that so? Tell us more. What do you know about it?" the peasants asked, curious for further information.

"That's all I know. I sold him some pure brandy. It's good to have it near oneself before the end comes," the innkeeper added. "He looks old and worn, and is bent like a twig after a hailstorm."

"Well, that's different, Calin, that's different," Costa muttered as he sat down again and began to bite off the ends of his long

beard as he always did when he had to suppress great rage. "And do you say he will remain lame for life, Calin?"

"Looks that way to me."

Father's and daughter's eyes met. Margarita knew how he hated Ursu. He looked at her and she understood. He was being cheated of his revenge. He could not fight a lame man. He did not know what her look said. He was blinded by his own rage against men and bears and life itself. Life was becoming too tame an affair. Men were tame. Bears were tame. No fights. No wolves. No robbers. No women were stolen. Ursu had been the only man and now he was lame.

"Has a fine lad for a son, Ursu has," the *papa* said as he looked at Margarita and winked to the rest of the assemblage. "He is a better hunter than his father."

"That's not very much," said Costa.

They all laughed at the sally and punched the gypsy in the ribs.

"Well, no, it's not so at all," explained the *papa*. "He is as strong a boy as there is within fifty miles of here. Quiet and strong, and good, too. And he can tame a bear as well as anybody. I ought to know!"

It was only on rare occasions that the *papa* thus revealed the fact that he was himself the son of a bear-tamer. It was plain that the *papa* favored Petrackio.

"Well, be that as it may," said Costa, "but I bet a gold-piece that Margarita could throw him."

"No, no, no," many voices rose at once.

"I bet a hundred gold-pieces."

"You might as well bet a thousand!" the *papa* exclaimed. "I know the boy too well. He won't wrestle with a girl."

"But I tell you that she can throw any man," Costa argued as the wine began to have its effect. He was a bad drinker and was becoming boisterous and quarrelsome after a few drinks.

"Well, Calin, it's all your fault. Giving news about some one at least one of the party is not interested in," said an old peasant as he made ready to leave the table.

"That's so. Miron is right," seconded Costa as he rose from his chair. "Here I come ready to drink and have some music, talk with friends and please my daughter, when he finds nothing else to tell me but that Ursu had gone by. Here, take your money from this gold-piece. Come, daughter. Good night, men."

And Costa stalked out of the inn before anybody else had left.

Margarita rode silently near her father. Like a flock of golden sheep the rays of

the sun broke and scattered themselves on the cold, silver mountain peaks. From time to time an awkward movement of some animal disturbed some stone or boulder which rolled down the mountainside, filling the valley with sharp echoes that died in dull, hollow thuds as they ended in the valleys.

Suddenly Costa began to sob. He cried easily after a glass of wine. It was his weakest spot. And as he cried it seemed as if all the mountains cried with him, felt his sorrow and wept with him. Margarita, awakened from her dreams, sped her horse.

"Why have you waited twenty years?" she reproached her father, knowing the reason for his sorrow. "If I had a grudge to settle I would not wait that long. The same day, the same day, or a day later at most."

"Oh, a bad year! A bad year," moaned Costa. "Without a wife! Bears tame as kittens and Ursu lame, lame, lame! Oh! Oh! It's a bad year, a bad year, daughter."

"You don't even catch a live one now," the daughter reproached him again. "Is it because you are getting old? Or are bears and men all tame now? You cry like a woman. Listen, the mountain cries too. Shame!"

"I old? I old? You are crazy. The bears were tame last year. Too long a winter. Too long. Without a wife, and Ursu lame," and the old man sobbed again. "Let the mountains cry with me. They understand, they understand."

IT was pitch dark by the time they had reached their gully, and Costa stretched himself on the straw-pile as soon as he let the flap of his tent fall back again.

Margarita stabled, watered and fed the horses before she thought again of herself. She touched her neck and felt again with her fingers the place where her heavy tresses had been cut off. She thought of him and cursed him for the insult.

Yet, altho it seemed to her that she still felt the grip of his steellike fingers on her flesh, she had no desire to free herself, no desire to shake off the illusion of a sharp knee that pressed down her shoulders; and between a thousand curses and tears of rage she saw Petrackio's sharp features, the eyes set well apart, the small ears set back firmly, the mouth and nose and forehead bespeaking courage and decision.

Margarita could not sleep. As she reviewed again what had happened in the morning she regretted that she had not used the whip on Petrackio more than she had done. It would have been much better, she thought. He should know that Costa's daughter was

not a plaything. He would have gone home and found his father had returned. Petrackio would have come to see her. It would have been well for him to know that Costa's daughter was not to be trifled with. She should have used the whip more rapidly. It might have saved her long tresses.

She tried to place in her memory the exact instant the boy had knocked the whip out of her hand and thrown her to the ground. She was doubtless in his power then, absolutely in his power. He could have done what he pleased with her—he could have killed her.

As she sat on the ground in front of her tent she suddenly heard the beat of a horse's hoofs at a distance. Margarita listened and when she was sure the rider came toward the gully she entered her tent. The hoof-beats soon ceased. A dog barked. After that she heard a sharp, long, penetrating whistle. Margarita's ears, accustomed to catch the sounds, soon knew that the birds in the surrounding chestnut-trees were scenting danger. The flight of a chipmunk told her the intruder was within sight of the camp.

Again the dog barked; just one short yelp and no more. Some one had thrown him a piece of raw meat. She had heard the flop of it as it fell to the ground. Then some one whistled softly from very near. Margarita could hardly contain herself for joy.

IT was Petrackio. He was a real one and she was taming him! It was the old sensation of taming bears with a thousand new thrills added. She forgot all about the loss of her tresses. What did they matter when weighed against such pleasure?

Something in her urged her to rush out to the man and talk to him. But something stronger held her back, gave promise of greater pleasure if she but sat quiet and watched the taming. It was like drinking good wine in small gulps to prolong the pleasure, to satiate oneself with the exquisite taste.

She heard the whistling again and again and every time she heard the shrill sounds she thought it the sweetest music. Not the loudest howl from the fiercest bear she had ever tamed could compare with that. He, Petrackio, was a real one, and she was taming him. And not with a cowhide whip. Not with red-hot coals and a piece of sheet iron on which the bear was compelled to dance. No, no, with another weapon, an invisible weapon, a sharper and more potent one.

She would have screamed for joy but she controlled herself. Silence added to the sting

of the weapon. More than that. It was the weapon.

DAYLIGHT was coming in through rents in the canvas of the tent. The few last screeches of a preying owl, then the clicking of wild pheasants proclaimed that the sun was peeping over the mountain tops, like a red-faced boy over a high garden fence. He, Petrackio, was calling her. He was calling her. But she would not answer.

There was a last appeal in an "Oho, oho!" coming from behind her tent, then there was silence for a while. After that, and before there were too many sounds in the valley, Margarita heard the hoof-beats of a departing horse. Tired, feverish, she fell asleep.

"Ho, ho, ho!" She awoke suddenly, hearing her father's voice outside her tent. "The sun has gone to Hungary and you are still sleeping! Was the wine too strong for you? What?"

"Yes, no, yes, no, *tatua*. Let me sleep. I want to sleep. My head aches."

"That comes from washing your hair too often," the father answered before leaving. After that he muttered to himself, "When the time comes, they are all like that."

She heard her father approach her tent several times before nightfall but she made believe that she was fast asleep. He left some food near her cot. But, as in the days when they had a real one to tame, she felt no hunger, only a horrible thirst. An hour after sunset, Margarita was listening for the hoof-beats. She heard none.

Her pain was now sharper than yesterday's joy. She waited and listened until midnight. Not a sound. She went out of her tent and looked at the sky. Her whip, the weapon in which she had had so much confidence all the years, was at her feet. She scorned it now. It was a weapon as crude as a child's plaything.

After she had waited and listened for many weary hours she whistled loud and long. The sound reverberated, thrown from one mountain wall to the other and back, until it died in some distant gully. It was like the call of some wild animal.

She waited silently. There was no answer to her call. But when she lifted the flap of her tent at daybreak she found the two braided tresses lying across the cot. Startled, shocked, mad, speechless, Margarita took one of the tresses in each hand and rushed out again. Nobody to be seen. The dog was peacefully licking his chops. Wild-eyed, the girl looked around her. Seized by an uncon-

(Concluded on page 822)

The Hero

A PLAY IN WHICH MORAL AND PHYSICAL BRAVERY ARE CONTRASTED

by Emery Pottle

"THE HERO" is characterized by a consensus of critical opinion as "one of the most promising first plays that has ever come from an American author." On the program the name of the author is Gilbert Emery. Off the program and in reality it is that of the well-known short-story writer, Emery Pottle. First presented last spring by Sam H. Harris as a matinee attraction, this play quickly outgrew its implied limitation and has been reproduced this autumn with Richard Bennett replacing Grant Mitchell as the outstanding figure in the cast. Robert Ames "carries on" from the original production as the doughboy who had no sense of fear and no scruples to fight against. He, as Oswald Lane, rushes in where many a better man would hesitate, and, as a member of the Foreign Legion in France (they did not dare put him in an American uniform), he has won all sorts of decorations. Morally, however, he is a weakling and a rotter.

As Heywood Broun observes, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, if the plot of this post-war play of American life were set down in two or three paragraphs, it would seem of clumsy and conventional mold. But such is far from

the fact. By the vital force of true talk and shrewd insight into unsaid things the playwright has lifted his play to the estate of poignant and moving drama. As this critic acutely notes, "The Hero" tells the story of Mary and Martha in terms of their brothers. The titular character, Oswald Lane, is a glamorous prodigal who has left disgrace behind him to join the Foreign Legion and to find wounds and decorations in the great war. He comes back to the home of his steady, dull and plodding brother and settles down as an agreeable pensioner in a suburban home, seduces a Belgian girl who has been taken into the house as a servant, then wins the love of his sister-in-law, and

finally makes off with some hundred dollars belonging to the church of which the steady Andrew Lane is treasurer. But before the glamorous Oswald has made good his escape from town he finds occasion to resume the hero business and loses his life in saving his small nephew in a kindergarten fire. At the end of the ironic comedy, Andrew is discovered lamenting the death of "the hero" and consoling himself with the thought that Oswald had forgiven him for any accusations which he might have



A NEW AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT OF DISTINCTION

Emery Pottle "arrives" with "The Hero," in which Richard Bennett and Robert Ames play important parts in a notable production.

brought against him. The play is excellently cast, with, in addition to the brothers, Alma Belwin as Hester Lane; Blanche Friderici as Sarah Lane; Joseph Depew as Andrew Lane, Jr., and Fania Marinoff as Marthe Roche. The scenes are laid in the Lane dining-and-sitting room. It is a late afternoon. The curtain rises on grandma Lane (Sarah) and her grandson, Andy, Jr. The old woman is haunted by the memory of her erring and long-absent son, Oswald. She chatters reminiscently to the child. Hester, her daughter-in-law, comes in with news from a Red Cross worker, Hilda Pierce, back from France, that she had seen Oswald in a French hospital where he was recuperating from a wound of German authorship. "Was he real sick?" the fond old mother inquires anxiously. Whereupon:

HESTER. His leg was bad, but the doctors said he'd get well. He didn't know anything about Andrew being married to me, or you being with us or anything. Hilda was going to write a letter to you for him, but before she got to it they moved him off to another hospital—somewhere—and she never saw him again.

SARAH. And she don't know where he is now?

HESTER. No. But, mother, he was with the French army, not with ours, in a thing they call the "Foreign Legion." And he was all decorated. He'd been perfectly splendid. Just a regular hero! Oh, mother, I think it's just fine—after everything that—that—

SARAH. (*Abruptly and suspiciously.*) Ever'thing? What'd Andrew ever tell you about Oswald, I'd like to know?

HESTER. (*Getting her work-basket from the machine.*) Why, nothing so very much, except that he was—well, pretty wild when he was a boy, and ran away and all that. Why?

SARAH. (*Only half assured that Hester speaks the truth.*) Nothin'! That's why. An' if you ever hear anything real bad about my Oswald, 'tain't true! An' don't you believe it is. He warn't sech a good son as Andrew, but he warn't bad. He warn't bad, I tell ye!

HESTER. (*Sitting at the table and mending one of her gloves.*) Andrew never said he was.

SARAH. How'd she say he looked?

HESTER. Hilda said he was handsome—

handsome in spite of being sick. Oh, I'd have given—I don't know what—for her experience.

SARAH. I guess Oswald's 'bout as good lookin' as the Lord intends men folks should be—tho that ain't nothin' for a man to boast of. She said he warn't wounded—bad?

HESTER. No. His foot or his leg, I think.

SARAH. (*Meditatively.*) Oh, dear, if I could only see 'im! Hester, you ain't suffered. You ain't suffered. I tell you, women has to suffer. Then they know.

HESTER. (*Not bitterly, but regretfully.*) Oh, it's hard enough, this is, when you're never sure from one week's end to another where the money's comin' from to pay the bills. It seems to me that lately, everywhere I go, everything I do, I find pretty things thrown in my face—only I can't have them. It isn't that it's always pretty things, tho I do like what's nice, but interesting things—things to give women a chance to look outside their own little dooryards—I don't know—to be something—something that counts more in the world. I can't express it, and I don't suppose you'd understand. But it's always been like that—just scraping along, mamma and I, in that boarding house in Brooklyn.

SARAH. (*Who has listened to these words of rebellion with sniffs and snorts of disdain.*) Well, Hester Lane! Of all the speeches I ever heard! Pretty things! Interestin' things! I never! I dunno what women's comin' to nowadays! Votin'! I s'pose you'll want ter be votin', too—an' dancin'! Wimmin's old's I be hoppin' 'round like monkeys on a hot stove lid, and a smokin' of them nasty cigarets! Their legs a showin' at one end, and their backs and bosoms at t'other! You, a married woman with a child, an' 's good a husband 's a girl should want, talkin' like that! I'm 'shamed of you! Hester—A chance! Chance fiddlesticks!

HESTER. (*Out of patience.*) You don't understand. I can't tell you. I can't ever tell you. You always scold me like this.

SARAH. Next thing you'll want to get a divorce, I s'pose—like all the rest of 'em.

HESTER. Divorce? You don't think I'm going to run away, do you?

SARAH. (*Horribly.*) Hester—for the Lord's sake! You ain't thinkin' of runnin' away?

There is a deal of grindstone talk, while Hester is setting the table for the evening meal. Sarah retires. A strange young man, crippled and leading a dog, comes in, converses with Hester and exits without disclosing his identity. Presently, how-

ever, Andrew Lane arrives with the prodigal Oswald, who proceeds to make himself at home, in this manner:

OSWALD. Looks to me as if you'd got pretty near everything a feller needs, Andy, to keep comfortable.

ANDREW. (*Arm about Hester.*) Oh, we kinda manage to trail 'long by the bandwagon, don't we, Hess? (*Hester nods a tolerant smile. Andrew looks at Oswald's dog.*) Say, speakin' of dogs, I heard a good one to-day.

HESTER. Now, Andrew!

ANDREW. Honest, I did, Hess. "If I cut that dog open, what would I find?" (*Thinks for a second.*) No, that ain't it. (*Takes out a little red book from his pocket and consults it.*) Here, here it is. "If I cut that dog's LUNGS open, what would I find?" (*He looks at them for an answer. Hester and Oswald make no reply. In fact, they are not even paying much attention to him. He grins in triumph. Answers the riddle himself*) Why, the seat of his pants! (*As they do not seem to get the gag, he pants in imitation of a dog. Then he laughs heartily.*)

HESTER. Oh, Andrew! You ought to be ashamed.

OSWALD. Gosh! (*He is now sitting in the rocking chair, and the old woman is hovering around the chair like a mother hen watching her lone chick.*) Are you still at them old gags? First time I heard that I kicked the slats out of my cradle, didn't I, ma? You ought to muzzle him, Hester.

HESTER. (*Laughingly.*) I will.

ANDREW (*Still laughing over the gag.*) Well, we can't all be born with a funny bone. (*Hester starts for the kitchen. Andrew picks up two packages which he had laid on the table at the beginning of the scene.*) Here's your coffee, Hess. (*Following her towards the kitchen.*) And your prunes. Cost just double now.

HESTER. And the—

ANDREW. (*Snapping his fingers.*) Gosh! I forgot the soap!

Hester exits into the kitchen, followed by Andrew, while Sarah hovers over Oswald.

SARAH. You look kinda peaked, Oswal'. Ain't ye well? Does your foot hurt ye? Ye ain't had nothin' to eat, I bet, since ye jined that ol' war. The idee! Comin' and pretendin' ter be Willie Smart! If I'd a seen you I'd a Willie Smarted ye!

OSWALD. Sure, I'm well, ma. (*Hester and Andrew enter again from the kitchen.*) Don't you fret. We et the German—

ANDREW. Sausage! (*There is a general laugh.*)

OSWALD. I was afraid you'd spank me, like you used to.

ANDREW. And she *did* too!

SARAH. Guess you want a good tonic. That's what!

OSWALD. Guess I want some o' ma's cookin'—to take the taste o' Huns out o' my mouth.



HE DIDN'T GO TO WAR, BUT HE "CARRIED ON" INDUSTRIOUSLY AT HOME

Incidentally Andrew Lane (Richard Bennett) proves himself more of a hero, morally, than his brother, Oswald (Robert Ames), who has been decorated and cited for bravery in the Foreign Legion.

The talk goes on, the development being that Oswald and young Andy, his nephew, become pals—along with the dog, named Cafard. Oswald reveals his conception of a hero in this flash of dialog:

ANDY. Uncle Os, Granny says you're a hero.

OSWALD. (*On his knees by the dog.*) Sh! Don't you tell Cafard I'm a hero. She might bite me.

ANDY. What is a hero, Uncle Os?

OSWALD. Oh— (*Grins.*) A hero is a guy that does somethin' he wouldn't a done if he'd a stopped to think.

Eventually the two brothers are left alone and engage in a heart-to-heart talk. Oswald inquires whether Hester is aware of his shady past, and is reassured:

ANDREW. That's all right. (*Comes over to him.*) And, Os, I appreciate your wanting to see me first before you told Hess who you were. (*Putting his hand on Oswald's shoulder affectionately.*) I don't wan' to pick open any old sores, boy, 'specially to-night, when you've just come home to us. An' I just wan' to tell you that what's done's done. Nothin's gained by harping on old mistakes. You're back, and I guess you've about wiped out all that tomfoolishness, or worse, by what you've done over there, in the war. I guess they didn't give you those ribbons in your button-hole for lookin' at the view. But, now, the old war's over and everybody's glad of it. Boy, I want you should make my home your home till you get a start, till you get a job; gol darn it, till you get a little home and wife of your own. See?

(*He sings a kidding way.*)

"With his baby on his knee, he's as happy as can be—

For there's no place like home, sweet home!"

OSWALD. (*Rises and goes to Andrew.*) You're dam kind, Andy. I—I appreciate how you all have—treated me. Far's the war's concerned, as the Irishman says, "Twas a hell of a war, but 'twas the only war we had."

ANDREW. (*Gets out his little red book and pencil. Jots in the book.*) Gee! That's a good one! Have to put that down.

OSWALD. I'm goin' to pull up, Andy, and—well, I got one or two little things in my head. I'm going to pay you back every cent. We'll be rich yet, and then, by God, we'll—

But the hope that he raises is false, and before the end of the first act Oswald is

bent on seducing the Belgian girl, Marthe. The second act promptly discloses the situation:

MARTHE. Let me look at you! Oh, you are so beautiful in your uniform, my soldier! My hero!

OSWALD. (*Flattered and expansive.*) Feels kinda good to get into the old duds again, Marty. You know, kid, I get kinda fed up sometimes with—with things here. All these damn rich—a fellow like me—what show's he got? They want to make him work for 'em—for the damn capitalists, that's what. 'Tain't fair! I got as good a right to be rich—better, by God!—'n this old uniform's the proof of it. Good as those greasy hogs. Divide up property, Marty, share and share alike, I say!

MARTHE. (*Follows him. Takes his hand and clings to it, passionately.*) Oswald, let us go away. Take me away from here. I—I—hate it! Take me to—I don't care where. I'll work for you—I'll—

OSWALD. (*On his guard.*) Sure, kitten, sure—gimme time—gimme time! (*Draws his hand away.*)

MARTHE. Your brother does not want me to stay here any longer.

OSWALD. (*Suspiciously.*) Why don't he? How do you know?

MARTHE. Your mother, too. She 'ates me. She is afraid that I should make you with love for me. I know. I see.

OSWALD. Ma! Oh, don't let ma get your goat, Marty! If ma ever felt real good about anything in the world she'd think she was sick and take Peruna. (*Turns to her.*) But what's this dope about Andy? (*Marthe mutely tries to understand him.*) I mean, what'd you mean about him? Wantin' you to go? Has—has he got onto anything, do you think?"

MARTHE. Oh, Oswald, can't we tell them now? I don't like this always 'iding, and concealing. Let us tell them. Then we go and—

OSWALD. (*Impatiently interrupting.*) What about Andy? Get down to brass tacks. Has he said—

MARTHE. No. But I know—I feel. I see him look—look—if we speak or sit together. W'y does he do this?

OSWALD. (*Somewhat relieved.*) You keep your shirt on, Marty. Old And' hasn't got anything on you—nor on me. He couldn't see the hole in a doughnut—not if you took it out and gave it to him. (*Shrewdly, and with a feeler in his tone.*) But 'f you feel like this about it—why don't you beat it?

MARTHE. You mean—go away?

OSWALD. Um-hum.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL OSWALD, WITH A FRENCH DOG, CAUSES AN ENTERTAINING COMMOTION IN THE ANDREW LANE HOUSEHOLD

Reading from left to right the cast of "The Hero" includes Sarah Lane (Blanche Friderici), Oswald (Robert Ames), Hester (Alma Belwin), Andrew, Jr. (Joseph Depew), Andrew, Sr. (Richard Bennett), and Marthe Roche (Fania Marinoff).

MARTHE. (*Going to him.*) You know w'y I stay here? For you!

OSWALD. (*Agreeing amiably, and patting her shoulder.*) Yah! Sure. I get you. We're all right. But now, kid, about this tellin' em—why, naturally I'm all for it, but it's like this: I ain't just found out what I want to do yet. I ain't going to get all tied up in bow-knots with some darn thing that—well, that I can't show my ability at and make good money, too. And you ain't got that stenographer job yet, see? We'd want to make our get-away from here if we told. No. You just trust your Uncle Oswald a little longer, girlie, and, by golly, you'll wear diamonds yet!

MARTHE. (*Sitting at the couch and facing Oswald.*) I can trust you, always—can't I?

OSWALD. Surest thing you know, Marty. Where's little Andy? Is he all right now?

MARTHE. (*Impatiently, trying to tell him something.*) Yes—yes—it is nothing!

OSWALD. (*Sincerely.*) I love that kid. Honest I do, Marty. And he loves me, too. Kinda gets Andrew's goat to see it. Noticed it, Mart? Wish't he could have come to the show to-night.

MARTHE. And—what of me?

OSWALD. Say, it was too bad, girlie, havin' to stay at home with the kid. You should worry tho! Me! In a church! Oh, boy!

MARTHE. (*Jealously, still sitting on the couch.*) You—you love me—like you love little Andy?

OSWALD. Ain't I told you so more'n a thousand times? (*Impatiently.*) God almighty, do I have to loop-the-loop every minute?

MARTHE. Oswald?

OSWALD. (*Changing the subject.*) Say, Marty, you'd orta heard the spiel I give 'em! About the war to-night. Pershin' ain't got nothin' on me. Church full, by golly, and little Os right up in the pitcher's box, with the man of God. (*In derisive imitation.*) "Brothers and sisters, we have in store for us this evening a rare treat—our distinguished townsman, Mr. Oswald Lane, for a cause that lies near to the heart of every mother and father, the suffering infants of devastated France!" Oh, mister! And brother Andy singing like a sore foot in the choir. And when the guys



HE IS NOT ROMANTIC BUT HE MAKES A
FIRST-RATE HOMESPUN HERO

Richard Bennett, as Andrew Lane, adds another
achievement to his repertoire.

passed around the plate, you'd orter see 'em
give up. Brother Andy's countin' it now. I
ducked.

MARTHE. Oswald, you *do* love me? I want
so to hear you say it—just once.

OSWALD. Aw, I got a sore throat from
singin' hymns. (*Sings.*)

"Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen as they fall!

Every one for Jesus,

He will get them all"—*I don't think!*

MARTHE. (*Who has been paying little attention to what he has been saying. Her mind is on but one thing, and that is how to tell him what is nearest her heart.*) There is no other girl?

OSWALD. What do you mean?

MARTHE. Not over there? Nor here? Not even—her?

OSWALD. (*His eyes narrowing as he looks at her, and in a hard tone.*) Who?

MARTHE. (*Suddenly.*) 'Ester.

OSWALD. Cut that out! You hear? Can that!

MARTHE. (*Fiercely, her suspicions growing stronger at Oswald's manner.*) Oh, she would love you! I have seen that! Fool!

OSWALD. (*In a rage.*) Say, have you gone clear nuts? If I ever hear you say that again! Say, have you ever let on anything to her about us?

MARTHE. No. W'at I care w'at she thinks?

OSWALD. Well, you beat the devil, I'll say!

MARTHE. (*Intimidated, and afraid that he is going to hold this against her.*) Please, forgive me! I am sorry I said it. (*She gives him a telegram.*) Here—this is for you.

(*Oswald takes the message and moves a little away from her. He opens it and reads. A smile comes to his face.*)

MARTHE. Good news?

OSWALD. When'd it come?

MARTHE. Just now.

OSWALD. Why didn't you give it to me right off?

MARTHE. I don't know. I forgot. (*Coming closer to him.*) What is it—that? (*Getting more excited.*) Who sends you a message from Europe? Who?

OSWALD. (*Menacingly.*) If you've read that tele—

MARTHE. The boy said it was from far away. (*Hysterically.*) From a woman—is it? Oh, I have seen you smile and smile—from some girl! (*Snatching at the paper.*) You shall tell me!

OSWALD. Oh, for God's sake, stop screaming! Stop it! They'll hear you. They'll be here any minute. It—it was from a man. From a fellow over there who wants me to come back and take a job. There!

MARTHE. (*Dropping back on the couch in exhaustion.*) You—go?

OSWALD. I don't know. Maybe.

MARTHE. (*Desperately.*) Take me with you! Oh, don't leave me alone now! Don't leave me alone!

OSWALD. How the hell can we go anywhere without a cent? Don't be foolish!

MARTHE. (*In a slow, poignant tone.*) We—must—do something!

OSWALD. (*Apprehensively.*) What'd you mean? Shoot! (*He holds up her head, she looks into his eyes and then drops her head.*)

OSWALD. (*In a dismayed tone.*) Oh, my God! Are you sure? (*She nods.*) Why didn't you—why—oh, this is a hell of a thing! (*He walks up and down distractedly. Marthe sobs.*)

MARTHE. You see—I must go.

But she stays on, and Andrew arrives home from business, inclined to complain about the burden of supporting Marthe plus Oswald. Hester assures him that Oswald is trying to find work.

ANDREW. Sure! I don't say he isn't—but—darn it all, if I was a rich man I'd let him set here till he got good and ready. (*Whistles a bar or two.*) I bought him a new suit yesterday, too.

HESTER. You did?

ANDREW. You know, Hess, we've got little Andy to think of. That money we're puttin' by for his college education don't grow very fast.

HESTER. Oh, dear! Nothing seems right in this world.

ANDREW. (*Turning in his chair so that he can look up toward the hallway and see if there is anybody listening.*) What I was going to say was, Hess—(*Rises and goes toward Hester.*)—that if you could sort of—you know—to Os. He likes you, and if you could maybe suggest that— This is a good offer.

HESTER. I know Oswald will take it.

ANDREW. Yes, I guess he will. Hess—(*Looking carefully out at the hall door, then coming down to Hester, who is on the couch.*) About—Marty's going— (*Sits down by Hester. Confidentially.*) There ain't any—special reason for it, is there?

HESTER. (*Looking at him sharply.*) Special reason? What do you mean?

ANDREW. (*Weakly.*) Oh, I don't know—but—

HESTER. But what?

ANDREW. (*Worriedly.*) Well—Os—you know, he's always—sort of—joshin' everybody—and—well, I didn't know but maybe he'd been gettin' fresh with Marty—maybe—

HESTER. (*Horried.*) Why, Andrew Lane!

ANDREW. I don't suppose—

HESTER. I don't know how you can even think of such a thing!

ANDREW. Well, when two young people get together—

HESTER. I don't believe a word of it! (*Her*

jealousy is so evident that anybody but Andrew would see it.)

ANDREW. Well, Os is a likable fellow—

HESTER. Why, if anything, Marthe actually sometimes dislikes him, I sometimes imagine. Oh, no!

ANDREW. (*Rises in relief.*) Well, that's all right. I'm glad to hear you think so. I guess so, too.

Hester finds an excuse to leave the room. Andrew follows. Sarah Lane comes in



HE PROVES THAT A ROTTER CAN YET BE A HERO

Robert Ames, as Oswald Lane, incidentally defines a hero as "a guy that does somethin' he wouldn't a done if he'd a stopped to think."

with Oswald, whom she beseeches to sleep on the sofa and safeguard \$500 taken in at a church benefit that night and deposited by Andrew in the writing-desk across the room. He good-naturedly agrees to do so. Whereupon:

SARAH. Oswal', that Mr. Thornton has told Andrew he'd give you a good job—sellin' insurance. I want you should go right down to the city to-morrow and see 'im.

OSWALD. Me? Sell insurance? Nix!

SARAH. You can't go on livin' on Andrew's shoulders. Andrew says he thinks you ain't tried as hard as you might to git somethin' to do. He says—

OSWALD. Oh! He throws that up to me, does he? 'Course, I can go an' fight so's he can live at home on Easy Street! Damn slacker! That's what they call "Keep the world safe for democracy!" Well, you can tell him from me I ain't going to trouble him much longer.

SARAH. What you goin' ter do? (*Anxiously.*) You ain't goin' off again, traipsin' 'round the world, be you?

OSWALD. (*Sulkily.*) I got plans.

SARAH. Oswal', you take this job. Everything'll be all right then. (*Wheedlingly.*) I want you should git to earnin'. I guess I ain't any too welcome in this house. Ossie, you take it, and we'll git a little place to ourselves. Me and you. And I guess, if you wanted to, you could git that Pierce gal—from the flirty way she acted to-night, carryin' on so about you—ravellin' on your sleeve! Sign o' money!

(*She picks it off.*)

OSWALD. (*To appease her.*) Money? Oh, well, I'll see. Don't you fret, ma.

SARAH. (*Piteously.*) Don't seem's if I could bear to have you run off agin. I ain't one to tell my feelin's, but this bein' away of yours has jest about killed me. 'F you should start off now—(*A sudden thought, and she looks at him anxiously.*) Oswald, you been a good boy, ain't you, since you been home? You ain't done nothin' wrong, have you?

OSWALD. (*Jumps to his feet.*) Oh! Between you—you and Andy—you'd drive a fellow right into Sing Sing. Harp! Harp! Harp! Every chance you get! Over a mistake I made once. Can't let it drop—can't lemme forget. Oh, I'm sick to death of the whole show! I wish I'd never come home!

SARAH. 'F you had any respect for my feelin's you wouldn't talk like that. Pretty way fer a boy to talk, after all your pa and I and Andy have done for you.

OSWALD. Go on! Rub it in! Rub salt on the sores! You're having fun, ain't you?

SARAH. (*Tearfully.*) I'd cut my hand off fer you, Ossie, and well you know it, 'f I thought it'd do you any good.

OSWALD. (*Relenting. A little more kindly.*) Oh, well, I know it, ma—I—I'm all tired out to-night. I'm worried—'bout things. We'll talk it over to-morrow. It'll be all right.

SARAH. (*Reassured.*) That's a good boy. (*To Andrew, as he enters with a tray from the kitchen.*) I told him. I guess he will, all right.

ANDREW. (*Heartily.*) Good for you, Os!

Yet "the hero" refuses to go to work and has a stanch champion in Hester. They are alone in the living-room.

HESTER. Isn't it nice—being here—so warm and comfy? Do you know it is the first time we have been really alone? Tell me more about the war. I love to hear about it, and you boys that have really done things won't ever talk.

OSWALD. (*Stretching himself out at ease on the couch, after a silence.*) So warm—and comfy. Sometimes, over there, when I'd maybe be settin' up to my waist in ice water and just cussin' out the whole damn show, I'd think of places warm—and heard about 'em—like this. (*Hester, in sympathy, reaches out her hand to touch his. Carelessly, and as though by accident, he moves his hand in time to avoid her outreaching one.*) I'm a poor lot, Hester, I guess. I've hoboed it and dead beat it all over the darned place. Ever since I was a kid of sixteen I've seen the worst of everything—women and men—and God's made some birds, I'll say. I've gone down the line with 'em. Greasers in Mexico, Chinks in Shanghai, Wops in Naples, Niggers in Port Said—O God, I do know everything, every damn thing! If there'd been a kid like you waitin' for me—maybe—Then comes the war. I goes in along with a guy named Bill that I picks up over in Chile—a Swede. We gets in the Foreign Legion. God, what a swell bunch! Gee! Old Bill was a card! He got his all right. Falls down in the attack right by me. "Come on, Bill," I says; "to hell with 'em!" "I got mine!" he says, and he had. I couldn't stop to do anything. I never saw Bill again. (*He sits up on the couch.*) They gimme that junk—(*Pointing to the medals on his coat.*)

HESTER. (*Reverently.*) War cross and two palms!

OSWALD. —for what I done that day.

HESTER. Taking that dreadful machine gun?

OSWALD. And bringin' six Fritzie's back by the tails. And the next day I gets mine. (*Resentfully.*) Only I don't die—bum foot.

(*He raises the built-up shoe and lets it down with a thud. After a short pause he rises and goes to center. Hester rises, goes to him and helps him put his overcoat on. Hester slips down to the couch and as she sits there she lays her cheek against his left arm. Oswald regards her, half in pity and half in amusement. He seems to be working out some plan in his mind. He frowns. His eyes wander to the writing-desk, speculatively.*)

HESTER. All you've seen and done! And all I haven't! It doesn't seem fair, somehow.

OSWALD. You mean you're fed up, sis?

HESTER. I can't explain—you wouldn't understand. Something's wrong somewhere. Life is wrong, I guess. (*Bitterly.*) Oh, what does it all matter?

OSWALD. (*Sitting beside her, trying her out.*) Suppose, just for instance, suppose I told you that I was fed up—you understand what I mean—and wanted some place, warm and comfy, as you say, and somebody who'd help make it so. Somebody who'd want me there—somebody who'd understand me, and stick to me—through hell. My kind o' girl. Every fellow's got his kind, you know. Suppose, I said, I'd been homesick for her, just plain nutty, till I got right where I'd got to have her by me—for keeps. *Had to!* Dotty about her. Suppose I said all that, Hester? What would you say, sis?

(*So great is Hester's emotion that she cannot reply. Oswald eyes her with a certain amusement, a certain contempt. He rises.*) You'll know—when I'm gone.

HESTER. Oswald! Don't go—

OSWALD. (*After a pause, in a cold, matter-of-fact voice.*) No. I ain't your kind, sis. Do you get me? (*Looks at the clock on the mantel and then crosses to it.*) Gee! It's 'most eleven o'clock. What do you know about that? You're all tired out. All in. You'll feel better in the morning. (*He watches Hester cynically for a moment as she sits huddled up on the couch, trying to comprehend where she is being swept to. At last he comes behind her and speaks in a hard, cold, matter-of-fact voice.*) Hess, lemme give you a tip. You stick to your kid. He's hero enough for you.

(*Hester, utterly at sea, hesitates miserably, seeing her poor little dream shattered to bits. At last she rises, and without a backward glance drags herself hopelessly out of the room and upstairs.*)

The temptation to steal the church

money proves irresistible to Oswald, and the temptation to stake her happiness on the rotter leads Hester back into the living-room early the next morning just as Oswald is committing the theft. She catches him in the act and, in an agony of disillusionment, demands that he give back the money.

OSWALD. That's what you say.

HESTER. (*Desperately.*) Give it back! (*Oswald goes to the table, picks up his pipe, putting it in his pocket. Getting ready to go.*) Give it to me! (*As Oswald pays no attention to her demand.*) Do you mean you won't?

OSWALD. You've guessed it!

HESTER. (*Wildly.*) You shan't go out of this room with that money!

OSWALD. Who's going to stop me?

HESTER. I will! (*She faces him resolutely.*)

OSWALD. What do you care about it?

HESTER. What do I care? Why, it's terrible! It's awful! It's criminal! We'll be ruined. The disgrace of it to the family! Give it back! Now, this instant!

OSWALD. Well, Andy'll have to pay it.

HESTER. Andy pay it! Why, we haven't got a penny, and you know it.

OSWALD. Oh, he can get it somehow. What's he ever done, anyhow? He didn't go to war, did he? Let him pay, then. I'm a soldier. I'm his brother. Let him pay!

HESTER. (*Going to him, in a fury.*) Soldier! You! Andrew pay! Why should he pay for you—and your horrid women? Oh! I know the story of that wretched girl, here, in this very house, right under our eyes. Mine! And your mother's! I got it out of her this morning. How you planned to rob us in order to run away and cover up the filthy tracks of your nasty, dirty—ugh!—I can't talk of it!

OSWALD. (*Indolently.*) Go to it, Phoebe Snow. You're doing fine. You're all right. You're pure! God, but you're pure! But it's going to cost you money to pay your laundry bill, my little snowflake. But lemme tell you one thing—your dope on Marty is all wrong. She didn't know anything about that little sum of money I—borrowed; the kid didn't. Not a thing.

HESTER. You expect me to believe that? Do you think that I don't know you have to take her away? And why?

OSWALD. (*Coolly.*) Do I?

HESTER. It's all plain enough now. What a fool I was not—

OSWALD. You were a fool, all right. That ain't the half of it, dearie!

HESTER. Oh, you're the wickedest man! You—you hero!

OSWALD. (*Approaching her. Brutally.*) What did you come down here for? Afterwards? You think I don't know? You haven't got anything on me, young lady.

HESTER. Oh—you coward! You coward!

OSWALD. Oh, can that stuff! 'Tisn't going to help you any. Listen to me.

HESTER. (*Distractedly.*) Haven't you any pity?

OSWALD. Listen here. You tried to find out last night if there was any other woman. You know why you wanted to know. And then I handed you that supposing stuff. Supposing you were the goat? And you were, all right. God, you were easy! Fell for it like a hired girl for a policeman. When I first came here I thought you were—well, different from the ordinary run of women. You looked like a good girl—married, with one of the finest kids a woman ever had. And then, little by little, I began to see how the wind lay. Just like 'em all, you are. I tested you out last night. Just a regular—well, you know. I'm going to tell you something. I'm going back to France. Back to France, see? To my girl. That's where she is. "My kind o' girl." She wants me, and I want her. And I'm going to take this money to do it with. Oh, I know all the sweet things you'd like to say about me. What the hell do I care! You and Andy have got to pay it. That's the price of that little show you tried to pull off last night. Do you get me?

And he goes out, leaving the distracted Hester to be joined presently by the abandoned Marthe.

Little Andy has been taken by his grandmother to the kindergarten, which, it develops, has caught afire. Andrew, Sr., entering the room, is attracted by the passing fire engines and remarks to Hester, as he goes to the window:

ANDREW. Look at the folks runnin' by! Guess I'll go to that fire when I take that money over to the bank. (*Hester is sitting in the chair before the drawer in which the money has been kept. Andrew takes the key out of the upper drawer and starts to unlock the lower drawer.*)

HESTER. (*Her eyes dilating as she realizes that this is the end, and that discovery must come.*) Andrew, I—

(*She tries to arrest his hand. There is a*

sharp knock on the pane of glass in the window. A man's voice is heard calling.)

VOICE. Lane! Lane!

ANDREW. (*Turning.*) Wha—

VOICE. For God's sake, come quick! You're wanted!

ANDREW. (*Startled.*) Why, what's the matter? I—

(*He runs in the direction of the outer door. There is just time for the door to open, and we hear a confused murmur of excited voices. The words predominating in the conversation are "Your brother!" and "Don't get excited, Lane!" "Fire!"*)

MARTHE. (*Who has come in from the street.*) The—the kindergarten.

HESTER. (*Dazed.*) Fire! Kindergarten! (*Screams.*) Baby! (*Runs out.*)

MARTHE. (*Like a frightened child.*) I'm so afraid! I want my mother! (*Rises and staggers up to the door.*) I—want—my mother. (*Voices are heard in the hall and a door is heard to close.*)

ANDREW. There now, Hess, he ain't hurt—he ain't hurt!

HESTER. Oh, baby! Baby!

(*Andrew and Hester enter, Andrew carrying little Andy wrapped up in Oswald's coat, which shows great holes burned by the fire, and streaks of soot. Hester sits on the couch and Andrew places the child in her arms.*)

LITTLE ANDY. I ain't hurted, mummy—not a bit. Uncle Oswald come and got me. He found me. The fire got everywhere, an' then Uncle Oswald come. Where's Uncle Oswald?

HESTER. (*Turns her eyes dumbly towards her husband. He bursts into a sob.*) Tell me.

ANDREW. He's gone.

HESTER. Tell me—

ANDREW. I don't know. The kindergarten. Andy lit a camp fire, he says, an' it was all afire in no time. Andy was missin', and Oswald run in and got him. An' then he run back again after another little boy—that's what they say—an' the roof fell in on 'em! Oh, God, it's awful! Burned to death! That's his overcoat there on baby. And he's gone. An' I was here—atalkin' and amakin' jokes. It's awful!

HESTER. (*A look of awe on her face.*) Oswald could do that! Oh, thank God!

Hester eventually explains to her husband that she had given the church money to Oswald to deposit in the bank and that he was on that errand when he and the money were burnt up. And the curtain falls with Hester repentant and Andrew consoling.

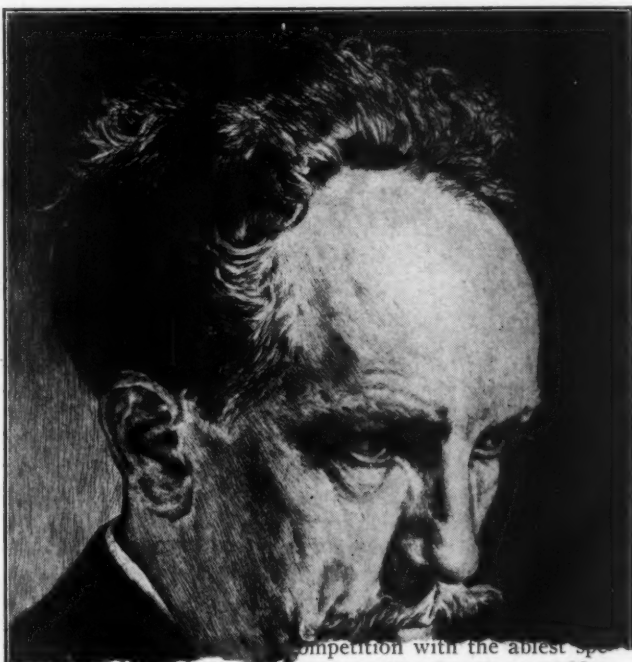
IS STRAUSS THE GREATEST LIVING COMPOSER OR A CHARLATAN?

RICHARD STRAUSS, who is paying his second and avowedly last visit to America and is variously acclaimed as "the greatest living composer," as "a charlatan," as "an imitator," as "passé" and so on, is still, as he has been for 25 years, the storm center of the musical world. He also is genial and has a well-developed sense of humor, as disclosed in interviews in which he is quoted as shrewdly differentiating between genius and talent; defining the limitations of music; announcing a guarded interest in jazz; advocating the happy ending for orchestration music and operas as a relief from the stress and strain of mundane life, and admitting that he pays close attention to his critics because they religiously keep him informed of his weaknesses. An interview with him, in the *Nation*, in which he was pictured as treating American culture with slight respect, is dismissed by Dr. Strauss as the "remarks of an amateur interviewer who did not speak German." He has the "highest respect for American appreciation of art" and believes that this country is not deficient in any of the things which make for culture."

That Strauss has been easily displaced. An appalling catastrophe, involving the deaths of 30,000 people, the entire population of the town, was revealed. Mr. Ayme wrote his story—"a splendid piece of work, worthy of the younger Pliny, whose story of a like calamity at Pompeii has come down."

Mr. Stone tells in detail of a trip that

enormous, extraordinary. His early works, his first symphonies, his Italian symphony—the first work that suggested his leaning towards the symphonic poem—even his violin sonata, gave little promise of his later radicalism and the greatness of his conceptions. His progress, too, seems to have been sudden and due, chiefly to outside influences. In his boyhood days he was actually opposed to Wagner and could see nothing in either his style or his manner. He even had a liking for Brahms and it is conceivable that his first symphony was influenced by that master's



competition with the ablest special writers engaged by London and New York newspapers, the Associated Press correspondents made an enviable record. "For months the special men were held in a courteous imprisonment at Tokio, while the Associated Press men at the Russian headquarters and at points of vantage in China and Korea were forwarding daily

stories of surpassing interest at each step in the contest."

When the center of interest in connection with the Russo-Japanese War was shifted from Manchurian battle-fields to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Mr. Stone achieved a new kind of importance. Only those on the inside of the negotiations in which President Roosevelt, Count Sergius Witte and Baron Komura played dominating parts, know how essential Stone's contribution was. We get, for the first time, the entire story. Mr. Stone, it seems, was in the confidence not only of Roosevelt but also of Baron Kaneko, the unofficial Japanese envoy. There came a day when the Conference at Portsmouth was on the brink of disaster. The point at issue was whether Japan would waive its claim for an indemnity. There had also been some question as to whether Kaneko (who favored the waiving of the indemnity) had authority to speak for his Government. Witte and his companion, Baron Rosen, were not hopeful. Their plans were well laid. If, as they expected, there should be any further pressing for indemnity on the coming Tuesday, Witte was to leave the conference room at 11.50 A. M., and in a casual way call to one of his secretaries the following Russian command, "*Pochlite sa moyemy roussskymy papyrosamy*" ("Send for my Russian cigarettes"). This was to be a signal for the breaking off of negotiations and the reopening of hostilities in Asia.

What actually happened is best told in Stone's own words:

"On Tuesday morning the London *Times* and the London *Telegraph* led off in their dispatches from Portsmouth with the comments of their respective correspondents. These were George W. Smalley, of the *Times*, and Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the *Telegraph*.

"They spent their wrath in ridicule and denunciation of the Associated Press, which had assumed to know all things and had asserted that the Japanese were about to withdraw their claim for indemnity. Such a thing was inconceivable. There would be further negotiations, said they, and Heaven alone knew what would result.

"On Tuesday morning Roosevelt received a message from Komura assuring him that Kaneko was a quite responsible gentleman

and that we had made no mistake in receiving and in dealing with him. With this we awaited the result from the naval-stores room at Kittery Point, five miles from Portsmouth, with intense interest.

"Up there it was a situation that, in point of dramatic interest, has rarely been equalled. The Conference met. The utmost secrecy respecting the proceedings prevailed. Then the fateful hour of eleven-fifty arrived. And Witte came from the room—but not to ask for his Russian cigarettes. Instead, with flushed face and snapping eyes, he uttered, not the expected five Russian words, but two—'*Gospoda, mir*' ('Gentlemen, peace').

"When the Conference gathered, Satoh, the Japanese secretary, calmly arose and announced that, obedient to the instructions from his government, the claim for any indemnity was withdrawn; Japan would not fight for mere money, and peace was possible on the terms already accepted and agreed on by the Russian commissioners."

Mr. Stone confesses that he was wholly unprepared for the outbreak of the World War. Even when, in June, 1914, the Austrian Archduke was assassinated, he had no conception of what was coming. On several occasions during the course of the war President Wilson asked him if he thought that Congress, which under our Constitution had the power to declare war, would declare war. He answered in the negative. It was not until after President Wilson's reelection that he became convinced of the inevitability of American participation in the war.

The appointment of George Creel as Director of Public Information during the war came as a surprise. "He was not recognized as a leading journalist by the great body of newspapermen in the country." A great many complications, we learn, resulted from this appointment, and Mr. Stone describes one of them:

"On the 3d of July, 1917, he [Creel] gave out a story of two battles between our first transport fleet under Admiral Gleaves and German submarines. The statement said the attack by the submarines 'was made in force, altho the night made impossible any exact count of the U-boats gathered for what they deemed a slaughter.'

"Since U-boats are blind when submerged, it was necessary that they travel alone, lest they collide and injure each other. They

do not attack 'in force.' But this fact was no deterrent for Creel.

"When this account of the 'two battles' reached England and was read at Admiral Sims' station, we received a dispatch which read as follows:

"July 5, 1917. London. Thursday confidential following America's naval base *passed for publication U S A* only quote private attitude official circles here that Daniels story made out of whole cloth there no submarine attack whatever no torpedoes seen no gunfire from destroyers stop our destroyers dropped explosive charge as precaution but no submarine or wreckage seen stop explained destroyers frequently fire at logs or anything which might prove periscope stop officials therefore decline permit aftermath story from this end. A. P."

"It will be seen on its face that this telegram would seem to be intended for publication in the United States, but the fact is that the words 'passed for publication in the United States only' were stamped on the dispatch by the English censor and should not have been transmitted by cable. Out of the misunderstanding the dispatch, which was really intended to be confidential, was given to the American press and Secretary Daniels was notified of it. He was greatly excited and over the long-distance telephone asked me to kill the message. In obedience to the policy laid down by the annual meeting and our general-desire, I did send out a notice to kill, but it was too late; it had already been published in a good many newspapers."

Quotations might be continued indefinitely from "Fifty Years a Journalist." It is all a testimony to the growing influence of the press. In 1893 the Associated Press had 63 members. Now it has 1,300. From annual expenditures of about \$500,000 in the beginning it has widened its activities until its annual budget is nearly \$6,000,000.

The assertion, often made, that the Associated Press is a monopoly rests upon the fact that its news service is available to a limited number only. Mr. Stone justifies this limitation, but admits that the principle involved is not beyond dispute. The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that news is a commodity of such high public need that any one dealing in it is charged with a public duty to furnish it to any other one demanding it and ready

to pay the price. The Supreme Court of Missouri, on the other hand, has held in effect that news-gathering is a personal service and is no more subject to public claim than, say, a lawyer's information.

The Associated Press furnishes more than one-half of the news printed by American newspapers. Its dispatches appear in journals having an aggregate issue of over 20,000,000 copies. Who can compute its influence? It is writing the real and enduring history of the world, and the searchlight that it throws contributes not only to the mental but also to the moral education of mankind. "The mere collection and distribution of news," Mr. Stone points out, "has an ethical worth. No great and lasting wrong can be inflicted upon the sons of men anywhere so long as this fierce blaze of publicity is beating upon the scene. For, in the end, the world must know; and when the world knows, justice must be done." The book concludes:

"The Associated Press is not perfect. Far from it! All of the frailties of human nature attach to it. Inerrancy is not possible in this blundering world of ours. But neither is the Associated Press corrupt. It lives in the open. Its news service is published in millions of words every month. It wears its heart on its sleeve. There are no secrets about it. There is no mystery concerning it. It is striving to tell the truth about the world's important happenings. It goes out into the world and with its many correspondents is atouch with things wherever human activities have play. It brings to you by the processes of electricity, by telegraph and telephone, by cable and by wireless, everything of moment that goes to make up the history of the world, and you may read and profit by this information in a newspaper costing you two cents a copy. It is a propagandist of no opinion or activity however worthy. It rests down on the theory that in a self-governing nation the people must needs be capable of forming their own opinions, and it strives to give you the facts without the least hint that the thing done is right or wrong. It is:

Not a ladder from earth to heaven,
Not an altar of my creed,
But a simple service given
To our own kind in our common need."

MELVILLE STONE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIFTY YEARS AS A JOURNALIST

THE autobiography of Melville E. Stone, for 25 years General Manager of the Associated Press, is nothing less than a history of our time. It is published by Doubleday, Page & Company under the title, "Fifty Years a Journalist," and tells of world events from the Chicago fire of 1871 to the signing of the Peace of Versailles in 1919. Generals, presidents, emperors, kings, industrial magnates, literary men, Socialists and Anarchists, move through its pages, but all, so far as this record is concerned, may be said to derive their importance not so much from themselves as from their relation to the upbuilding of the largest and most powerful news-gathering agency that the world has ever known.

The book is divided into decades; the fates, Mr. Stone tells us, seem to have set some curious milestones along his pathway at ten-year intervals. For instance, in 1848, the great revolutionary year, he was born. In that year also the first Associated Press was organized. In 1858 he learned to set type. In that year also the first successful Atlantic cable was organized. In 1868 he first began the publication of a newspaper. In 1878 he became a member of the Associated Press, representing the Chicago *Daily News*, which he had founded. In 1888 he retired from journalism, as he supposed permanently. In 1898, having become executive officer of the Associated Press and having won a contest for supremacy of four years' duration, he set out on a campaign to extend its foreign service and make it a world-covering institution. In 1908 he entered upon what he calls the most eventful ten years of his life. In 1918, having served the Association for a quarter of a century, he withdrew from immediate control of its activities.

The business of news-gathering and news-publishing, as we know it, is "wholly an American idea," Mr. Stone says, having taken its rise in this country in the early years of the last century. Two of its earliest exemplars were David Hale and

Gerard Hallock, young Boston journalists who built a handsome seagoing yacht, which they named the *Journal of Commerce* and ran 20 or 30 miles beyond Sandy Hook to meet incoming vessels. Another of the journalistic pioneers was D. H. Craig, the first man to use carrier-pigeons in transmitting news. Whitelaw Reid, James Gordon Bennett and Charles A. Dana appear in the record around the year 1882. Melville Stone became General Manager of the Associated Press 10 years later. The idea to which he then devoted his life he defines as follows: "A national cooperative news-gathering organization, owned by the newspapers and by them alone, selling no news, making no profits, paying no dividends, simply the agent and servant of the newspapers, was the thing. Those participating should be journalists of every conceivable partizan, religious, economic and social affiliation, but all equally zealous that in the business of news-gathering for their supply there should be strict accuracy, impartiality and integrity."

The first Presidential campaign which the Associated Press, under Mr. Stone's management, reported was that of 1896. McKinley and Bryan both sent him letters complimenting him on the thoroughness and accuracy of his service. When McKinley was assassinated in 1901, Mr. Stone was on his way to Atlantic City. He received the news in the Philadelphia railway station and hastened to his local office.

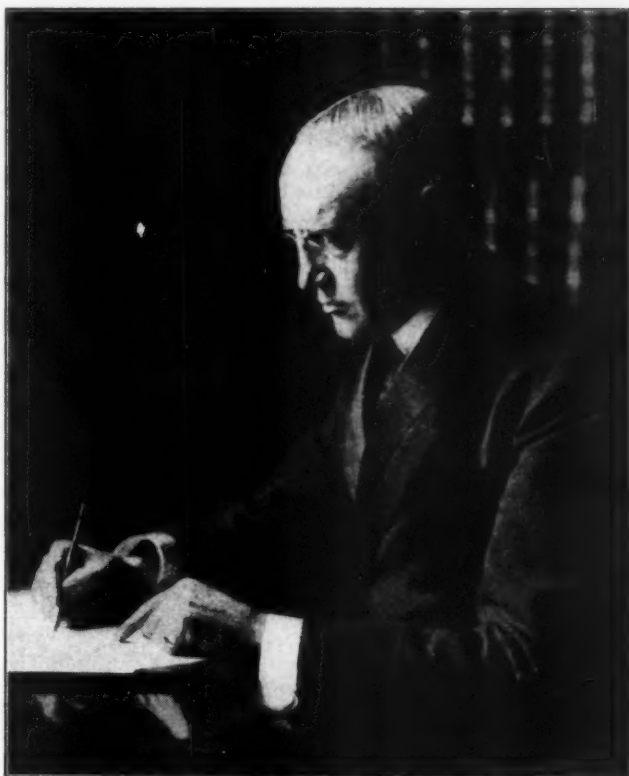
"The opening pages of the story of the assassination were badly written, and I ordered a substitute prepared. An inexperienced reporter had stood beside President McKinley in the Music Hall at Buffalo when Czolgosz fired the fatal shot. He seized a neighboring telephone and notified our Buffalo correspondent, and then pulled out the wires, in order to render the telephone a wreck, so that it was a full half hour before any additional details could be secured.

"I ordered men and expert operators from Washington, Albany, New York and Boston to hurry to Buffalo by the fastest trains. All that night the Buffalo office was pouring

forth a hastily written but faithful and complete account of the tragedy, and by daybreak a relief force was on the ground. Day by day, through the long vigil while the President's life hung in the balance, each incident was truthfully and graphically reported. In the closing hours of the great tragedy false reports of the President's death were circulated for the purpose of influencing the stock market, and, to counteract them, Secretary Cortelyou wrote frequent signed statements, giving the facts to the Associated Press."

On the night of May 2, 1902, Mont Pelée, the volcano on the island of Martinique in the French West Indies, broke into sudden flame and overwhelmed the town of St. Pierre. Fog enveloped the scene. Communication was cut off. The Associated Press man at St. Pierre, as was afterwards learned, perished in the disaster. Mr. Stone was convinced that the only hope of an accurate report lay in the possibility of summoning Mr. Ayme, a talented newspaperman who was then acting as United States consul at Guadeloupe. He appealed to the State Department at Washington to give Mr. Ayme a leave of absence, and, when this was granted, cabled him to charter a boat and go to St. Pierre at once. Mr. Stone's confidence was not misplaced. An appalling catastrophe, involving the deaths of 30,000 people, the entire population of the town, was revealed. Mr. Ayme wrote his story—"a splendid piece of work, worthy of the younger Pliny, whose story of a like calamity at Pompeii has come down."

Mr. Stone tells in detail of a trip that



THE DEAN OF ALL AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MEN

Melville E. Stone, formerly head of the Associated Press, has been behind the scenes in the drama of world-history for fifty years. He tells all about it in his new autobiography.

he made through Europe in 1903 in the interest of the extension of the Foreign Service of the Associated Press. He had audiences with the Italian King, with the Pope and with the Russian Czar, and took dinner with the Kaiser. The most important result of the trip was the removal of Russian censorship on foreign news.

Then came the Russo-Japanese War, and Stone dispatched his men to the Far East. In competition with the ablest special writers engaged by London and New York newspapers, the Associated Press correspondents made an enviable record. "For months the special men were held in a courteous imprisonment at Tokio, while the Associated Press men at the Russian headquarters and at points of vantage in China and Korea were forwarding daily

stories of surpassing interest at each step in the contest."

When the center of interest in connection with the Russo-Japanese War was shifted from Manchurian battle-fields to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Mr. Stone achieved a new kind of importance. Only those on the inside of the negotiations in which President Roosevelt, Count Sergius Witte and Baron Komura played dominating parts, know how essential Stone's contribution was. We get, for the first time, the entire story. Mr. Stone, it seems, was in the confidence not only of Roosevelt but also of Baron Kaneko, the unofficial Japanese envoy. There came a day when the Conference at Portsmouth was on the brink of disaster. The point at issue was whether Japan would waive its claim for an indemnity. There had also been some question as to whether Kaneko (who favored the waiving of the indemnity) had authority to speak for his Government. Witte and his companion, Baron Rosen, were not hopeful. Their plans were well laid. If, as they expected, there should be any further pressing for indemnity on the coming Tuesday, Witte was to leave the conference room at 11.50 A. M., and in a casual way call to one of his secretaries the following Russian command, "*Pochlite sa moyimy rousskymy papyrosamy*" ("Send for my Russian cigarets"). This was to be a signal for the breaking off of negotiations and the reopening of hostilities in Asia.

What actually happened is best told in Stone's own words:

"On Tuesday morning the London *Times* and the London *Telegraph* led off in their dispatches from Portsmouth with the comments of their respective correspondents. These were George W. Smalley, of the *Times*, and Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the *Telegraph*.

"They spent their wrath in ridicule and denunciation of the Associated Press, which had assumed to know all things and had asserted that the Japanese were about to withdraw their claim for indemnity. Such a thing was inconceivable. There would be further negotiations, said they, and Heaven alone knew what would result.

"On Tuesday morning Roosevelt received a message from Komura assuring him that Kaneko was a quite responsible gentleman

and that we had made no mistake in receiving and in dealing with him. With this we awaited the result from the naval-stores room at Kittery Point, five miles from Portsmouth, with intense interest.

"Up there it was a situation that, in point of dramatic interest, has rarely been equalled. The Conference met. The utmost secrecy respecting the proceedings prevailed. Then the fateful hour of eleven-fifty arrived. And Witte came from the room—but not to ask for his Russian cigarets. Instead, with flushed face and snapping eyes, he uttered, not the expected five Russian words, but two—"*Gospoda, mir*" ('Gentlemen, peace').

"When the Conference gathered, Satoh, the Japanese secretary, calmly arose and announced that, obedient to the instructions from his government, the claim for any indemnity was withdrawn; Japan would not fight for mere money, and peace was possible on the terms already accepted and agreed on by the Russian commissioners."

Mr. Stone confesses that he was wholly unprepared for the outbreak of the World War. Even when, in June, 1914, the Austrian Archduke was assassinated, he had no conception of what was coming. On several occasions during the course of the war President Wilson asked him if he thought that Congress, which under our Constitution had the power to declare war, would declare war. He answered in the negative. It was not until after President Wilson's reelection that he became convinced of the inevitability of American participation in the war.

The appointment of George Creel as Director of Public Information during the war came as a surprise. "He was not recognized as a leading journalist by the great body of newspapermen in the country." A great many complications, we learn, resulted from this appointment, and Mr. Stone describes one of them:

"On the 3d of July, 1917, he [Creel] gave out a story of two battles between our first transport fleet under Admiral Gleaves and German submarines. The statement said the attack by the submarines 'was made in force, altho the night made impossible any exact count of the U-boats gathered for what they deemed a slaughter.'

"Since U-boats are blind when submerged, it was necessary that they travel alone, lest they collide and injure each other. They

do not attack 'in force.' But this fact was no deterrent for Creel.

"When this account of the 'two battles' reached England and was read at Admiral Sims' station, we received a dispatch which read as follows:

"July 5, 1917. London. Thursday confidential following America's naval base *passed for publication U S A* only quote private attitude official circles here that Daniels story made out of whole cloth there no submarine attack whatever no torpedoes seen no gunfire from destroyers stop our destroyers dropped explosive charge as precaution but no submarine or wreckage seen stop explained destroyers frequently fire at logs or anything which might prove periscope stop officials therefore decline permit aftermath story from this end. A. P."

"It will be seen on its face that this telegram would seem to be intended for publication in the United States, but the fact is that the words 'passed for publication in the United States only' were stamped on the dispatch by the English censor and should not have been transmitted by cable. Out of the misunderstanding the dispatch, which was really intended to be confidential, was given to the American press and Secretary Daniels was notified of it. He was greatly excited and over the long-distance telephone asked me to kill the message. In obedience to the policy laid down by the annual meeting and our general desire, I did send out a notice to kill, but it was too late; it had already been published in a good many newspapers."

Quotations might be continued indefinitely from "Fifty Years a Journalist." It is all a testimony to the growing influence of the press. In 1893 the Associated Press had 63 members. Now it has 1,300. From annual expenditures of about \$500,000 in the beginning it has widened its activities until its annual budget is nearly \$6,000,000.

The assertion, often made, that the Associated Press is a monopoly rests upon the fact that its news service is available to a limited number only. Mr. Stone justifies this limitation, but admits that the principle involved is not beyond dispute. The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that news is a commodity of such high public need that any one dealing in it is charged with a public duty to furnish it to any other one demanding it and ready

to pay the price. The Supreme Court of Missouri, on the other hand, has held in effect that news-gathering is a personal service and is no more subject to public claim than, say, a lawyer's information.

The Associated Press furnishes more than one-half of the news printed by American newspapers. Its dispatches appear in journals having an aggregate issue of over 20,000,000 copies. Who can compute its influence? It is writing the real and enduring history of the world, and the searchlight that it throws contributes not only to the mental but also to the moral education of mankind. "The mere collection and distribution of news," Mr. Stone points out, "has an ethical worth. No great and lasting wrong can be inflicted upon the sons of men anywhere so long as this fierce blaze of publicity is beating upon the scene. For, in the end, the world must know; and when the world knows, justice must be done." The book concludes:

"The Associated Press is not perfect. Far from it! All of the frailties of human nature attach to it. Inerrancy is not possible in this blundering world of ours. But neither is the Associated Press corrupt. It lives in the open. Its news service is published in millions of words every month. It wears its heart on its sleeve. There are no secrets about it. There is no mystery concerning it. It is striving to tell the truth about the world's important happenings. It goes out into the world and with its many correspondents is atouch with things wherever human activities have play. It brings to you by the processes of electricity, by telegraph and telephone, by cable and by wireless, everything of moment that goes to make up the history of the world, and you may read and profit by this information in a newspaper costing you two cents a copy. It is a propagandist of no opinion or activity however worthy. It rests down on the theory that in a self-governing nation the people must needs be capable of forming their own opinions, and it strives to give you the facts without the least hint that the thing done is right or wrong. It is:

Not a ladder from earth to heaven,

Not an altar of my creed,

But a simple service given

To our own kind in our common need."

BRANDES FLAYS THE HATREDS BORN OF WAR

THE world of to-day, as Georg Brandes, the octogenarian Danish critic, sees it, is being destroyed by the animosities that war has nourished. "Europe," he has told T. R. Ybarra, of the *New York Times*, recently, "is unbalanced. Europe is half mad. Every European nation thinks of nothing but hating other nations. Wherever you turn there is hate, hate, hate."

In support of his contention, Brandes speaks, first of all, of France. It is full, he says, of chauvinism. Never has he known the French to be so chauvinistic as now, and when a small group of Frenchmen, headed by Henri Barbusse, do what they can against this attitude, they are isolated and powerless to make themselves felt.

Brandes reinforces the point by an illustration taken from his personal life. Long ago, Georges Clemenceau was one of his best friends. For ten years they practically lived together. Yet, in spite of that, Clemenceau hates him now. As Brandes tells the story:

"During the War, when some of the Danes were getting rich out of war profiteering, Clemenceau wrote in his paper: 'The Danes are a nation without pride.' I immediately protested. Why should all the Danes be branded a nation without pride because there were some profiteers among us? Are there not profiteers everywhere—in America, for instance?"

"But my protest infuriated Clemenceau. Ever since he has been in a fury against me.

"I knew Brandes for ten years," he wrote, "yet never did I know what kind of man he really was until now!" How can that be true? How can a man have two meals a day with another for ten years and not know what kind of man the other is until something that happens at the end of those ten years accidentally lets him know? Why, that is absurd! Yes, Clemenceau hates me now. Everywhere there is hate."

The orgy of hatred has its way in Italy, as well as in France. Italians are busy

"hating France! hating England! fighting among themselves—look at the Fascisti and the Italian communists!" The greatest writer of Italy to-day is Gabriele d'Annunzio, but nationalism, according to Brandes, has driven him mad. "While he was at Fiume defying the Italian Government he sent to me a pamphlet which he had written, and what was it? A ferocious attack against England, because the English were averse to allowing Italy to have Fiume! Hate, hate, hate!"

The present state of mind of Germany, as revealed in its poetry, is described as follows:

"I have been reading lately what the poets of the new Germany have been writing and, really, I cannot understand it—I do not know what they are talking about! They have an obsession that the world must be reformed and that they, the Germans, are called upon to reform it, and their poems—in so far as I can find any meaning in the futuristic stuff—are full of this obsession. Every young German university student who bursts into poetry thinks that he, above all other men, is destined to build up a new world on the ruins of the world which it has taken many centuries to build, and he expects to do it now, right away, within the next ten years!"

England is a little better. There is too much common sense in the English, as Brandes knows them, to allow them to go to the lengths of other nations. He instances a controversy that he had, in wartime, with William Archer, the dramatic critic and English translator of Henrik Ibsen's dramas. The discussion was bitter while it lasted, but, now that the war is over, Archer has let Brandes know that he is still his friend. "Do you know," says Brandes, "I have never read a single English book which I could not understand? They do not believe in hating too much."

When the interview with Mr. Ybarra reached the subject of Russia, the veteran critic dropped back deep into gloom.

He could only lament the Slav *débâcle*. "Russia," he says, "is hopeless!" He produced a letter from a Russian princess whom he used to know very well:

"She was very rich. The Bolsheviks took from her everything she owned. They made her live at Orel, far in the interior of Russia—in one room, with no furniture but a small writing-desk. And, one day, they came to her and said, 'You do not need that desk,' and took it away.

"Three days later they came and said, 'This room is too large for one person.' So they sent into it, to live with the princess, a woman of the streets!

"Finally the princess's son, who had escaped to Constantinople, managed to get his mother out of Russia. Now she is living in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria—where that letter was written to me—because it is cheaper there than Constantinople. Every single day of her life she has to meet the problem of how to earn enough to keep herself alive. She sings, she gives lessons—anything."

With Russia in such a morbid mental state, one can hardly look for anything from her in the way of art and literature. At this point in the interview, Brandes spoke of some strange specimens of Russian art that had been brought to his attention. One shows a man with a space of some inches between his neck and the rest of his body. Another is of a man whose body is like that of a cow. What do they mean? Are they satires? Are they symbolical? Brandes confesses that he cannot answer these questions, and he intimates that no one can answer them. Such creations are "hopeless, utterly hopeless. Nothing but madness!"

The hatreds of Europe are playing into the hands of America; and America, Brandes says, is the real winner of the war. He is not in sympathy with those who stress American materialism. "Materialism—bah! All of us are materialists sometimes. One day we are mate-

rialists, the next day idealists." It is well to remember, Brandes continues, that Florence, Venice and Athens were all rich cities before they became the centers of intellectual and artistic activities. America may be at the same stage of development at which these cities blossomed forth. But America, like all the nations, is in danger from hatred and must learn to outgrow it. Brandes might have cited, but does not, the Ku Klux Klan and the frequent reports of the lynching of negroes. What he does say, in the *Times* interview, is this: "You Americans are getting to dislike foreigners too much. From what I hear, there is altogether too much hostility among you to those who have been born in foreign countries. We cannot help it, you know. All of us cannot be born in America. Some of us"—here his eyes twinkled—"have been unfortunate in our choice of parents."



HE WARNS US OF THE DANGERS OF INTOLERANCE
Georg Brandes, portrayed here by the gifted Cesare in the *New York Times*, calls America the real winner of the war, but says that, like all the nations, she is nourishing too many hatreds.

EXPLAINING PSYCHOANALYSIS TO THE LAY MIND

IN one of the ablest popular interpretations of psychoanalysis yet published,*

Dr. A. A. Brill, member of the faculty of New York University, prominent psychiatrist and American translator of Freud's works, makes the startling statement that fully eighty per cent. of the patients that consult doctors are afflicted by psychological maladies. Such patients, he tells us, have always formed a very large class, complaining of all sorts of aches and pains, peculiar feelings, morbid fears and obsessive thoughts. Most of these people manage to survive without attracting undue attention to their peculiarities, but some are absolutely incapacitated for work, some commit suicide, and some go insane. Until comparatively recent times the insane were often treated like criminals or as tho they had been demons from infernal regions. As late as a quarter of a century ago, the hospital records of mental pathology were absurdly inadequate. It is mainly in connection with the new psychoanalytic movement fathered by Sigmund Freud that a determined effort has been made to classify not only the symptoms, but also the causes, of psychic sickness, and even yet the science may be said to be in its infancy. Dr. Brill believes that nervous and mental diseases can be reduced as much as smallpox and typhoid have been reduced. He looks to psychoanalysis for a strong lead in the matter of preventing, or staying off, such diseases. As far as *curing* patients is concerned, he feels, however, rather pessimistic at present. "We can cure," he says, "few in comparison with the overwhelming numbers: the treatment can be carried out only by physicians of experience with nervous and mental work; then, too, it requires so much time that very many people cannot afford it. I feel that it will take probably from twenty to thirty years before we shall have enough institutions to afford

needy patients the benefits of psychoanalytic therapy."

In the meantime, Dr. Brill undertakes to divulge a few of the secrets of psychoanalysis. He makes it possible for any intelligent layman to grasp at least the fundamentals of the new science. It may be true, as psychoanalysts have constantly insisted, that we cannot psychoanalyze ourselves in a satisfactory manner—that the cooperation of a physician or confessor is absolutely essential. But it is also true that we may be able, by studying the principles of psychoanalysis, to avoid some of the dangers against which it warns.

There are three kinds of mental and nervous derangement with which psychoanalysis particularly occupies itself. The first is "dementia praecox," originally so called because it was supposed to be a dementia present in young people. Its outstanding characteristics, Dr. Brill informs us, are "emotional deterioration" and complete indifference to the outside world. The second derangement is "manic depressive," designated by that name because it runs in certain phases or cycles. "Sometimes the patient is excited, exhilarated, restless, manic, and sometimes he is melancholy, retarded in thought and action—depressed." The third kind is paranoia, which is generally accompanied by a delusion of grandeur, by persecutory ideas and by reversion to primitive psychology.

Representatives of all three derangements may be found in almost any lunatic asylum, but these are only the extreme types. We all of us, at certain times, are unduly self-centered, swing between moods of ecstasy and melancholia, and cherish delusions of grandeur. The object of psychoanalysis is to penetrate our moods, reveal us to ourselves, dispel our illusions and help us to face reality.

Everything in life, Dr. Brill points out, may be reduced, ultimately, to two fundamental instincts: hunger and sex. They are the supreme rulers of the world.

* *THE FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTIONS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS.* By A. A. Brill, Ph.D., M.D. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

From a purely biological standpoint we may say that the impulse of hunger or self-preservation is not so urgent now as it used to be; it has not, however, been entirely eliminated. "We still have to work for the necessities of life, but it is no longer that bitter and dangerous struggle of primitive times when a man was compelled to forage and risk his life. To-day no one need really starve from hunger; and what is more, he is not permitted to do so, even if he should want to." But the satisfaction of sex cravings, in contrast with the satisfaction of hunger, has become, with the advance of civilization, a more and more distressing problem. Here is where the Freudian doctrine of sex comes in:

"Freud formulated a new concept of sex. To him the sexual life of the individual meant his love-life. He used the term in the broadest sense, as embracing not merely the gross sexual, or the physical elements, but all that we commonly associate with love. . . .

"The normal average person has a love-life and it has to manifest itself in some way; it is just as essential for a person to have an outlet in his love-life as to have pure air and food to sustain himself; if he has not, he eventually has to suffer for it. Now civilization has rendered the normal outlet very difficult: with the advance of civilization the struggle for existence has been more and more lightened, but as far as satisfying the emotion of love is concerned, he finds himself in a somewhat embarrassing and critical situation: with the advance of civilization, the outward expression of love has become more and more difficult. Our sex impulses are most assiduously guarded; society is most severe in its censorship of all manifestations of sex: the sex impulses are continually subjected to a merciless criticism. In our Anglo-Saxon communities, they have not even the esthetic and social outlet, because of the too great separation that we find between the sexes. The result is that, owing to the matrimonial difficulties and the two-children system, the women themselves, who have not been able to express themselves adequately for centuries and whose lot is growing harder and harder in our civilization, suffer from a marked need of love."

A "neurosis," in the Freudian sense, is a nervous disorder caused by a person's

efforts to bridge the gulf between reality and desire. It is always in some way related to sex, and it generally goes back to childhood. The child starts its life with what we may call the pleasure-principle; it craves for nothing but pleasure. As it grows up it collides with the reality-principle. It is compelled to consider others as well as itself. Its repressed desires are thrust back into the Unconscious—that vast psychic reservoir of which the new psychology makes so much—and ferment there until they reappear in new and often devastating forms.

This is all part of the struggle of life. No one escapes it. No one, as Dr. Brill remarks, can realize *all* his desires. Everyone wants something that reality has denied. And the way in which we adjust ourselves to our disappointments is perhaps the principal determining factor in our lives.

When he dealt with his patients Freud discovered that the best results were obtained by simply letting them "talk it out." He had at first been inclined to experiment with hypnotism, but he later abandoned hypnotic methods. Dr. Brill calls attention, in this connection, to a fundamental difference between hypnotism and the psychoanalytic method:

"The former works, as in painting, by putting on impressions, *per via di porre*, as Leonardo da Vinci has so aptly expressed it; the latter method by removing all extraneous material, *per via di levare*. As the sculptor chisels a piece of marble into the ideal shape, so also in psychoanalysis, we endeavor to bring the individual into complete harmony and unity of character by taking away all undesirable excrescences in the forms of needless inhibitions imposed upon him by his environment. In hypnotism we disregard the individual's mental make-up; he is in an unconscious state and we simply impose upon him some suggestion, in a bold, authoritative fashion. In psychoanalysis we learn to know the patient; we delve into the deeper mainsprings of his character; we gain his confidence; and when we have learnt his personality and come into vital and intimate relations with it, we then remove, as the sculptor, all extraneous matter. We impose nothing; we merely elimi-

nate and dispense with whatever is superfluous, obstructive and cumbrous."

The dream plays a very important part in psychoanalytic therapy. Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams" is characterized by Dr. Brill as a "monumental work, the greatest in the century." Another of Freud's books, "The Psychopathology of Every-day Life," is recommended as "the simplest of all his writings." It tells us that everything in the psychic life has meaning, everything has a cause, nothing that the individual may do or say is meaningless. "Every slip of the tongue, or mistake in writing, or some unconscious

gesture or movement has significance." We may say, Dr. Brill declares, that Freud has practically rewritten all of mental science and created new concepts in every sphere of mental activity. "With his work as a starting point, new fields of thought and investigation have opened all the time, and there gradually has grown up an enormous literature on psychoanalysis, swelling all the time in the variety and range of the subject matter, all growing out of the effort to help humanity, to treat those unfortunate people for whom nothing could be done in the past—the so-called 'nervous' people."

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S INDICTMENT OF WAR

IN a book, "The Folly of Nations" (Dodd, Mead), which appears as the Disarmament Conference meets, Major Frederick Palmer, famous war correspondent, tells how he looked down from a gallery on the first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. He counted the nations present. There were forty-three. Then he counted those whom he had seen at war at least once in the seventeen years between his baptism of fire and the outbreak of the World War. The number was thirteen; including the World War it was eighteen. This sum in addition might well have made him seem superlatively old at the age of forty-seven. On the contrary, after a moment's reflection, he felt young and hopeful. The record of the next quarter of a century could be hardly worse than that of the previous quarter of a century, and it might be better.

Friends whom he met in the gallery thought that he had missed his direction and arrived at the wrong address; and they informed him that this was a gathering of peacemakers. His answer was that "to cure a disease you must first know the disease." He knew war. He had come to Geneva as a specialist in one disease, to gain further knowledge of his subject by observing an experiment for its cure.

Major Palmer calls "The Folly of Na-

tions" a successor to his story, "The Last Shot," published in 1914. The story gave a thrilling account of soldiers of opposing armies who, inspired by a sense of the insanity of war, refused to fire upon one another. The new book carries the same message in more prosaic fashion. It is addressed to the average reader and, in particular, to the rank and file of the men who fought in the Great War.

The arguments in behalf of militarism are as familiar to Major Palmer as his A B C. He knows them all and can state them all like a soldier. In fact, he does this very thing in chapters of his book entitled "Old Values" and "The Lure." Then he turns round and demolishes these self-same arguments.

Take the physical argument. Is it true that only militarism can properly develop the physique of a nation? Let us hear what the Major has to say:

"Picture a battalion of lusty men in the prime of life, representing the investment of maternal nursing in their childhood and of paternal earnings and sacrifices, the product of the doctor's oversight, of municipal sanitation, of schoolroom calisthenics and of the fresh air of the playground, going into the trenches! Picture the survivors of that same battalion, who have not been buried in the muck of destruction or borne back in the procession of wounded, as they returned from

the trenches, ashen-faced, staggering and exhausted, to a quiet spot behind the lines away from the sound of shells, where they might be inspirited and fattened to face the ordeal again and have the strength to bear its labors! In this contrast you have the contrast of the physical value of war and of peace. It was a contrast that we might not mention while the war was in progress lest it should discourage the people at home. I saw it hundreds of times, and to some purpose, if I may burn the truths that the censorship excluded into the minds of readers who were too young or too old to be at the front.

"Every man who served in long tours of the trenches on stabilized fronts or in any one of the long grinding battles drew on his reserve store of physical energy to an extent which he will more and more realize as he grows older. Did those fine physical types of free and upstanding men from Canada and Australasia require war to improve their physiques? The permanently disabled youth, looking forward to a deliberated and cramped existence, whose numbers in the first war of 'every man a soldier' terrify us with their appeal and their burden, represent only a small portion of the whole of physical vitality lost to each combatant nation. Whether Frenchmen, Americans, Britons, Italians or Germans or Austrians, I saw twenty men demobilized as sound who had been physically weakened by the war to one who had been physically improved, and this one gained nothing physically which he might not have gained in peace.

"There was no physical advantage in service at a training camp for which there was not a peace substitute."

Passing on to speak of the moral aspects of war, Major Palmer asks: "What is it to be moral? Is it moral to foul your mind with lies and hates? To plot the killing of fellow human beings? To surrender your freedom of thought to the drill master and the propagandist of war?" Then he says: "If so, the late war was a true promoter of morality; and let us have another and then another war in, perfect confidence that in two or three generations we can undo all that civilization has achieved."

With the same kind of indignation, Major Palmer dismisses the claim that war is necessary in the interest of national solidarity. "We did not need the late war," he declares, "to teach us to think



HE KNOWS WAR AND HE HATES IT

Frederick Palmer, for seventeen years a military correspondent, says that the alleged "values" of war are as much out of date as bleeding for anemia and touching the king's robe to heal the plague.

and act together. All the five-mile circles within the nation had come to realize their common interest. The increasing sense of communal and national self-preservation had been the outstanding sociological development of the epoch."

It is sometimes urged that war is justified on economic grounds. Major Palmer holds that exactly the opposite is true. He writes:

"The value of the economic expansion which was won by the colonial wars of the last century would hardly be duplicated by further wars in the conquered territories where peace and order now reign. As man has become richer in goods and structures through the blessings of peace, the economic value of war has continued to decrease. We are living in the time of the devastated regions in France and Central Europe and a harassed Reparations Commission. . . .

"Was Alsace-Lorraine worth the economic asset of France's dead if they had lived? Will it pay the interest on the French war loan? Was the territory which Britain won

worth her dead, or will it pay the interest on her war debt?

"The economic value of war among the progressive nations of to-day is that of using a hammer blow to repair a valuable watch which keeps time for your enemy as well as yourself."

Major Palmer speaks with special emphasis of the perversion of truth in wartime. He knows whereof he speaks because he was chief censor of the A. E. F., as well as an officer, in France. Lying, he says, became a fine art. Month after month he watched "the deterioration of minds and character under the censorship and our return to the days of the lickspittle herald." Under military rule he saw "the increase of intrigue, of lackeyism, hanging on a superior's nod, of devious instead of direct means to an end, of the weakening of individual intelligence and of the capacity for independent and straight thinking." These effects the victors shared with the vanquished.

"What mattered my compunctions? What mattered one lie more or less when all our lies were a means to a noble end? I had allowed my personal illusion to influence me in performing my official duty which was to encourage the war spirit in every one else through strengthening the illusion which most appealed to him.

"The thing was to teach the public to rejoice in the brutality of our own soldiers, applaud them for not taking prisoners and incite them to all the bad practices which we hailed as atrocious in the enemy and as justifying our own excesses. We brutalized the public at the same time that we brutalized our soldiers, while we protested that we were not making war on the German people whom we would deliver from bondage into better ways. If the Germans exhibited chivalry or kindness, if we found their doctors in German thoroughness of detail gently caring for our wounded when a counter charge swept over lost ground, these facts must be censored out lest they weaken the war lust necessary to keep our determination steeled to our task. Logically, we should have rejoiced over these individual exceptions to German depravity as encouraging the Germans to mend their ways and as a proof of our faith in a new Germany once her people were freed from the blight of Kaiserism.

"The German censors were taking the same attitude on their side of the line as we on

ours. They were dealing in the brutality of a blockade that was starving their babies as an incentive for their soldiers to fight to the death; not in the brutality of submarines stabbing passenger or hospital ships or planes bombing women and children in Paris and London."

The alleged "values" of war, Major Palmer asserts, are as much out of date as bleeding for anemia and touching the king's robe to cure the plague. He speaks of "so pleasant a possibility as that an efficiency chart and common sense, instead of folly, should govern the relations among nations," and adds: "I hope to live to see nations exchanging teachers between high schools." In the meantime he calls the League of Nations "a valiant experiment" and finds the accounts of the second meeting of the Assembly "most encouraging." The idea of world peace is gradually penetrating to the common mind. It needs to be accelerated and to be presented with more intelligence and more thoroughness than it has been presented in the past. Major Palmer says:

"As I draw together the ends of my scattered thoughts, which refuse to be bound in a compact bundle, I am reminded again how difficult it is to be always on guard against the emotions which lure us into war. Only a few nights ago, when I saw on the screen our submarines, seaplanes, destroyers, cruisers and battleships appearing in turn, and then together in battle order in a majestic and dramatic climax of naval power, I found myself thrilling in true 'Let 'em all come' fashion. Then I thought of the threat which a foreigner would visualize in that demonstration and how it would lead him to desire that his nation should arm in answer to what he would call our aggressive military ambition; and I thought of what the money spent on all this preparation might achieve if spent for other things.

"Why not the Answer as dramatically visualized as the Lure? Where were our Carnegie and other peace foundations with their retaliatory propaganda? Where were our millionaires who seek worthy objects for their benefactions? Why not the censored pictures of some of the war horrors in France? Why not the pictures of other triumphs of human organization? Why not pictures of children of all nationalities, showing how much alike children are? It is the children who will have to shoulder the burden."

WHY THE IDEA OF PEACE IS SO DIFFICULT TO REALIZE

CIVILIZATION at the present moment faces a contradiction which might be stated in some such way as this: Everyone is in favor of peace, and yet peace is impossible. Why is it, a writer in the *London Times* asks, that peace is so pleasant to think of and so hard to obtain? The question occurs as part of a leading article inspired by a book of essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin under the title, "The Evolution of World Peace" (Oxford University Press). It suggests a more fundamental discussion of the entire problem of peace than that to which we are accustomed.

How many people have ever seriously tried to imagine a world at peace? The mere effort to do so implies visionary powers of a high order. The life of our daily experience is a balance of forces. It is based on contention and antagonism as well as on cooperation. We are none of us looking for struggle, but we have to admit that there are few joys comparable to that of the struggle against odds in which, while we struggle, we still hope for victory. Is a time ever coming when struggle, contention and antagonism will be eliminated? It seems improbable, and it may be absolutely undesirable.

Peace, of a kind, has been attained over large portions of the earth's surface at various periods of history. They are not the periods to which we look for inspiration. Only too often in the past the leaders of civilization have taken one another by the throat as the nations of Europe still incline to do, while peace has dwelt among peoples who know of nothing worth fighting for, like certain inhabitants of South America to-day. There is no danger of the general establishment of a peace of this kind; but there is serious danger, the *Times* writer thinks, of our allowing the thought of it, like a phantom, to disturb our vision: "there is serious danger that an unacknowledged love of emptiness may sap the constructive energy through which alone a victorious fulness of human life can be attained."

The writer goes on to illustrate his point by references to an essay on "World Utopia" which H. G. Wells contributes to Mr. Marvin's book. It is Wells' contention that the Utopian is the practical man: in this sense, that if a man is going to build a house, he first makes a sketch plan of the building, and, *a fortiori*, if we are going to remodel the world, we must have our plan, in other words, our Utopia, before us. Utopia once meant Nowhere, since Utopians, being critics of the existing state of things, did not wish to be offensive to their neighbors, but that is all changed, and now "Utopia has to be getting to business in international affairs; it has to take off its fancy dress and speak quite plainly." The Utopian, as Wells presents him, shines in contrast with politicians and statesmen who have proved themselves "entirely inadequate" and who have not known "what to do with the world because they had no World-Utopia ready for the crisis." Mr. Wells has only scorn for people of "short views," by which he means "people imperfectly educated, so that they do not see life as a whole, nor the problems of life as related in any intelligible way to one another or to any general scheme."

Now all of this, according to the *Times* writer, betokens confusion of thought. No one, it says, can plan for the world's future because, as the future gradually turns into the present, we find ourselves completely occupied "in filling it, in being and becoming, in responding to the unpredictable offers it holds out to us." The definite plan, while it helps to inspire, may as often as not be a hindrance. It is just as important to find out what is possible as it is to find out what is desirable. The argument proceeds:

"The difficulty, then, after all, is not with our politicians but with ourselves; and the root of it is that, like Mr. Wells, we confuse Utopia and politics. The dream of peace is deep in our hearts, and we have as it were the moral assurance of having voted for it; so we lay the blame on our politicians if

there is still trouble in the world. But peace cannot be arranged in accordance with what we wish or decide; it depends upon the whole tenor of our actions. Have we found, then, what the principles of our conduct must be if peace is to be secured? Or are we daily and hourly making demands upon the world which are exclusive and must at last bring us into collision with other men? Do we tend, when the interest of our clan or of our class is at stake, to assume that justice is on our side and that we must establish it by force if necessary? More generally, if peace and justice are incompatible, which are we to prefer, and why? These are only a few of the more obvious questions which arise when we begin to bring the idea of peace down out of the dream world, to distinguish the political from the Utopian peace. But by the time we have found candid answers for them, we shall have stopped thinking of peace as a thing evidently realizable and lost by the stupidity or hypocrisy of our leaders. We shall have found that there is no cleavage between us and them. We have put them where they are to deal with a situation which we are making for them."

We want peace, but it still lies beyond the horizon. "The attainment of peace is as hard as the attainment of wisdom, and the task before us is the creation of a wise world." There is something discouraging in the thought that even growth and development multiply opportunities for misunderstanding, "as if peace must be increasingly difficult to attain as men's desires and activities expanded." We cannot forget that we still have with us 300 millions of men whose faith promises them heaven if they die fighting for that faith, and twice or thrice as many more who have not heard of any League of Nations and could not hear of one, for their minds would attach no meaning to the name. "Nine-tenths of the race, if not children in tutelage, are not fit to be more and perhaps never can be. How immense the task which devolves on the independent tenth, and how sad to find that at present they are much more combative than their more primitive brethren!"

If such are the facts, it is futile to look for Utopia now. The thing to be done is other than an accommodation between existing forces. "We have to establish universally a practical habit of mind for

which the relation of might and right among nations will be the same as it is among the individuals that are members of a nation to-day."

"Everybody knows now that the strength of a nation is no guarantee of the justice of its claims; everyone knows that national action is subject to the moral law. But the idea of 'sovereignty,' the idea that each nation must be its own judge, still holds because of the insuperable difficulties of the task of bringing together this motley host of dwarfs and giants, whose differences of size are themselves, it may be, insignificant by the side of their other differences of age and temperament, of manners and of circumstance."

Part of the Englishman's heritage is the enjoyment of liberties attained through centuries of growth and dependent on an instinctive respect for certain moral principles which have gradually received recognized expression in laws and customs. The nations of the world, according to the argument on which this article is based, must learn to create for their general guidance and government a similar body of authoritative principle and procedure, to transcend the present crude and jarring rivalries and to reconcile their competing claims in a common allegiance to the idea of liberty under law.

"Such an allegiance involves for many a subversion of their existing mentality, and for all a long effort of constructive politics in circumstances new to human thought. Suppose that the germ of English liberty is seen in Magna Charta and that its full embodiment has been reached when every adult citizen obtains the vote. The intervening period is not far from a millennium. Suppose that the Magna Charta of the League was the establishment of the Statute of the International Court of Justice in December of last year. We shall be optimistic if we assign to the complete enfranchisement of all nations in the polity and parliament of the world an earlier date than 3,000. For the work of development and integration will be far more difficult for humanity at large than for one state. Yet, however distant the consummation, the method is sure. Right will grow as it is respected, and will be discovered as it is applied; the true reciprocity of nations, as of individuals, will be determined by concrete decisions given to meet concrete difficulties as they arise."

THE COLLEGE LOAFER

IT takes a man of some energy to be a real devil, and for that reason the college loafer at first seldom gets into anything that is difficult or dangerous or not nice. This is the view of that veteran among college officials, Dean Thomas Arkle Clark, of the University of Illinois. The college loafer, he says, does not initiate things. Someone else makes the plan, altho the college loafer may trail along behind in an escapade and seem to be a part of the procession.*

The college loafer is a passive, talkative being. He loves ease, leisure, sleep, cigarettes, chocolate and girls. He is a stroller, a hanger-on. If, as he was writing these words, Dean Clark had chanced to look out of his window upon the broad green expanse of the back campus, he would have caught sight of the college loafer walking lazily under the shade of tall elms or sprawled upon the grass, a girl at his side, a smile on his face and his intellectual obligations forgotten. The college loafer knows the last dance step, the latest gossip, and he has seen the last performance at the vaudeville show. The college loafer would be entirely innocuous if he were not allowed to run at large. The trouble is that he infects the crowd.

The Dean declares that it is not at all difficult to understand the environment which conduces to the development of this type of college student.

At home he has neither been given nor has he assumed any responsibility. He has had no duties, no regular set tasks. He has done no work. Often he has been mother's boy. It has usually, at home, been a problem as to what should be done with him in the summer vacation when there was no school, and so he loafed around, lazy and discontented. He has seldom done well in his preparatory or high-school work. He has passed, but neither he nor his parents had any ambitions for him to be a "grind" or a valedictorian.

The college loafer comes naturally to

speak of himself as "no student" and to take a certain pride in the fact that this characteristic in some way differentiates him from the common herd of undergraduates who do their work because they like it or who go at things with energy because it is their duty. He takes his commonplace work as a matter of course just as many people assume without trying that they cannot learn to spell.

"The loafer in college is not always a boy who has been brought up in luxury; he not infrequently comes from very humble surroundings; but wherever he has been brought up he has never developed any love for work. When he enters college it is without ambition, without any definite purpose or object; he has little idea of what he wants to do, no love of books, no interest in study, no vision of the future. He does not know whether he wants to go north or south, whether he would like to study art or ceramic engineering, whether he would prefer to spend his life as a missionary or as a vaudeville star. Some of the other fellows were coming to college, so he threw a few changes of clothing into a suitcase and came along, just as he might have joined a camping party or taken a hike into the country."

Some of the most confirmed college loafers Dean Clark has known have been men who had to work for a part of their living. Loafing in college is not, as so many people think, a matter of money but of temperament.

"Yesterday a father came into my office to discuss with me the possibility of his son's entering college.

"What course does he want to take?" I asked in order more intelligently to answer his question.

"I don't know," was the reply. "We have not thought much about that. I don't believe George has decided on anything yet."

"What is he interested in? What sort of work or study does he like best?" I continued, trying to get myself square with the intellectual compass.

"He has never shown any special interest in anything yet. We hoped that after he got to college he would develop interest in some line of work."

* Discipline and the Derelict. By Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men, University of Illinois. New York: Macmillan.

"Is he in love?" I ventured, determined to get somewhere if possible.

"Well, he certainly does like the girls."

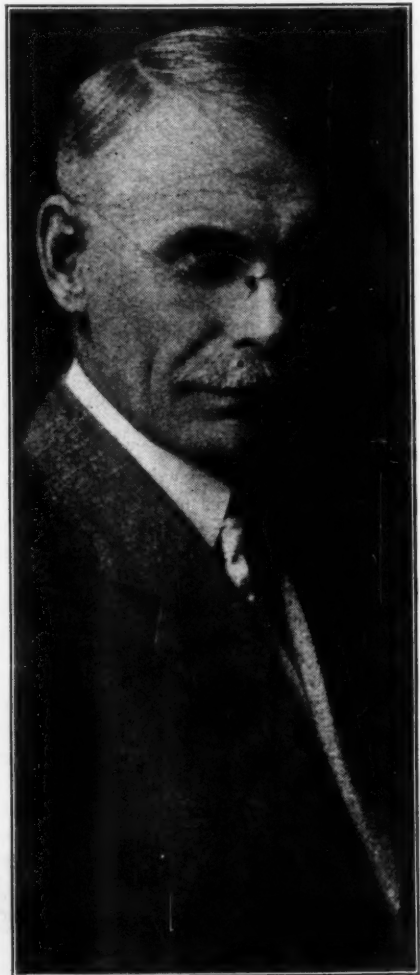
Because he is interested in nothing but his senses and his emotions, a youth develops into a college loafer. A boy will seldom show more ambition in college than he has shown at home. If he has had no vision or purpose there, he will be unlikely to find one in college. We do not change our characters by changing our lodging-house, and if we have disliked work in Chicago we shall hardly take to it in Champaign.

Dean Clark has taken pains to get the view-point of the college loafer. When the loafer is driven from one untenable excuse after another, he leans upon the prop of all loafers and asserts that the rules of the college permit a certain number of "cuts" and that he has not exceeded the limit. "Anyway," he goes on, "a fellow cannot go to class all the time." One of the most common excuses of the loafer for not attending class is that of not being waked up at the proper time. The freshman whose duty it is to come around and wake him up has gone to sleep at the switch. The next most popular excuse for absence is that he was studying for another course than the one he cut. It never seems to occur to him that there are regular hours of study far more adequate for the purposes of even the good student and that it is seldom if ever necessary to cut class in order to study. Cutting class with him is as regular and as persistent as smoking, for every loafer smokes.

"He either smokes because he puts in so much time loafing that he needs some recreation to keep him from getting lonesome, or he loafs because he has smoked so much that it has robbed him of the energy sufficient to do anything else. The odor of the Fatimas which he has burned up floats across the desk to me as he comes in to ask me for an excuse because of illness; before he steps off the campus he has lighted another to stimulate his waning interest in life, and wherever you meet him—between dances, at his room, on the street—he is drawing strength and comfort from a pipe or a cigaret. It is the badge of his fraternity."

It is hard for the loafer to study. There are so many easier, subtler, cleverer ways

to get by. He means to do it—to-morrow, Sunday, next week—but he is such an awfully popular fellow, he has so many friends to entertain, so many dates to keep, that he has little or no time to study. He borrows notes which he has been too lazy or too busy to take for himself and he never returns them until you hunt him up. He questions you about your outside reading and he tries to get the gist of its content, so that he may be spared the labor of doing it for himself.



THE MAN NO YOUTH CAN FOOL

Doctor Thomas Arkle Clark has known loafers at college so intimately that he can detect them before they open their lazy lips to yawn idly in his face.

FORCING THE RAT TO EFFECT ITS OWN EXTINCTION

UNTIL the rat has been compelled by some means or other to abandon polygamy, man's long warfare upon this rodent must remain a vain one. This idea has become practical only quite recently. It has been held hitherto by students of this subject that the so-called "polyandry" view of the rat problem is visionary. The rat, as is well known, is highly polygamous. This fact explains its wide propagation throughout the globe. All observation of the rat leads to the conclusion that the females for some reason invariably outnumber the males. The belief is rather an inference based upon statistics gathered in certain rat colonies, but there is no single fact on record to disprove it.

The champion of the polygamy factor in rat extermination is that well-known authority on vermin in general, William Rodier, of Melbourne, who has done much to abate not only the rat nuisance but the rabbit pest as well. Rodier's plan, as set forth by another expert, John Waddell, in the *Canadian Magazine*, is to catch the rats alive, to kill all the females and to set free all the males. He suggests cutting off the tails of the rats so that they may be recognized if trapped again. The cutting of the ear, as is done with rabbits, might be dispensed with. If there were any possibility of catching all the rats, this policy would not be adopted; but there are always enough females in hiding to continue the race in large numbers.

In consequence of Rodier's method, the males would finally become more in numbers than the females and would persecute the latter to such an extent that they would all be killed or become sterile. Rodier tried the plan for a number of years on a ranch of 64,000 acres and he published information in which he revealed by photograph the boundary-line of his holding and the next. In his neighbor's the ordinary methods of traps, poisons and dogs were used. On one side of the line fence the ground is as bare as a tennis court. On the other the growth is vigorous. The

Rodier plan for rat extermination is based upon the Darwinian theory of sexual selection. This form of selection depends not on the struggle for existence in relation to other organic beings, or to external conditions, but to the struggle between individuals of one sex, generally the males, for possession of the other sex. The result is not death to the unsuccessful competitor but few or no offspring.

Only quite recently, it appears, has Rodier been in the least successful in persuading others that his plan with the rat is successful. He has worked for a number of years in Australia, but he has found the public authorities skeptical because the idea was so novel to them. At last he is gaining attention and individuals in various parts of the world begin to show some interest, for the rat plague is pressing and something must be done. Among the men of science who experimented along Rodier's lines is George Jennison, of Manchester, England, a fellow of the Geological Society, who first heard of the polygamy theory some five or six years ago. As a result of his experience, he sets forth, in a bulletin to the National Sanitary Congress, how a room trap may be arranged. He says that if trappings are effected only once in every two weeks, the rats do not become suspicious. In 1916 some three hundred rats were caught, a majority females. In 1920 some two hundred rats were caught, the number of female rats being just about equal to the males. All the males caught were counted, even if caught previously, but when released they seldom came into the trap again. The loss of their tails seemed to be an incentive to them to keep away. During the first six months of the experiment more males were caught than females. Each year afterwards more females were trapped than males. In the last year recorded there was practically equality between the sexes. There is some reason to think it might be better if the males were freed unmutated, as they would in that event be more likely to stay

about the place until the females were killed off, when the whole tribe would desert the locality. Thus does this experiment justify the inference that even if we cannot kill all the rats, we can alter the proportions of those left alive by killing the females and releasing the males to work the destruction of their race. Mr. Jennison elucidates the point thus, as quoted in the *Canadian Magazine*:

"Selection of sexes by man, among wild creatures, must be exceedingly rare; but there are two marked instances illustrating each aspect of the case to which attention should be drawn. The one is the Bird of Paradise, a bird closely related to the monogamous crows; sober colored and inconspicuous, the hens are of no value, but the gorgeous cocks have been hunted for their plumes for thousands of years, with the result that they have developed polygamous habits and have saved the species from extinction. . . .

"In the case I am going to mention, man unwittingly adopted the contrary procedure, resulting in the most rapid and marvelous extinction of a species that the world has ever known. I refer to the Passenger Pigeon, an extremely hardy bird, of long sustained and rapid flight, that ranged in North Amer-

ica from the Great Lakes to Mexico and from the Rockies to the Atlantic seaboard. Audubon and Wilson each speak of single flocks estimated in one case at 1,150,000,000, in the other at 2,240,000,000. When they nested (and an area of 28 x 7 miles is called small) they broke down the branches of big forest trees with their weight. At this time every one turned out to slaughter them, parties camped in the woods, hogs were fattened on the fallen squabs, Michigan sent 12,000,000 to market in forty days, but what is that in 2,240,000,000? The killers did more. The slaughter took place at nesting time. The hen pigeon sits 20 hours out of the 24 and is more devoted than the cock, and will even take his turn if he deserts his post. It is probable, therefore, that of the adults killed at least three-fourths were hens. Note how quickly the results become apparent. The United States is an enormous and very sparsely populated area; in 1813 Wilson noted the stupendous flight; in 1857 Ohio was already thinking the birds needed protection; in 1867 it was too late; in 1892 Cincinnati Zoological Gardens obtained a passenger pigeon that lived for 20 years, the sole survivor of a vanished race. In my opinion, man upset the balance of sexes and the ardor of the male pigeon completed the disaster."

BETRAYAL BY OUR SKINS

VARIATION in the electrical resistance of the skin under the influence of emotion—the so-called "galvanic reflex"—has proved of importance in recent years for reasons set forth in the London *Chronicle* by Doctor Ronald Campbell Macfie. Emotions, he points out, are notoriously deceptive. The histrionic can simulate emotions suitable to any situation and can deceive not only onlookers but also themselves. The hysterical can make "much ado about nothing" with a great deal of plausibility. The stoical can repress all outward manifestation of feeling. Yet histrionics, hysteria, humbug and hypocrisy are all betrayed by the skin. Louis XVI., surrounded by a fierce mob, challenged: "Am I afraid? Feel my pulse?" His pulse might have been steady. His skin would probably have told another story.

The pseudo-poet may roll his eye in a

fine frenzy, but the little galvanometer needle will prick him like a gas bag. The romantic lover may sigh like a furnace but the still finger will point scorn at him. The tub thumper may thump his tub but unless he be sincere the needle will not budge. Indeed, it seems quite certain that every genuine emotion, whether due to physical or psychical causes, produces an alteration in the electrical conductivity of the skin which can be registered by a galvanometer. By no possible effort can a man suffering from genuine emotion control the reflex and steady the needle. No simulated or imaginary emotion, however violent in its outward emotions, makes the needle even wobble, for fictitious emotions are not skin deep. Doctor Golla, who has made a special study of the skin reflex, states:

"The reflex cannot be inhibited by any vol-

untary effort on the part of the subject. I have sought for evidence of inhibition either of the response to physical or verbal stimuli in over a hundred subjects, but have never met with evidence of any direct voluntary power either to inhibit or modify the reflex.

"On the other hand, it is impossible to evoke it [the reflex] by stimulation of affective states, such as fictitious rage, nor can the mere recitation of emotional poetry, no matter with what emphasis it be declaimed, produce a reaction, unless by some chance a phrase acts as a stimulus to evoke some asso-

ciation with a personal experience of affective import. . . .

"One young soldier, suffering from hysterical contracture of the foot, broke down during the examination; tears rolled down his cheeks, he addressed his dead brother in language savoring of a South London melodrama; he asked why he himself had not been killed in his brother's place so that the favorite son might have been left to comfort his poor old father, and all the time, whilst he wailed and wept, the spot of light from the galvanometer mirror remained steady."

EMOTION AS THE CONTROLLING FACTOR IN EFFICIENT WORK

THE major emotions, such as fear, grief, love, prejudice, exercise far greater control than the will and the intellect in the careers of most people, so declares Doctor R. R. Spencer, in the *Nation's Health*. This power of the emotions is shown not only in conduct but in decided alterations in the body and in their influence upon physical health. This is especially true if a particular emotion be allowed to persist for a long period. Doctor W. B. Cannon, of Harvard, has demonstrated that long excitement in man stops the secretion of saliva, checks the flow of the gastric juice and the flow of the bile as well. It interferes with normal motions of the stomach and intestines. The blood is suddenly shifted from the abdominal organs to the muscles, the heart beat is accelerated, the coagulation time of the blood is lowered, the sugar content of the blood is greatly and suddenly increased and muscular fatigue lessened. All these changes are adaptive and purposeful reflexes preparing the body for violent energy. They show what a fundamental part the emotions play in our lives.

The evil effects upon health are seen when one permits fear, worry and anxiety continually to disturb the bodily functions. Doctor Cannon states that people who worry are evidently allowing the body to go on to what we may regard as a war footing, even when there is no war to be waged, no fighting or struggling to be engaged in.

While certain emotions, uncontrolled, cause bad effects and may entirely upset mental and physical health, there are others which promote both, which are essential. The emotions furnish the energy or fuel for our mental motors. It takes the heat of an emotion to weld an idea into vigorous and effective action. All action is expressed with some degree of emotion and its effectiveness is usually proportionate to the amount of feeling put into it. It is usually the degree of feeling put into the action that decides its success or failure. "No one is capable of long-continued effort or hard work of any kind without a great amount of emotion or interest back of it. It is a common saying that the thing we do best is the thing that we are most interested in and will work at the longest. . . . Work will often do more for mental and physical ills than rest, and many a physician prescribes the rest cure where it should be the work cure."

Study the lives of any of our great men of achievement and it will be found that every one of them has been a prodigious worker. Back of the characteristic capacity for work there has been great emotion—always. Darwin held that men differ less in capacity than in zeal and determination to utilize the powers they have. They are emotionally deficient in too many cases. Emerson said that nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm. The fact that war stirs the depths of men's emotions and often brings

out their best qualities has been observed often enough, but religion probably has created more good emotions than war and is not accompanied by the disadvantages of war. Emotion is really one of the fundamental intellectual processes. The road, therefore, to efficiency lies in the study and development of all this side of our nature. The acquisition of knowledge is, to be sure, important, but efficiency

is really emotional. This explains why so many men have amazed their contemporaries by retaining their efficiency to sixty, seventy and even beyond. They are emotional beings in the proper and scientific sense of the expression. Most people make the mistake of thinking that the intellect decides and directs efficient action and that will is supreme over conduct. They overlook emotion altogether.

IS THERE AN AMERICAN TYPE?

FOR eight years an investigation has been going on, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, to determine whether such a thing as an American type of man or woman really exists. The answer reached is, in brief: not yet, but soon. There is no such type now, but such a type is evolving. Its coming is seen in stature, physiognomy, pigmentation, structure and in other ways.

The investigation is in charge of Dr. Hrdlicka, curator of the Division of Anthropology, and his first report was made at the Second International Congress of Eugenics held recently in New York City. Only healthy men and women between 24 and 65 years of life and at least three generations American-born on each parental side were included in the study. They included unselected individuals from all walks of life and all occupations. The length of the study was caused by the unexpected rarity of those who could fill the requirements. The total studies extended to 1,700 persons, but to obtain so many it was found necessary to make trips to parts of New England as well as southward.

The "Old Americans" are to an important degree still the English, Scotch or Dutch of their ancestry, says Dr. Hrdlicka, but in part they are already something new, they have something in common acquired in this land: they are American. Were it possible for this stock to breed exclusively among themselves for several more centuries they, according to all indications, would produce as distinct a national type as have the various older European nations. But intermarriage with more recent elements of the population is

so common that no hope can be entertained for any rapid progress in this direction. Form of head, that was supposed once to show rapid changes, was found, under the new environment, to be one of the most persistent of characteristics.

The main characteristics of the Old Americans are, first of all, a tall stature. They are, if we disregard a few small groups, the tallest of whites, averaging 5 feet 8 inches in the men, and 5 feet 4 inches in the women. This superiority is in part a distinctly American acquisition.

They are mostly relatively "spare" in early adult life, with rather a tendency to overweight later on. In this connection there appears one serious feature—many of the younger women are behind their due standard. Their chest, their muscles, are relatively not as well developed as are those of the men. The men, in the average, are in every way a fine lot. The non-working women, many of them, are physically somewhat neglected, which calls for an improvement. Naturally this does not apply to the farm girl or the athletic girl, or the one whose development has been supervised and assisted in a high-class college; but there is a large proportion who do not fall into these classes and it is these who show sub-development.

But, we are glad to hear, the American woman shows a superior head. The size of her head is somewhat above what it usually is in relation to the average head of the male, and it is also perceptibly above that indicated by her stature. As the size of head means a corresponding size of brain, we have here a highly favorable condition.

A much greater progress in Americanization is shown by the face. This has lost the prominence of the cheek bones and

that of the angles of the lower jaw; and in the well nourished approaches a characteristic straight-sided, rather high oval.

HOW ANIMAL LIFE EFFECTED A TRANSITION FROM SEA TO LAND

SCIENTISTS are agreed that animal life began in the sea, gradually made its way to estuaries, river-mouths and marshes, and finally, after eons, emerged on the land. This invasion of the land is usually assumed to have taken place many, many centuries ago; but, as a matter of fact, it is still taking place—a fact emphasized by Professor F. W. Flattely, the British zoologist, in *Science Progress* (London).

Consider the robber crabs, he says, which climb cocoanut trees in the isles of the Pacific. The adults have become essentially terrestrial animals and they return to the water only to reproduce their kind. There is the tropical fish which has acquired the habit of sunning itself on rocks at low tide or of creeping about over sand flats by means of its pectoral fins. It has through this habit become most alert and watchful. The eyes are prominent and move about on swivels. There is the common wood louse, living in damp and decaying wood. It is related to the essentially marine form called the "sea slater." There are numbers of amphibious forms which live in crevices well above high water, satisfied with an occasional spraying by the waves or with the moisture arising from the sea.

An invasion of the land is, then, being attempted even now from the seashore. It would perhaps meet with more success were the ground not already preempted by the descendants of the original invaders. This partial success would scarcely be possible were it not for the action of the tides, which provide just the conditions necessary. An animal starts a short distance above the low water mark of spring tides. It has to run the risk of being dried up only for an hour or so every fortnight. From there some of its descendants are able to creep to a point

where they are uncovered a little more frequently and a little longer each time, and so on by gradual stages to high water mark of spring tides or above. The tides by their daily movement and by their increase and decrease following the different phases of the moon make the shore an effective bridge between land and sea.

But it is through the acquisition of what the zoologists call a "sedentary habit"—the habit of staying fixed—that this passage of animal life from sea to land has been made possible. How is this habit to be explained? The earliest forms of life were certainly not fixed forms. Professor Flattely finds an explanation in wave-impact and the reactions to it. There are scientific terms for the tendencies shown by a great many animals to react in different ways to contact. One of these terms—stereotaxis—applies to the reaction from wave-impact and the habit of sponges, barnacles and many other forms of life to resist this impact by affixing themselves to something stable.

On nearly all sandy and muddy shores where there are stones embedded in the subsoil there occurs a worm known as "Cirratulus." It is not unlike an earth-worm in appearance. It has sprouting from each segment a pair of delicate rosy processes which look like tentacles, together with a bunch of such processes behind the head. It is always found lying in such a way as to bring every portion of one surface of its body in contact with a stone. Now, if one of these worms be placed in a vessel of sea-water devoid of stones the animal ties itself literally into a knot and appears to be ill at ease. Place a large flat stone in the vessel and the worm immediately on coming into contact with it begins to burrow beneath it. A few minutes later the worm is found ensconced with its body in contact with the

stone, fully extended, its "cirri" properly expanded and looking altogether comfortable. In other words, the animal is markedly "stereotaxic" and requires to have the nerve endings in the skin pressed against a solid surface.

This is not an isolated case. One could illustrate the same phenomenon from a number of different groups belonging to the shore or elsewhere. Doctor A. Willey, the distinguished evolutionist, regards it as something peculiarly fundamental, a primitive property of living matter. A permanently "sedentary habit" is merely an extreme manifestation of it. This habit of maintaining the body in contact with a solid surface is the very lesson that had to be learned in the hard school of the shore. Life, in its earliest youth, had to serve an apprenticeship to the tides. Life is continuing to show the effects of this apprenticeship. The tides would come in and life came in to shore with them. The tides would go out and life had to learn to

grip something, to hold on, so that it would not be swept back into the water and overwhelmed.

All this is illustrated by the tiny flat worm which lives in great colonies on certain flat and sandy beaches. At low tide the worms are all at the surface. As the tide reaches them they begin to disappear. The worms are thus constantly moving up and down at intervals determined by the tides. Reproduction in this form is also definitely periodic. Removed to the laboratory and placed in tall test tubes half filled with sand and half with water, the animals continue to move up and down at intervals strictly corresponding with particular states of the tide outside.

Only through the acquisition of a "sedentary habit" could the forms of life invading the land effect the passage from shore to land and the sedentary habit, once acquired, tended to stick, even when at last man emerged.

THE LOUDEST EXPLOSION ON RECORD

THE greatest storms and eruptions occur on the sun, but we never hear them. Masses of flaming gas have been seen to rush up from the surface of the sun to a height of half a million miles, traveling with a velocity of hundreds of miles a second. If the eruptive theory of the origin of craters on the moon be correct, that dead body has known some stirring times, for several of the craters are fifty to sixty miles in diameter and even more. We can form no idea of the sound of such explosions. They would split the human ear if they could reach it in their proper volume. Still, even in human annals, there is a record of tremendous explosions. The loudest of them has been the subject of careful study, to quote the *London Nation*. It refers to the eruption of Krakatoa.

This eruption on Krakatoa, a small island in the Straits of Sunda, is usually dated from one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, August 26, 1883. But the early

stages began on May 20, sufficiently stimulating, without being terrifying, to attract a pleasure excursion from Batavia. The party found a basin-shaped crater, about half-a-mile wide and about 150 feet deep. In the center was a large aperture from which steam issued with a terrific noise. By the end of June other craters had opened on the island and the volcanic energy steadily increased. By August 26, Krakatoa began to erupt seriously. Detonations which were heard 100 miles away succeeded one another at intervals of about ten minutes. The column of steam, smoke and ashes, as measured from a distant ship, was estimated to be seventeen miles high. The eruptions steadily became louder, until by midnight the inhabitants of a town 100 miles distant were unable to sleep, for the noise resembled artillery being fired at their very doors, and the windows kept up a loud rattling.

It was not until 10 a.m. on the Monday morning, however, that the eruption

reached its culmination. This was heard as four terrific explosions, of which the third was by far the loudest. This explosion was heard 3,000 miles away. At several points within this radius the alarming and inexplicable noises caused the authorities to send out ships to ascertain their cause. At Daly Waters, in South Australia, the inhabitants were awakened from sleep by the noise of Krakatoa, distant over 2,000 miles. At the distance of 3,000 miles the explosions resembled the distant roar of heavy guns. The great sea waves that accompanied the eruption still had the perceptible height of eighteen inches after traveling more than 5,000 miles. On the shores of the Straits of Sunda the waves reached a height of more than seventy feet, while at Sumatra a man-of-war was carried nearly two miles inland and left high and dry thirty feet above sea level.

The quantity of material shot into the air was naturally tremendous; at Sumatra the clouds of dust produced a greater degree of darkness, at 10 a.m., than had been known on the blackest nights. These clouds entered the region of the high winds and were swept along with a velocity of about 76 miles per hour. In three days they crossed the Indian Ocean and then passed over Equatorial Africa. They continued over the Atlantic, Brazil and the Pacific, returning to Krakatoa in thirteen days. A certain amount of dust had settled by this time, but the great bulk of it started off again on its journey round the earth. Month after month these tours of the globe continued, the dust-clouds

manifesting their presence by imparting a strange blue hue to the sun, turning the moon blue or green, and by creating remarkable and glorious twilights.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the eruption consists in the remarkable train of air waves that was sent out from Krakatoa. It can be shown, mathematically, that if a sufficiently intense air wave be sent out from a point in the air envelope surrounding the surface of a sphere, it will at first diverge and then converge till it reaches a point at the opposite end of the diameter passing through the origin. From this point it will again diverge, to converge ultimately at the origin, when the whole cycle may be repeated.

Now barometric measurements all over the world enabled the great air wave from Krakatoa to be traced to its antipodes, a spot in Central America, and back again. A second, third and fourth journey were traced on upwards of forty instruments. In addition, a fifth, sixth and seventh journey was traced by some instruments, notably those at Kew. The time taken for the double journey, one complete cycle from and to Krakatoa, was found to be about 37 hours. Allowing for the different temperatures of the regions traversed by the waves—for they crossed, of course, the north and south poles—this works out at about the velocity of ordinary sound waves. This is the only recorded instance of an air wave so great that the atmosphere of the entire globe takes part in it.

THE KEY TO THE ABOLITION OF DEATH ON EARTH

BY appropriate control of conditions it is possible, says Professor Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, to prolong the life of cells and tissues far beyond the limits of longevity to which they would attain if they remained in the multicellular body from which they came. This is true of a wide variety of cells and tissues differentiated in various ways. The range of facts which have been ascer-

tained by experimental work in this field probably warrants the conclusion that this potential longevity inheres in most of the different kinds of cells of the metazoan body (the metazoa comprize all animals higher than protozoans), except those which are extremely differentiated for particular functions.

In certain cases the physico-chemical nature of the conditions necessary to insure

the continuance of life has been definitely worked out and is well understood. This warrants the expectation that with more extended and penetrating investigations in a field of research which is just at its beginning we shall understand the physics and chemistry of prolongation of life of cells and tissues in a great many cases where now we know nothing about it. Professor Raymond Pearl proceeds in *The Scientific Monthly*:

"Nerve cells, muscle cells, heart-muscle cells, spleen cells, connective-tissue cells, epithelial cells from various locations in the body, kidney cells, and others have all been successfully cultivated *in vitro*. We may fairly say, I believe, that the potential immortality of all the essential cellular elements of the body either has been fully demonstrated, or else has been carried far enough to make the probability very great that properly-conducted experiments would demonstrate the continuance of the life of these cells in culture to any definite extent. It is not to be expected, of course, that such tissues as hair, or nails, would be capable of independent life, but these are essentially unimportant tissues in the animal economy as compared with those of the heart, the nervous system, the kidneys, etc. What I am leading to is the broad generalization, perhaps not completely demonstrated yet, but having regard to Leo Loeb's work, so near it as to make little risk inhere in predicting the final outcome, that all the essential tissues of the metazoan body are potentially immortal. The reason that they are not actually immortal, and that multicellular animals do not live forever, is that in the differentiation and specialization of function of cells and tissues in the body as a whole, any individual part does not find the conditions necessary for its continued existence. In the body any part is dependent for the necessities of its existence, as, for example, nutritive material, upon other parts, or put in another way, upon the organization of the body as a whole. It is the differentiation and specialization of function of the mutually dependent aggregate of cells and tissues which constitutes the metazoan body which brings about death, and not any inherent or inevitable mortal process in the individual cells themselves."

It is important to note that natural death of the metazoan body comes about fundamentally because of the differentiation of

structure and function in that body. It is a complex aggregate of cells and tissues, all mutually dependent upon each other and in a delicate state of adjustment and balance. If one organ, for any reason, fails to function normally it upsets this delicate balance. If normal functioning of the part is not restored, death of the whole organism eventually results.

Death does not strike in a haphazard manner, as the popular mind is taught. Death strikes in a most orderly way. There are certain periods of life—notably youth—where only an insignificant fraction of those exposed to risk ever die. At other ages, for example, in extreme senility and in early infancy, death strikes with appalling precision and frequency.

What is the biological meaning of this? There is but one pathway into this world. Why so many out? Protozoa are immortal. Germ cells are immortal. Various somatic cells and even tissues have been proved to be potentially immortal. The trouble with us lies in the peculiar mode in which we are put together, the loose fitting of the organs into the anatomy as a whole. Here is the secret, the line along which we must work in order to make actual the potential immortality of man. A biological study of death is the answer to our riddle:

"In the human organism, just as in the automobile, the serviceability of the different parts varies greatly. The heart outwears the lungs, the brain outwears both. But we have further, I believe, got an inkling of the fundamental reason why these things are so. It is, broadly speaking, because evolution is a purely mechanistic process instead of being an intelligent one. All the parts are not perfected by evolution to even an approximately equal degree. It is conceivable that an omnipotent person could have made a much better machine, as a whole, than the human body which evolution has produced. He would presumably have made an endoderm with as good resisting and wearing qualities as the mesoderm or ectoderm. Evolution, by the haphazard process of trial and error which we call natural selection, makes each part only just good enough to get by. In the very nature of the process itself it cannot possibly do anything any more constructive than this. The workmanship of evolution, from a mechanical point of view, is

extraordinarily like that of the average automobile repair man. If evolution happens to be furnished by variation with fine materials, as in the case of the nervous system, it has

no objection to using them, but it is equally ready to use the shoddiest of endoderm provided it will hold together long enough to get the machine by the reproductive period."

WHY THE MAMMOTH BECAME EXTINCT

ONE of the most widely accepted assumptions of general biology is, perhaps, suspects Professor H. Neuville, the French savant, that the mammoth was especially fitted to withstand cold. All the experts—paleontologists, properly speaking, geologists, zoologists, students of prehistoric man—agree on this adaptation to a cold climate. The weakness of the arguments brought forward by all these people surprises the able Frenchman, who has studied the mammoth long and carefully. The weakness of the arguments, he says, is concealed behind that blessed word "adaptation." Nobody seems to know that, speaking humanly, the mammoth became extinct simply because it had an overcoat that was worthless.*

Study of the frozen remains of mammoths found in Siberia and that of the environment in which these animals lived have furnished important facts, all less striking than the things imagined by scientists, no doubt, but which, taken together, yield the amazing truth. The Siberian mammoths died in an environment which was cold enough for the remains, frozen at the time of death, to be preserved after a fashion to our day. How could those proboscideans be resistant to cold in the face of the evidence? The only explanation of the "resistance to cold" theory consists in accepting (for the sake of the argument only) the coming of sudden and intense cold—cold severe enough to have killed the mammoths on the spot. This hypothesis became a part of a general theory regarding large geological events—transportation of boulders and the like—presupposing a flood catastrophe.

This idea can hardly be maintained and with it goes the idea of the proper en-

vironment of the mammoth. Specialists cling, nevertheless, to the notion that, thanks to its fur, the huge creature could resist the cold. The mammoth really succumbed, it is argued, because the invasion of a dry cold killed off the vegetation on which it fed. This explanation is no more convincing than the others now holding the field. The idea that the mammoth was extinguished by prehistoric man is not reasonable either. The primitive hunting methods of the African natives never kept the elephant down in their country. In like manner it is clear from all the evidence that the human hunters of the stone age could not possibly have put an end to the mammoth even if they succeeded in driving it away from the haunts of man—a doubtful suggestion.

The idea of a diminished food supply in the environment of the mammoth can not be accepted as more than a possibility.

Fortunately there is abundant evidence in the skin of the mammoth to explain why he could not survive. He was frozen out. He might have had lots to eat, but it did him no good. He could not get calories enough. What hair he had on his skin did not suffice him. This hair was of two kinds. There were bristles, long and scattered, and a very dense underfur. The skin proper, the outer surface or dermis, was a layer of something like bacon. Let this covering as a whole be compared with that of the elephants, living now in the torrid zone. Here no question arises of adaptation to cold. Few hairs are to be seen on the skin of these elephants. Abundant on the very young, it is true, the hair is only a down at birth, sufficiently sparse to leave the skin clearly visible. Later it becomes less dense, and bristles

* Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1921.

appear, distinguishable from the underfur. Without ever forming a thick fur, these hairs are often much more numerous on subjects living in freedom than on the circus variety. The dermis on the African elephant is quite thick and quite as much like bacon as it is in the mammoth.

Here are two animals very nearly related, the mammoth and the elephant. One of them lived in severe climes. The other is confined to parts of the torrid zone. The mammoth is assumed to have been protected from the cold by its fur and the thickness of the skin. The skin or, rather, the dermis is the same in both. It would be hard in consequence to ascribe a specially adaptive function to the skin of the mammoth. The fur, much more dense, it is true, on the mammoths than on any of the living elephants, is present only in a very special condition really alike in both animals. The man of science is struck by the absence of cutaneous glands. The physiological function of these glands is very important.

"The effect of the sebum is to lubricate the fur, thus protecting it against disintegration, and that of the sweat is to soak the epidermis with an oily liquid, protecting it also against desiccation and disintegration. In reality the deposit of sebum on the surface of the skin, so easy to observe in the human species, especially in certain cases of baldness in which it becomes excessive, contributes also to the protection of the integument. In the absence of sebum and sweat the only fatty impregnation of the epidermis is that which comes from the action of the cells of the epidermis itself; this action remains, in any event, very special and very limited, and the absence of the glandular secretions puts the skin in a

condition of less resistance well known in dermatology."

Everyone knows to what degree the presence of the grease produced by the sebaceous glands renders wool resistant and isolating and to what degree the total lack of this fatty matter lessens the quality of woolen goods. Comparative anatomy gives instructive information as to the part played by this impregnation. Mammals deprived of sebaceous glands are very rare and they are very sensitive to cold.

"The very peculiar fur of the mammoth thus furnished only a precarious protection against cold, a protection analogous to that enjoyed at present by a few mammals of the tropical zone. Its dermis was, it is true, very thick, but no more so than that of the existing elephants. It appears to me impossible to find, in the anatomical examination of the skin and pelage, any argument in favor of adaptation to cold. It has been thought that the reduction of the ears, thick and very small relatively to those of the elephants, was the result of such an adaptation; and, indeed, this character might be so understood in this sense; such large and thin ears as those of our elephants would probably be very sensitive to the action of cold. But it has also been suggested that the fattiness and the peculiar form of the tail in the mammoth was an adaptive character of the same kind; however, it is to the fat-rumped sheep, animals of the hot regions, whose range extends to the center of Africa, that we must go for an analog to this last character.

"It is, therefore, only thanks to entirely superficial comparisons which do not withstand a somewhat detailed analysis, that it has been possible to regard the mammoth as adapted to the cold."



DISADVANTAGE OF BEING A MAMMOTH IN COLD WEATHER

The unfortunate creature perishes literally because it has an inadequate overcoat, one of cheap quality, biologically. The hair is not thick enough, the skin is not a protection. It helps matters very little to be a mastodon, either, for the mastodon is just as badly off.

ANALYZING THE EXPLOSIVE QUALITY IN POST-IMPRESSIONISM

WHAT is the radium quality in Post-Impressionism that gives it unceasing vitality? This question is raised and in part answered in an article by C. Lewis Hind, former editor of the London *Academy* and a distinguished art critic, in the London *Saturday Review*. Mr. Hind is the author of a book on Post-Impressionism and something of an authority on the subject. He has noticed, for years, that whenever Post-Impressionism is in dispute men fall into violent quarrels. As far back as 1911 he heard an ex-Slade Professor of Art at Oxford University describe Post-Impressionism as an insult to his intelligence and as something that he would exorcize from the realm of art. Why, Mr. Hind asks, should mere pictures enrage people? Why is the mere business of picture-production regarded in many quarters as a holy business, as something the standard of which was set by Raphael, while anything that runs counter to his placid version is anathema? In other walks of life, Mr. Hind observes, men are allowed to experiment. George Moore, D. H. Lawrence, W. L. George, are not upbraided because they do not write like Cervantes, Fielding and Jane Austen; but when Matisse paints like Matisse his pictures are an insult to the intelligence. "I suspect," Mr. Hind tells us, "that it is all Raphael's fault. We are still hypnotized by the notion that pictures are akin to religion."

Those who follow the art columns of American papers are aware that New York has lately been in the throes of the recurring Post-Impressionist battle. The Directors of the Metropolitan Museum had been holding for months an exhibition of modern French art (including Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings), when suddenly a hostile manifesto was launched. The results were crowded rooms, heated discussions and a realization that art can be as lively a topic of conversation as Ireland or the salaries of moving-picture stars. This is precisely what happened at the Grafton Galleries

in London in 1911-12. The heavy fathers of art, both in America and England, seemed to regard the interest of the crowds as inimical to art, as detracting from the sacrosanct aura which reaches its height in the attitude of hushed adoration which tourists assume when they stand before the Sistine Madonna at Dresden.

Mr. Hind calls the New York manifesto, which appeared anonymously and attacked Post-Impressionism as Bolshevistic, commercialized and a product of actual insanity, one of the most amazing art documents that he has ever read. "Presumably," he says, "these anonymous gentlemen use and profit by every twentieth-century scientific and mechanical device without demur, and probably their religion is founded on nothing more than their own personal communion with God and man; but the moment they look at Post-Impressionist pictures they are up in arms because these works are by men of our own day who elect to look at nature through their own eyes, ignoring the haloes of a past century."

There is no reason, in Mr. Hind's view, why a man should not be allowed to enjoy Cézanne's "Bathers," Gauguin's "Women of Tahiti" and Van Gogh's "Rain," if his taste lies in that direction. These pioneers had one quality which has not been sufficiently emphasized. "They struck a blow against the tyranny of the exhibition; they did not slave at a picture for sending-in-day; they gave no thought to the competition-bogey; they painted because they had a fierce and profound desire to paint, and when the thing was done their only desire was to paint another." It is this agonized desire for expression, Mr. Hind declares, that excites us in their pictures, and that gives to modern students an emotion that very few academic pictures can arouse. He adds: "Like all movements, Post-Impressionism, another name for Freedom in Art, which explains its radium quality, has been abused by many of its followers. Let them perish. We acclaim a movement by its protagonists, not by its parasites."

PEN-PORTRAITS FROM CLARE SHERIDAN'S AMERICAN DIARY

WHEN Clare Sheridan came to America a few months ago she was heralded as a sculptress who had penetrated to the heart of Bolshevik Russia and had written an account of her experience in a unique diary published under the title, "Mayfair to Moscow." She tells us now, in her "American Diary" running in the *Metropolitan*, that her Russian reputation has proved something of an embarrassment. Her Russian trip meant a great deal to her. She had never before met men and women ready to sacrifice everything for an ideal. But she wants Americans to think of her without "that eternal tag of Soviet Russia" tied around her neck. Her father, Moreton Frewen, a writer on economic subjects, is an Englishman. Her mother was Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, the daughter of Leonard Jerome. Her husband, Captain Wilfred Sheridan, who was killed in the War, was a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist. She has made busts of her cousin, Winston Churchill, British Cabinet Minister, and of Asquith and Marconi, as well as of the Soviet leaders. Her deepest interest, it is clear, is romantic, and her curiosity is insatiable. "I am drunk," she says, "with love of the world, love of the beauty and the caprice and the unexpectedness of it. I want to see it all—Mexico, China, Egypt, Greece, and back again to Russia, working all the way, hunting heads and reading people and never arriving at any understanding, but loving it always as one loves the person who is big, generous, elusive, full of moods and never to be understood."

This universalism of Mrs. Sheridan has its own charm. She delights in exhibiting life from many and opposite angles. We may see through her eyes Fifth Avenue mansions, East Side slums, artists' studios, the editorial offices of *Vanity Fair* and of *Soviet Russia*, a "Midnight Frolic," pickle factories and steel mills in Pittsburgh, Obregon's palace at Chapultepec.

One day she takes luncheon with the editorial staff of the *New York Times*, the

only woman with seven men. She contrasts this with luncheons at which she meets "lovely women with bare white chests, pearls and tulle sleeves." On another day she is guest at a dinner given in her honor by the publishers and the editor of *Vanity Fair*. As she tells the story:

"I dined at a big dinner given for me at the Coffee House Club by Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Condé Nast. I sat next to Paul Manship, whose work I have known and admired for some time. Mr. Bullitt and Mrs. Whitney, the sculptor, sat opposite. Maxine Elliott was at my table, and Mr. Harrison Rhodes, the writer, who has been described to me as 'precieux'; but I like him. He is more European than anyone I have met. We were four big tables full, and there were speeches after. Mr. Crowninshield in an even quiet voice was very funny.

"Lopokova spoke in Russian; she said she believed in Russia and believed in me! After dinner they played charades. Mr. Crowninshield and I did Trotsky. It was to be in three acts. First, I was to be a trotting-horse, and he driving me. Second, we were to ski and fall down. Third, he was to harangue the Red Army and I was to throw my arms round his neck and passionately embrace him; but Maxine guessed it at the second act, so Mr. Crowninshield was done out of his Trotsky kiss. Mr. Drinkwater arrived after his lecture, before the evening was over, but Paul Manship disappeared to a boxing-match, to my regret, as I enjoyed my talk with him and wanted to go on."

It is all entertaining, but how, Mrs. Sheridan finds herself wondering, do Americans manage to stand the pace? She takes advantage of a favorable opportunity to put the question pointblank to Herbert Bayard Swope, of the *New York World*; he seemed to her to expend so much energy. "He said," she records, "that he got his energy from me, from everyone, that what he gives out he gets back; it is a sort of cycle. He was so vibrant that I found my heart thumping with excitement as tho I had drunk champagne, which I hadn't."

On the whole, Mrs. Sheridan enjoys her

experiences, but at times she is snubbed and at other times she feels as if, since she landed, she has been "metaphorically slapped and kissed alternately." When she goes to see Mrs. Otto Kahn she is received among Botticellis and tapestries. "It was a beautiful room, and one had a feeling of repose. Money can buy beautiful things, but it cannot buy atmosphere, and that was of her own creating. It felt very restful; just for a while I was in Italy—!"

A visit to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is not so fortunate. Mrs. Sheridan writes:

"I lunched with 'The Kingfisher,' as we call Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in London. I was rather disappointed with her Fifth Avenue Palazzo; it does not compare with the Kahns and has not the atmosphere. There was a beautiful Turner in one of the drawing-rooms, and a gallery full of Corots and Millets, but they were not very interesting or decorative, or else there were too many of them. I sat next to my host, whose trim beard and uncommunicative, rather unsmiling countenance, reminded me of a Bolshevik type that I used to see at the Kremlin table d'hôte. He only needed shabby clothes and his beard a little less trim. It made me think how good looking some of the Bolsheviks would be if they were millionaires.

"After lunch, when the women left the dining-room, some one hazarded a remark to the effect that the big rooms were pleasant with nobody in them! Our hostess said that was not an idea with which she was in sympathy, that she thought a big house should be full of people and as many enjoy it as possible. 'Whatever I have I want to share,' she said, and then, turning to me, 'Please tell that to the Bolsheviks.' I asked her why I should convey any such message—she evidently mistook me for a messenger of the gods. Then suddenly conversation drifted onto my plans. I was asked if when I returned I was going to live in Ireland, hadn't my father got a

place there? I answered that I lived where there was work, and, therefore, I might remain where I was, or go to Russia. Mrs. Vanderbilt looked rather surprised, and asked whether Russia paid better than any other country. That I did not know, but certain it is that any country pays more than England! This subject of payment seemed suddenly to excite her; in a tremulously querulous voice, whilst the other women sat silently, I stood up in front of the fireplace and was cross-questioned, and nagged as to that payment. Who had paid me? Had Lenin and Trotzky paid me? What did I call government money? Whose money was it and where did it come from? I said I did not know,



Courtesy of the Goldwyn Studios

SHE WANTS TO SEE EVERYTHING

Clare Sheridan, who is shown here at Hollywood, California, with her five-year-old son, sprang into international fame as the author of "Mayfair to Moscow." She is now writing an American diary. "I am drunk," she says, "with love of the world, love of the beauty and the caprice and the unexpectedness of it. I want to see it all—Mexico, China, Egypt, Greece, and back again to Russia."

indeed I felt a great longing to be able to explain as she seemed so keen—but how could I tell where the money came from for which I had to give a receipt to the 'All Russian Central Executive Committee of Soviets—' for a check signed Litvinoff (whose bust I had *not* done); for payment through a Stockholm bank.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt thought it was dreadful, and said that I upset her very much. . . .

"Altogether it was rather unpleasant, and I left as soon as I could, and wondering as I walked home why she had asked me to her house."

Mrs. Sheridan's pen-portraits include industrial magnates, senators, diplomatists and ambassadors, as well as society ladies. She speaks with enthusiasm of Barney Baruch, "the replete eagle with a kindly eye," and voices her regret that, like President Obregon, of Mexico, whom she meets later, he is too modest to allow her to model his head. "This lack of vanity in man," she comments, "is maddening. I have never met it before. I do not understand it."

James W. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Germany, is described as somewhat belated, "like a war book"; but Colonel House wins her approval when he says that America ought not to have interfered in Russian affairs. Otto Kahn pleases her, too, because, in a talk about Bolshevism, he "had an amusing point of view, so different from the usual 'foaming-at-the-mouth' reactionary. He said that the Russians are naturally an anarchistic and rebellious people incapable of self-government. That Bolshevism was a form of self-expression that would pass, as everything would pass—but why, he said, take it so tragically?"

Some of the best passages in the Diary deal with artists and sculptors. "Bob" Chanler appears here with "the head of a great French savant and a voice like a bull," while Jo Davidson "looks like a black-bearded Bolshevik, speaks like a Frenchman . . . and is just a typical international." Mrs. Sheridan devotes an entire page to her visit to George Gray Barnard's "cloister" and studio at the upper end of Manhattan Island. She made the journey in company with John Gellatly and Childe Hassam, and she says, in part:

"We went to a door and rang an old bell; even outside in the porch there was a smell of incense. An old man opened for us. He wore a black, worn robe; a rope around his waist, and a skull cap. He looked like a monk, and his face was tanned and wrinkled; but when he spoke it was American! Inside, the building was of old pink brick, with cloisters all around, of beautifully matched pairs of columns of different patterns. In the center was the stone tomb of a Crusader. . . .

"I stood at the feet of the nameless Crusader, and wondered about the soul of the man Barnard. It was evident that he was a dreamer and not a commercial artist. It was evident that his soul was athirst for certain things that his mother country lacked; for repose, mellowness of age, and tradition. Why did he not go to live and work where these things are? And I remembered that I, myself, love these things that Barnard seemed to love. I, too, love Italy, but I know, and Barnard knows, that Italy is a dream-land where everything is in the past and nothing is in the future, a land in which there is no incentive to work. And Barnard, doubtless, has energy. The man who can build a monument like this must have great energy. A worker does not go from here to Italy, the worker works here, where there is work to do, and so Barnard planted himself on a still hillside within view but out of sound of New York; and he collected stones, old worn stones from Italy and France and Spain; stones that had built tradition, and he built a little bit of old world at his gate, where his soul might some day be at rest.

"It seemed to me a great, whole explanation—and to contain such pathos that I could not speak my thoughts."

Sinclair Lewis and a group of radicals flit through these pages. Lewis is characterized as "a *real* Bohemian, full of imagination. One of the few Americans I have met who is not submerged by domesticity."

"He tells me he wrote four or five novels before he wrote 'Main Street,' but they were not a success. I asked him why that had not discouraged him. He laughed; he said it was no use being discouraged, that writing novels was all he could do, he might starve at it, but he was incapable of any other form of work. (Truly a real artist!) He had expected some people would like 'Main Street' but he had not expected it to sell. It was a great joke being famous, tho sometimes a great bore. He was extremely funny about it."

ROBERT HENRI, ONE OF THE BIG FIGURES IN AMERICAN PAINTING

INSPIRED by a faith that modern American art is equal to the European in variety and interest, if not in magnitude, Messrs. Boni and Liveright have just published the first of a series of monographs on eminent American artists. The series is to be known as the "American Art Library," and its editors are William Yarrow and Louis Bouché. This first volume deals with Robert Henri. He is characterized as an artist peculiarly American; and American traits, in this connection, are found not so much in the presentation of ideas or in the use of a new composition as in youthful curiosity and experimentation. "Immaturity and uncalculated enthusiasm, as often as not, indicate their presence as certainly as the superb poise of a Ryder, a Homer or an Eakin."

Since the passing of this great triumvirate, no man, we are told, has been a more important factor in the forming of a national tradition than Robert Henri. As painter, teacher and human being he stands alone. "The debt to him is a large one, and no one familiar with his remarkably lucid expression, with his courageous fight in all matters pertaining to his profession and with his profoundly human qualities can question his position as one of the big figures in American painting."

He was born in Cincinnati in 1865. His family, of French, English and Irish origin, had lived for several generations in Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio. His first ambition, it seems, was to be a writer, but he soon abandoned the pen for the brush, and in 1886 entered the school of the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts. Two years later he went to Paris and enrolled him-

self at the Academie Julien under Bouguereau and Fleury.

Now came a struggle in which the soul of Henri was torn between conflicting alternatives. The "tight" painting then in vogue was alien to him. He turned from his teachers to the old masters, and spent his days in the Louvre, wandering from gallery to gallery. Rembrandt, Velasquez and Hals inspired him; Rembrandt, in particular, had the quality of "livingness" for which he had sought in vain at Julien's.

A greater inspiration was soon to flood him. It was the day of Impressionism.



AN APOSTLE OF ARTISTIC INDIVIDUALITY

It is Robert Henri's aim as painter and teacher to inspire the "new point of view, new story, new element" latent in human nature.

The boldness of the new school won first his curiosity and then his allegiance. "He matched their revolutionary spirit with his own enthusiasm, finding his *raison d'être* in this world of radicals."

The first modern painter to interest him was Courbet. In the work of Courbet he found directness and uncompromizing vision. Manet and Whistler also left their imprint. The early portraits of Henri show, as Whistler's portraits show, the subtle juxtaposition of neutral grays and the use of a palette purposely restricted.

"One finds in American painting no human documents more convincing than those early portraits, notably 'The Young Woman in Black,' 'The Woman in White' and the studies of Spanish peasants. He



DUTCH JOE



JOSE



MANUS



SHAVE HEAD

seems to have developed less vigorously at this stage, and some of the canvases of his youth have a finality about them which his later work lacks. They mark a complete summary of that period of his artistic evolution, whereas his more recent paintings bear evidence of a maturer intelligence and a continual and successful search for his own way of seeing nature. His work then, like the work of all younger men, could more readily be cataloged as the result of a specific tendency, while the pictures he



WILLIE GEE

IRISH LAD



TONY

is producing to-day could only be the work of Robert Henri."

When Henri returned to America in 1891 he made his home in Philadelphia and taught at the Woman's School of Design. His studio was in Walnut Street. His group included a number of men who were later to make great reputations. There were the painter John Sloan, also an etcher and lithographer of the first rank; W. J. Glackens, to-day one of our most important figure and landscape painters; that astonishing man, George Luks; Everett Shinn, noted for his studies of the theater; James Preston, illustrator; Elmer W. Schofield, landscape painter; A. S. Calder, Charles Grafly and E. W. Redfield. It was a group intensely alive and intensely American.

Henri still visited Europe, taught in Paris, exhibited in the Salon, and was surprised and delighted when the Luxembourg Museum bought one of his pictures. But his major interest was now in America. In 1906 he was made a member of the National Academy of Design. A year later, the first "one-man" exhibition of his paintings was held at the Pennsylvania Academy. This marked the beginning of Henri's American fame.

He moved to New York and associated himself with a group of artists known as the "Eight." The other seven were Maurice Prendergast, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, Ernest Lawson, William J. Glackens, George Luks and Arthur B. Davies. These men were all insurgent and unconventional, and their work, when exhibited together in New York and other American cities, created something of a sensation. Henri, then as always, was pleading for the right of men to express their own vision, and when the National Academy refused to hang the pictures of Luks, Shinn and Glackens, he withdrew his own paintings. The "Eight" espoused the idea of "No Jury" exhibitions, and either separately or as a body have initiated many radical movements. They played an important part in the first "Independent" show in 1910, and they are still among the enthusiastic adherents of the present society of Independent Artists.

Mr. Henri at one time had his own

School of Art in New York. He has also taught at the Chase School, at the Ferrer School and still teaches at the Art Students' League. His reputation as a teacher is second only to his fame as a painter. "These two activities," we are told in the Boni and Liveright monograph on which this article is based, "have been closely allied and they have been distinguished by the absence of dogmatic tenets and by inciting free growth and expression."

"His teaching is exactly what teaching should be. It is never an attempt to impress upon the student the preceptor's personality so that weak imitation results, nor is it the hard and fast routine of an academic formula. It is rather as a guide to self-education that Henri has proved so exceptional. He soon discovered that to find realization in any art an intense consciousness of all experience is a necessary element and that the best way of helping a student is to direct his mind to the nurturing of that consciousness. The artist is not merely one who knows his craft or manipulates his materials with a love for the material itself, but is he who best understands the relationship between the various manifestations of intellectual activity. He must be a student; he must comprehend whatever analogy exists between the various arts; he must grasp the working of the esthetic intuition and be capable of fixing on his canvas those essentials of life best suited to the plastic demands of his picture. Consequently Henri does not teach—he guides—and therein lies his success."

Thoroughly characteristic of Henri's genius are his boy-portraits, six of which are reproduced in connection with this article. Several of these portraits are housed in public museums. No less than twenty-eight picture galleries, including the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, own paintings by Henri. His medals include one awarded by the International Fine Arts Exposition, of Buenos Ayres, South America. We find in this man, cosmopolitan tho he is, "the simplicity of purpose that sets apart the American artist from his more cerebral colleg of Europe. The sensitively human aspect of his painting will carry his name into the future, and succeeding generations will see in it a definite advance in the development of our esthetic ideals."

THE LEAST INTELLIGIBLE OF ALL FAILURES IN LITERATURE

ALL men are mistaken on the subject of themselves, perhaps because they love themselves best. Henri Frédéric Amiel is but a single illustration. He, like the rest of us, misunderstood his true vocation. He imagined the talents and even the ambitions that dogged his footsteps through life. Let us not belittle him, for we all resemble him in not finding out what we are fitted for until we have a foot in the grave.

From this point of view, the bright French critic, Robert de Traz, says in the *Revue de Paris* much that stimulates interest in the famous diary of Amiel—ever so many hundred pages of which have still to emerge from the censorship established by his lady friends. They knew him intuitively in his obscurity. He was a "sterile" man, tormented, disillusioned, for he did not suspect that he had not found himself. The women of his circle understood it. Perhaps they had some hint of what was in that "Journal," kept in secret by the elegant but somewhat too dainty professor who never in his life took the initiative in anything, or ran a risk or assumed a responsibility. It is not too much to say that Amiel never committed a sin or an error of taste.

Someone who had followed Amiel's career as a teacher assured M. de Traz that he did not interest his classes. Amiel accumulated notes, plans, but his anxiety to be complete rendered his courses encyclopedic. He multiplied details and had no standpoint of his own. His hearers went to sleep. The fact is that he was a professor for lack of something better to do. Esthetics and college philosophy were so many evasions of his true vocation. The remark applies to his poetry. His four volumes of verse represent infinite labor, infinite pains. The execution was not effective, despite his lofty aspirations. His impulse was genuine, but it resulted in rhetorical achievements only.

The books of Amiel are therefore so many mileposts along the road of his discouragement. He understands his own

value, but he cannot make that value intelligible to others. He is a literary impotent, filled with hopes and plans, and he sinks deeper in the waters of his own bitterness at every check. He complains of his contemporaries, of the national temperament throughout his generation, but he is too high-mindedly loyal to fail in the end to hold himself responsible as the source of all his chagrins. For all that, he fails to see that the loss of his illusion of himself as a versifier is really a gain. He would rather have lost other illusions. To be a great poet—what an atonement that would have been for the necessity of sitting in a professor's chair of esthetics! Throughout his whole life, Amiel dreamed of literary glory. He palpitated with emotion at the idea of having perhaps a few pages in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He would have found it easier to endure the indifference of the public, the bad faith of certain critics and the ridicule of his students if his verses had but found their chosen readers.

Readers—clear-sighted and indulgent at first—he had among his friends. Geneva, which, besides two or three men of genius scattered along her history, has always had a goodly number of distinguished spirits, contained at that time among others, Adolphe Pictet, an eminent Orientalist of European reputation; Ernest Naville, a thinker who was spiritualized and eloquent as well as superficial; Scherer, weighty with knowledge and with doctrine; Victor Cherbuliez, overflowing with ideas; Marc Monnier, the most amusing of talkers. Amiel was in the group. His friends had begun by expecting something great of him. They esteemed him both for his personality and for the masterpiece he would not fail to create. It was known that he meditated, that he took notes. His conversation made evident, through flashes, an ardent intellect. Nevertheless, the years accumulated, one after another. At long intervals he brought them one of those little books of verse of which he hoped so much, of which he

said nothing, which desolated them. He divined their disillusion. They were all vexed with him for not keeping promises which as a matter of fact he never made. A subtle misunderstanding poisoned their relations with him gradually.

There remained to him the favor of women. Did they divine his suffering at being misunderstood, which they were all ready to soothe?

"Did their instinct warn them that this refined and melancholy man was destined to a glory they would have loved to share and that he withheld a secret they would have loved to find out and perhaps betray?

"The fact is that Amiel always found himself surrounded by women—oddly enough, by young and old maids. His politeness and his gentleness had much to do with it.

"He was never brutal, never mocking. In spite of what some will say, women have always felt a profound preference for serious men. He relished in them that admiration charged with charity and with tenderness which he denied himself and which he had, like all of us, a desperate need of. He kept company with them—in the mountains, during the summer vacation; he carried their shawl that they might sit down on the grass, he prepared the tea, he dedicated verses to them and he corrected those they showed him, secretly. When, at last, he discovered, in one or another, that sympathy was growing warmer, he forced himself to extinguish this commencement of a conflagration. Two or three succeeded in inclining him to marriage.

"He invariably fled, leaving the aspirant desolate."

One of the most adroit of all the subtleties of Amiel's subtle spirit was his ability in causing no discouragement in the bosom of one of his women worshippers, while at the same time he yielded them nothing. Love lured him from afar, in the blue distance. At hand, and genuine, it made him afraid. He must never have experienced a sensual passion. This was due, perhaps, to feebleness of temperament, perhaps to a clean taste or rather to a taste for cleanliness and order or because of his horror of all scandal—yet above all else it must have been because he dreaded servitude, being led in leash. Adventures would have distracted him from his true occupation.

To have given himself would have signified for Amiel the surrender to another of the most precious object of all his studies. He wanted to confess himself to himself only, without scenes, without violence, in tranquillity, for years at a stretch. His prudery was the instinctive prudence of the flower that closes to form the fruit. His taste in women is further explained by the fact that Amiel had in himself something feminine. We do not yet know what may be revealed on this subject by the many pages of the journal that have still to see the light, but it is easy to foresee what curious revelations of a chaste spirit must be there. In him undoubtedly the aptitude for ideas, general ideas, and the intellectual Stoicism are the traits of the male. At certain times, for all that, his need of consolation and of caresses, his vague effusions, his longing for a return to purity, all belong to the opposite sex.

These things were all aspects of his extreme timidity. Every human being is made up, in different proportions, of elements that are feminine and elements that are virile. In the timid the elements of the opposite sex are in too great a proportion and that is just what paralyzes them. Here we have the fact that rendered a career in the true style impossible to Amiel. In his painful struggle with failure he seems to become aware that after all he is wrestling with an angel, but he is never quite certain. He does not realize that if real life escapes him—position, honors, profits—a revenge is to be his after death. When his ashes have become even more impalpable than his dreams, he will have become immortal. His journal has attained its thirtieth edition in French, it has been translated into many languages, it has evoked essays, articles, theses, interpretations. Even in his native Geneva, which has not yet erected a memorial, there seems at last some concern on the subject of this most mysterious and most solitary of great souls, a soul that essayed to find infinity within itself, a metaphysical cataleptic who never renounced obedience to conscience and was always preoccupied with the highest morality and religion.

THE REAL AND THE LEGENDARY GAUGUIN

WHEREVER painting and Polynesia are discussed—and that means almost everywhere—the name of Paul Gauguin is heard with increasing frequency. The suggestion of James Huneker that Gauguin, tho “not yet for the majority,” might become “the Paint God of the Twentieth Century,” begins to take on the aspect of prophecy. Gauguin literature in France, Germany and England is already formidable. The publication here, two years ago, of Somerset Maugham’s novel, “The Moon and Sixpence,” obviously suggested by Gauguin’s career, and of a translation of Gauguin’s Tahitian journal, “Noa Noa,” created something of a sensation. Now come two new Gauguin books, widely reviewed and discussed, one autobiographical, the other biographical. The first, “Paul Gauguin’s Intimate Journals,” is privately printed by Boni and Liveright, is translated by Van Wyck Brooks, and contains a preface by Gauguin’s son Emile, dated Philadelphia, May, 1921. The second, “Paul Gauguin: His Life and Art,” published by Nicholas L. Brown, is the work of the American poet, John Gould Fletcher.

Out of all this literature rises a figure partly real, partly legendary and intensely appealing. One may like Gauguin or dislike him; one can hardly be indifferent to him. Frederick O’Brien, who has done more than any other American of our generation to popularize the lore of the South Sea Islands, speaks of Gauguin (in the *Century*) as one of the most necessary artists of the nineteenth century. “In this stark, brooding, wounded *insurrecto*, this child of France and the ardent tropic of South America,” he says, “each of us who has suffered and rebelled, if only in our hearts, gains a vicarious expression and an outlet for our atavistic and fearful desires.”

The “Gauguin legend,” far better known than his pictures and, in this country at least, discussed by many who are quite unaware of his reputation as a painter, is summarized by Emile Gauguin as follows:

“Once upon a time there was a middle-aged, somewhat commonplace and moderately successful stock broker. He had a wife and three children to whom he was extremely devoted. Neither his family nor his friends had cause to suspect that he entertained any



GAUGUIN IN TAHITI

Through the eyes of Cesaire we see here the French painter who left home and country to live in the South Sea Islands. This drawing is reproduced from the *New York Times*.



GAUGUIN'S "LOVERS"

One of the best of the canvases in which he struggled to convey "the primal innocence, the enigmatic mystery, of life as it was lived in Eden and in the days of man's awakening—in that Golden Dawn dreamed by every great poet and every great painter."

other ambition than to finish his days as a prosperous business man and a good paterfamilias. Then one night he shed all his domestic virtues in his sleep. He awoke an inhuman monster. Gone was his love of family. Gone were his bourgeois ambitions and respectability. A burning fever to paint possessed him. So he fled to Paris, with never a thought or a care for his dependent family, and devoted himself to his newly adopted art in sublime defiance of academic tradition. And at last, finding civilization too irksome to be borne, he retired to Tahiti, where he lived and loved and painted and died like a savage."

The main source of this legend is Somerset Maugham's novel, tho readers have only themselves to blame if they insist on transferring to Gauguin all the characteristics of the English hero of this memorable story. It is interesting, however, to learn on Emile Gauguin's authority that his father's decision to become a painter was no such Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation as that indicated in the paragraph

just quoted. "I have a drawing," Emile Gauguin tells us, "he made of my mother as early as 1873, the year of their marriage." He continues:

"Indeed, all his life he had dabbled with paints, much to my mother's annoyance, when on occasions he would use her best linen table-cloth for canvas or her finest petticoat for paint-rags. It was 1882 when he definitely renounced commerce for art. His determination was reached after due consultation with my mother. She agreed to let him go, not because she had faith in his genius but because she respected his passion for art. It was brave of her. It meant that she was to assume the burden of maintaining and educating the children. 'Sale bourgeoise,' my father called her; but all his life he respected her profoundly."

The "Intimate Journals," read in conjunction with John Gould Fletcher's biography, offer a real picture of Paul Gauguin—much more real than that suggested in "Noa Noa," which was revized and re-

written by his friend and biographer, Charles Morice. And the real Gauguin, it may well be argued, is more fascinating than the legendary Gauguin, as fact is ever stranger than fiction. "I hate nullity, the half-way," might be taken as Gauguin's life-motto. With him, as with Ibsen's Brand, it was "all or nothing."

Mr. Fletcher finds the secret of Gauguin's temperament in his maternal ancestry. His mother was the daughter of a certain Chazal, of whom we know little, and of a celebrated Socialist pamphleteer and agitator, Flora Tristan. Through this Flora Tristan the child traced his descent to Spanish nobility, for her father was Mariano Tristan y Moscoso, an officer in the Peruvian Army and a man of influence in the South American Republic. Chazal, it seems, was a wild and erratic figure. He stabbed Flora Tristan in 1836, and was condemned to twenty years of penal servitude for the offense. "In Chazal," Mr. Fletcher comments, "we find the source of Gauguin's violence and headstrong irritability; in Flora Tristan we see whence he drew his love of personal and individual liberty, his hatred of moral restraint, his scorn of the bourgeoisie, his Spanish hauteur and stoicism. Half-savage Spanish blood flowed in his veins, a mixture of Arab, Celt and African."

Gauguin was taken as a child to South America, but he was educated at a Jesuit seminary in Orleans, in France. His first efforts to earn a living were aboard a cargo-boat as a pilot's apprentice, and his first voyage was from Hayre to Rio de Janeiro. It was during this voyage that he heard from the lips of a shipmate a story of the latter's life when shipwrecked among the natives of the Society Islands in the Pacific. The memory of that story doubtless influenced him later in his choice of Tahiti as a residence.

Gauguin's wife was the daughter of a Protestant clergy-

man of Copenhagen. He had five children by her. It is true that, following 1871, he was successful in speculation on the Paris Bourse. But the time came when stocks seemed to him unimportant, and art all-important. "Henceforward," he said, "I will paint every day." His wife took the children to her relatives in Copenhagen. He went with her for a while, but later returned to Paris. We cannot acquit him of being a bad husband, a bad father and a bad friend. He enraged Vincent van Gogh to the point of madness. He assailed even his benefactors. He "attached practically no sentiment to the sexual relations into which he entered with various women," Mr. Fletcher tells us. "No man was less fitted for living in the midst of cultivated society than he."

Gauguin's art is mainly associated with three spots, Martinique, Brittany and Tahiti. He sought in Martinique, as Lafcadio Hearn did, an escape from civiliza-



GAUGUIN AS HE PORTRAYED HIMSELF

One of the many self-portraits that Gauguin left. He "is not yet for the majority," James Huneker says, but he "may become the Paint God of the Twentieth Century."

tion, and he found there, according to Mr. Fletcher, "a revelation of a world which had not lost touch with Nature—a world of men who were content to remain, in Nature's eyes, something as ephemeral and as harmonious as the trees, the flowers, the beasts among which they lived." What appealed to him in Brittany was the sea; an unspoiled people; above all, repose from the everlasting chatter of art theories. "Brittany," as Mr. Fletcher puts it, "gave him greater faith in himself; Brittany began to dispel the nineteenth-century skepticism that was slowly stifling him." But it was in Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands that Gauguin truly "found" himself. Far from life as he had known it he struggled to set on canvas "the primal innocence, the enigmatic mystery, of life as it was lived in Eden and in the days of man's awakening—in that Golden Dawn dreamed by every great poet and every great painter."

How far he succeeded it is still too early to say, but his star is rising steadily. Every scrap of his work is treasured. The fame and financial success which life denied him have come in abundance after his death. Mr. Fletcher dispels the legend that Gauguin died of leprosy. His death, which took place at Atuana, in the Marquesas Isles, on May 6, 1903, when he was forty-five years old, was due to syncope of the heart. "His energy, with which he had kept up for so many years the struggle with the world and out of which he had drawn so many beautiful pictures, was worn out. The machine slackened and stopped."

A few days before his death he had written to his friend, Charles Morice, in France, his last letter:

"I am on the ground, but I am not beaten. The Indian who smiles while he is being tortured is not conquered. You are mistaken if you meant that I am wrong in calling myself a savage. I *am* a savage and the civilized feel this, for there is nothing in my work which could produce bewilderment save this savage strain in me, for which I am not myself responsible. It is therefore inimitable. Every human work is a revelation of the individual. Hence there are two kinds of beauty—one comes from instinct, the other from labor. The union of the two, with

the modifications resulting therefrom, produces great and very complicated richness. Art criticism has yet to discover the fact. . . . Raphael's great science does not for a moment prevent me from discovering the instinct of the beautiful as the essential quality in him. Raphael was born with beauty. All the rest in him is modification.

"Physics, chemistry and, above all, the study of nature have produced an epoch of confusion in art, and it may be truly said that artists robbed of all their savagery have wandered into all kinds of paths in search of the productive element they no longer possess. They now act only in disorderly groups and are terrified if they find themselves alone. Solitude is not to be recommended to every one, for a man must have strength to bear it and to act alone. All I have learnt from others has been an impediment to me. It is true I know little, but what I do know is my own."

Yet civilization, after all, had the last word. The Roman Catholic Bishop in Atuana, whom Gauguin in life had hated and caricatured, intervened when he lay cold and lifeless, and buried him with full religious rites in the cemetery of the Church. And, by a culminating stroke of irony, the grave was left unmarked. "Thus one of the greatest painters of the later nineteenth century, and one of the bravest men the world has ever seen," Mr. Fletcher concludes, "mingled his dust with that of the humblest natives, in the same way that Blake, one of the greatest painters of the early nineteenth century, had been buried before him in an unmarked grave among the paupers, at Bunhill Fields."

There is something in Gauguin that reminds Mr. Fletcher of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Walt Whitman. All three dreamed of a great return to nature and preached "the new gospel that must some day prevail—the gospel that will set humanity above material progress and nature above esthetic negation." Their vision was of something higher and nobler than themselves. "In Rousseau's prose, in Whitman's poetry and in Gauguin's painting we see the only gleam of hope for self-tortured humanity, and the promise of a land where nature and man are one and where reigns a peace that passes all understanding."



THE University of Michigan, a forward-looking institution, is offering a novel attraction to its students. They are to enjoy the advantages of personal contact with a real live poet. President Burton, "believing that university students should get something immeasurably greater and more valuable out of a college course than all the text-books and lectures offer," has arranged to have Robert Frost, the New England "poet of the common life," accept a fellowship in poetry with a salary of \$5,000. The arrangement is ideal for the poet. He will not have to conduct any lectures or classes; just living in Ann Arbor, according to his own fancy and shedding upon the students, so to speak, the light of his countenance and the inspiration of his personality. He will not even have to fulfill an equivalent of the English poet laureate's function of celebrating academic glories and traditions on occasion. In President Burton's own words, "the poet will simply be a lovable human being, unhampered and unharassed." And he foresees how "this freedom from worry and routine duties will tend to inspire him to do his greatest work." That was also, perhaps, the idea of annually giving the laureate a butt of malmsey. A similar arrangement has been made with Percy Mackaye by an Ohio University, and we happen to know that a Southern University is casting about with a view to repeating the performance.

We live in a utilitarian age. The utilization as by-products of what used to be considered waste is one of its marked features. An old-fashioned notion regarded the poet as fulfilling his chief end in life when he wrote poetry; but, as the *Dear-born Independent* loquaciously observes, hereafter all the sweetness and light, the

grace and beauty, generated in the process, will not be left to be distilled out of his writings by chance readers or partial critics contemporary or posthumous. It will be remembered that both Longfellow and Lowell did much of their best work while acquitting themselves of the duties of Harvard professorships. Yet, as the organ of Henry Ford peals warningly, there is the awful example of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, in mid-career, was freed by the bequest of an admirer from any care about pleasing publishers or public, and who wrote never another line worthy of his genius! Still the experiment is one that will be watched with interest. As a fact there are enough authentic poets, men and women, now living and writing in this country to supply all the leading schools of learning with poetry professors per se. Consider the women. Grace Hazard Conkling is already established at Smith, but Edna Millay might becomingly fill a chair at Vassar, Sara Teasdale at Bryn Mawr, Jessie Rittenhouse at Radcliffe, Marguerite Wilkinson at Wellesley, and so on.

Meanwhile Miss Rittenhouse comes forward with a new book, "The Lifted Cup" (Houghton-Mifflin), which is no less graceful in texture than slight in volume. Its 57 pages contain nothing superior to the lyrics assembled some two years ago in "The Door of Dreams," but they are marked by a uniform excellence of technique and a certain distinction of feeling. For example:

THE SECRET

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I GO in vesture spun by hands
Upon no loom of earth,
I dwell within a shining house
That has no walls nor hearth;

I live on food more exquisite
Than honey of the bee,
More delicate than manna
It falls to nourish me;

But none may see my shining house,
Nor taste my food so rare,
And none may see my moon-spun robe
Nor my star-powdered hair.

THE CAPTIVE

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

ONLY a day ago, it seems,
The world was a wide, wide place,
And all my thoughts could wander far
On the four winds of space.

But now my thoughts are captive birds
That have no will for flight,
You shut them fast within your heart
All on an April night

MARSH-GRASS

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I SAW the marsh-grass blowing;
It took me far away;
For I was born where marsh-grass
Was endlessly at play.

Its ripples were the gladdest things
That one could ever see,
So who would think that marsh-grass
Would bring the tears to me?

THE DOOR

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

THERE was a door stood long ajar,
That one had left for me,
While I went trying other doors
To which I had no key.

And when at last I turned to seek
The refuge and the light,
A gust of wind had shut the door
And left me in the night.

In an attractively printed brochure issued by The Bookfellows (Chicago) and entitled "In Gossamer Grey," we find two lyrics possessed of a distinct singing quality. They are:

IT MAY BE

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

IT may be the stars have been dead
For more than a million years,
And what we see
Is their light traveling through space.

It may be my dreams have been dead
For centuries,
And what I feel
Is their light traveling through song.

HEARTS

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

O HEARTS there are that cry at night
And hearts that sing by day,
But hearts that cannot cry or sing
Must dumbly waste away.

O hearts that cry are eased in storms,
And hearts that sing, in peace,
But silent hearts in all the world
Can never find release!

Miss Millay has a magic of her own in saying things that are all but untranslatable, and her quaint sorcery is exemplified in the following verses from *Ainslee's*:

THE PHILOSOPHER

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

AND what are you, that, wanting you,
I should be kept awake
As many nights as there are days
With weeping, for your sake?

And what are you, that, missing you,
As many days as crawl,
I should be listening to the wind
And looking at the wall?

I know a man that's a braver man,
And twenty men as kind,
And what are you that you should be
The one man in my mind?

(Yet women's ways are witless ways,
As any sage will tell;
And what am I, that I should love
So wellly and so well?)

The first of the following poems is from *Telling Tales* and the second is from *Ainslee's*. They impress us as being very excellent in their separate and individual ways:

SONG OF THE PLOW

By HARRY KEMP

IT was I who raised from famine all the
hordes and tribes of Man—
I have never ceased nor faltered since the
tilth of fields began,
Since the first poor crooked stick was drawn
across the wandering earth,

And upon the Man who used it all his tribes-
men gazed in mirth—
But the wild seeds sprang in blossom more
abundant than before
And the fool who toiled all Summer had
the wise man's winter store!
It was I who built Chaldea and the Cities
on the Plain;
I was Greece and Rome and Carthage and
the opulence of Spain.
When their courtiers walked in scarlet and
their queens wore chains of gold,
And forgot 't was I that made them, grow-
ing Godless folk and bold,
I went over them in judgment and again
my cornfields stood
Where their empty courts bowed homage in
obsequious multitude. . . .
For the nation that forgets me, in that hour
her doom is sealed
By a judgment as from heaven that can
never be repealed!

THE DEPARTING GUEST

By HARRY KEMP

SCORNING my hospitality,
Was it youth that fled from me?
A blind moth smote the window sash;
The fire fell into sudden ash;
I heard a creaking down the floor;
I heard the shutting of a door;
I caught a tread of passing feet,
Yet saw no one go down the street.
Was it youth who stole away?
My happy guest but yesterday!

Poetry and patriotism are, strange to
say, not often happily mated, and we are
not sure that the following poem, from
All's Well (Fayetteville, Ark.), is an ar-
tistic success, but it bears a noble title and
strives to express a noble emotion:

VIEW-HALLOO

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

WHAT tho in shining song,
Silver be tendered?
Golden tho be the gong,
What sound is rendered?
Tolling for royalty,
Ring in control,
Order and loyalty,
Bronzed and American,
Laughing, convivial,
(Austere nor trivial),
Singing the right
As well as the wrong,
In chorus with those who are vocal in kind
And, gifted with vision or avid and blind,

Are groping and searching in spirit to find
That the life of the one is the life of the
whole.

True,
Fellowman,
You,
In the van,
May hear and see more of God and His plan
Than one to whom nothing in truth is less
clear
To see and to hear.
Yet America wakens, with summer in sight
And April in flower,
Year after year,
At the flowering hour,
And calls in the caves that are darker than
doubt,
Darker with foemen within than without.
Slowly shaping a word
To be heeded and heard
And weighed by the world,
Its spirit is curled
And hooded to strike,
With a passion of might
And of mercy alike,
For that which is right,
And against every crying injustice and wrong
That may sadden a song.

Whitman, as flower and flag,
Emerson, soul,
Poe, as the singing voice,
Cheer on ahead,
Bidding the oncoming legions rejoice.
Need such a people in union to brag?
All being said,
They of the vision have surely to stand,
Eyes on the goal,
Till the little that leavens has leavened the
whole
Of this wonder land
So young and so old.

Youth to be spent, and age to inherit
A splendor of spirit
That sooner or later,
Behold!
Shall bring a creator,
An equal or greater
Than Shakespeare to hand.

Shut away behind the walls of an east-
ern penitentiary is a poet whose long con-
finement and knowledge of the heights and
depths of emotion have inspired a poetic
record of his life and the lives of his com-
panions. The author expresses the spirit
and pathos of his book, "A Tale of a

Walled Town" (Lippincott), in the following lines:

DE PROFUNDIS

By B. 8266

THE Dead-Alive!

O God and Thou would lift
That ban of life, and give us now clean
shrif!

Better a Hell where Hope is not,
Than Hell where every waking thought
Is of that Day that lies ahead,
Or of that Day that lies behind,
When we were fool, or mad, or blind!

In the *New Statesman* (London) we find the following parable in verse the excellence of which emphasizes the modesty of the poet in maintaining anonymity:

THE UNICORNS

By A. A. LE M. S.

SHUDDER now, tremble. See where the
unicorns browse

On the white dark cherry.
They thrust their hard pride through the still
moon-frozen boughs
To snap at the topmost swaying berry.

They tear the grass with their feet and snort
aloud

— See daffodil fly from hoof!
And the beautiful shadows lone and proud
Draw in aloof!

Will nobody scare the orchard of the uni-
corns?

They toss their flaming hair on the velvet
gloom;
And, see, where a trembling moony night-
ingale
Throws down the bloom.

The pale boughs shake with shiver of thrust-
ing horn;

Mute to the stars they sway,
And the orchard silently mourns its white-
ness shorn:
— Will nobody drive the unicorns away?

Out of a tapered chamber dark

A child's sweet breathing fills
The dreaming orchard-air, and, hark!
The ring of galloping hoofs on the iron
hills.

In *The Century* we find the first of the following characteristic lyrics, and in the *Yale Review* the second:

THE WISE WOMAN

By SARA TEASDALE

SHE must be rich who can forego
An hour so jeweled with delight;
She must have treasuries of joy
That she can draw on day and night;

She must be sure of heaven itself.
Or is it only that she feels
How much more safe it is to lack
A thing that fate so often steals?

THE CRYSTAL GAZER

By SARA TEASDALE

I SHALL gather myself into myself again,
I shall take my scattered selves and
make them one,
I shall fuse them into a polished crystal ball
Where I can see the moon and the flashing
sun.

I shall sit like a sibyl, hour after hour intent,
Watching the future come and the present
go—
And the little shifting pictures of people
rushing
In tiny self-importance to and fro.

In the *Dookman*, which is going far
afield for poetry that has no savor of
bookishness, we come upon an admirable
sonnet, to wit:

HARBOR TALK

By DAVID MORTON

MORE lonesome than a lonesome ship at
sea,

The sailing moon rides beautifully by,
Blown from such purple harbors as may be
In unimagined corners of the sky.
She is not careless where she gazes down
On sleepy streets the silver silence fills,
But thoughtfully ever of a little town,
And foolish-fond of little, wooded hills.

Sea-folk are given so to telling tales,
I think the moon, when she puts in at last,
May spin a story where she reefs her sails,—
And there her talk of shorelands that she
passed
Is all of glimmering meadows, ghostly still,
A sleepy town . . . a lonesome little hill.

Now and then the *Pagan* is distin-
guished by an authentic poem, such as
the following:

APPLE AND ELM

By CAROLYN C. WILSON

THE apple spreads wide skirts around,
 Squatting homely on the ground,
 Glad to take a lazy chap
 On her ample mother-lap,
 Eager to provide him sweet
 Striped wholesome fruits to eat.

But the elm, remote and high,
 Lays her fingers on the sky,
 Strains for stars, and dreams and broods,
 Intricate with many moods.
 Yet if you persist to woo,
 She may net a star for you.

Miss Lowell, of late, seems to be happiest in terse epigrammatic lyrical utterance as exemplified by the following lines from the *Atlantic Monthly*:

PRIME

By AMY LOWELL

YOUR voice is like bells over roofs at dawn
 When a bird flies
 And the sky changes to a fresher color.

Speak, speak, Beloved.
 Say little things
 For my ears to catch
 And run with them to my heart.

The simplicity and direct appeal of the following unpretentious verses, appearing in the *N. Y. Times*, disarm criticism:

GOOD-BY

By CAROLINE M. LEWIS

GOOD-BY, little cabin, until I come again
 I leave you the tenderness of the slow rain.

The winds shall caress you,
 The red leaves shall dress you,
 And lovingly dress you when long they have lain.

The great fir, all silvery in the bright dew,
 I leave as a sentinel, fathering you.

Good-by, little cabin, for Summer is done
 And the cold haze of Autumn has blotted the sun.

The woodland seems sleeping,
 Where chill breath comes creeping,
 And shy quail are cheeping and gray squirrels run.

Soon days will turn colder and storm clouds will frown,

And I must go back to my duty in town.

Good-by, little cabin, you've been such a friend,

And sheltered and comforted us without end.
 While you wait for us here

We will think of you, dear,
 And, with Spring of next year, we'll be coming again.

Good-by, little cabin, may your long sleep be sweet,

With the fir high above and the world at your feet.

With simple ceremonies, the removal of the Stars and Stripes and a few words in appreciation of the poetry of Alan Seeger, a tablet was unveiled last month to mark the building at 61 South Washington Square, New York, where once lived the author of "I Have a Rendezvous With Death." The tablet, designed and executed in the Lamb studios, has been placed between the center windows of the house and in a position where it can easily be read from the street. It is:

ALAN : SEEGER

POET

BORN · JUNE · 22 · 1888

FALLEN · FOR · FRANCE

JULY · 4 · 1916

LIVED · IN · THIS · HOUSE

1911 — 1912

AFFIXED · 1921 · BY

THE · WRITERS

THROUGH · THE · GENEROSITY

OF · AN · OLD · RESIDENT

This marking of the one-time home of the poet supplements the presentation last spring by the Writers Club of a tree planted in Washington Square across from the house in which Alan Seeger boarded. In the same category come the recent unveiling of a statue of Edgar Allan Poe, in Baltimore, and the raising of a fund by the Poetry Society of America of \$200 for two Angelus bells to be hung in French villages, in the devastated region, in memory of Joyce Kilmer and Alan Seeger.

A BANK WHOSE DEPOSITORS SHARE DIVIDENDS

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

THERE are a great many people who are firmly convinced that the division of banking profits between depositors and stockholders isn't fair. Let me give their argument as it comes from one of the champions of the "people" against the "interests." He says: "The essentials of banking are that it consists of receiving other people's money (O. P. M.) and lending it out again, often to the same people who deposited it. That is how banking differs from other business. The banker borrows the depositors' money usually for nothing, and then lends the same money back again at from 6 to 10 per cent. interest. Bankers use other people's capital. This is the reason why banking is so profitable. They supply a portion of the capital themselves in the paid-up capital stock of the bank, but almost all the money they control is the money of other people placed in their hands for safe-keeping. For every dollar of their own money, the bankers have over twelve dollars of other people's money. They loan the money of other people as well as their own, and collect interest on it."

Champions of the "people" have said a great many more things about the banks and the way they operate in the interests of the "Money Trust" of Wall Street, and of the "strangle-hold" of capital upon labor maintained and perpetuated by the present banking system. It is, no doubt, with a view to obtaining release from this apparent condition of thralldom that we find labor in the banking business, firmly established with a going national bank at Cleveland, Ohio.

Partly because of the teachings of the 'champions,' and partly because the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—those "Aristocrats of Labor," as they are called—is a rich and old body of men that has accumulated in the aggregate a large amount of surplus money, and partly to serve as an example to weaker and less

"aristocratic" unions, this Brotherhood entered the banking business and opened its doors as a national bank in November, 1920, under the name of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Cooperative National Bank. It is, of necessity, a member of the Federal Reserve banking system. It accepts deposits in any sum from one dollar up. It offers no preferentials as between union men, workmen, farmers, capitalists or other citizens or persons desiring to use the services of the bank, which means that all sorts and conditions of men are welcome to its services. The bank is being conducted on strictly business principles, and is an experiment upon the success or failure of which much will depend, for both labor and capital throughout the country are closely watching.

The capital of the bank is \$1,000,000, with a surplus of \$100,000. This money was all actually subscribed and paid in cash before its doors were opened for business—indeed, this was necessary under the banking law. Fifty-one per cent. of the capital stock belongs to the Brotherhood and the balance is owned by the members individually. The executive officers are recruited from the banking world—the best material obtainable. At last accounts the deposits had reached \$7,000,000. There seems to be no reason why this bank should not be successful. It has started right and the reputation of the Brotherhood for conservatism in all things should be sufficient warrant for its safe conduct.

There is just one difference, however, between this and other banks. It does not propose to let its stockholders walk off with all the profits. It proposes to pay them 10 per cent., when earned, the balance, if any, to be distributed among the depositors. "This," says Mr. W. F. McCaleb, the vice-president, "will undoubtedly have the effect of attracting depositors to our institution, and may modify

to a degree existing banking practices."

So far as I am able to learn, this is the only instance where a national bank has placed a limit on the dividend possibilities of its stock and offers to share its surplus earnings with its depositors in the form of dividends. As evidence, however, that it proposes to live up to its promises, a dividend of approximately 1 per cent., in addition to the regular 4 per cent. interest paid on savings accounts, is now being distributed to depositors as a result of its first full year of operation. It is a common enough practice for banks, national and otherwise, to pay depositors something for the use of their money, but it is paid as interest, monthly, on current balances. There is no uniformity about the practice, some paying as high as $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year or more, some as low as $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or less. It is often a matter of negotiation—all restricting any payments to accounts carrying daily balances above a certain sum, sometimes \$200, sometimes \$500, often \$1,000 or even \$10,000; but whatever the amount the Cleveland bank pays from time to time in dividends to its depositors out of earnings that would otherwise go to stockholders, even the promise of such a division should prove a valuable "business-getter."

The first essential in banking is confidence. As between two or more banks, that enjoying the greatest degree of confidence in a given community will receive the greatest measure of patronage. Next comes service, and it goes without saying that the institution which treats you the best—whose teller and cashier greet you with a smile rather than a scowl when you present yourself at the wicket—that gives you the most for your money in one way or another, is going to receive your patronage. The Brotherhood bank at Cleveland has the confidence of the people who believe in the integrity and ability of its officers and directors; so why should it not receive a liberal share of the business of that community? Add to this the participation feature held out to depositors, and its success should be assured. Another labor bank is forming in Philadelphia under the wing of a large number of unions headed by the Pennsylvania

State Federation of Labor, but the enterprise has not yet been launched. Its promoters are probably awaiting the outcome of the Cleveland experiment.

The organization of labor banks is construed to be a move on the part of the unions to fight capital with its own weapons. Labor knows its strength—the strength of nearly five million organized men. It sees some of the national banks, particularly the big Wall Street banks, so-called, paying their stockholders enormous sums of money every year in dividends—20 per cent., 30 per cent., 40 per cent. or more, while it, the people, the depositors, receive but little. It sees national banks and trust companies with deposits running up to 300, 400 or 500 million dollars, with capital stock issues of but a tenth or a twentieth of that amount. It sees the stockholders receiving as much money or more in dividends for the use of their limited amounts as the depositors receive for their enormously larger contribution to the bank's earning fund, and it says it isn't fair. Labor expects its union banks to apply the remedy and to see to it that it gets some of the "velvet."

There are thousands of banks in the United States that do not earn 10 per cent. with which to pay either stockholders or depositors. The average of the entire country is just about 12 per cent., which includes all banks, large and small, and the profit-sharing plan of the Brotherhood bank may, in the last analysis, amount to but little in actual dividend returns to depositors, for its chances of doing much better than the average bank are small.

Any plan that will equitably distribute the money earned by banks among those furnishing it will be welcome. If there is an extra half of 1 per cent., or 1 per cent. or more, due depositors they should receive it. In the aggregate bank deposits amount to huge figures, and even fractions of a per cent. count big in dollars. Applied to the large metropolitan banks, it cuts a telling figure, for earnings are large. Applied to the average of banks throughout the land, it is of much less consequence.

Perhaps the Cleveland institution has solved the problem and it appears that it

is making an earnest endeavor to do so. An outsider, however, who represents neither labor nor capital, might consider its cause to be better advanced by the elimination of some of the violent literature of the variety used by the "champions" of the people. This is the weak point in the Cleveland program. These "aristocrats" should present a better example to their less-favored and less-prosperous brothers. It must not be lost sight of that banking must be made attractive to investors in its stock and that, as at present practiced in all banks, the depositor gets "his" in the form of interest as a part of the running expense of the bank before the stockholders get even a "look in."

But can labor ride two horses and not fall to the ground? Can it successfully operate in the dual capacity of capital and labor? Granted that the Cleveland experiment is successful, that other labor banks follow suit and are also successful, will labor then be labor, or will it be capital?

As long ago as any of us can remember, and longer, labor has always stood apart from capital and capital has always stood apart from labor; there has always been a "great gulf fixed" between them. But as labor banks grow and as labor begins to see things with the eyes of capital—for labor will then be capital—will not the distinction gradually cease to exist? Will not the cause for the age-old antagonism be removed? There is room in this broad land of ours for labor banks and for capital banks. It is not necessary to bring class hatred into a matter which will solve itself, if left alone, on purely business and economic grounds. If labor demonstrates that bank depositors are entitled to receive a better return on their money, and that they can be paid these additional sums without disturbing the economic principles that govern the handling and distribution of banking funds, then it will have performed a valuable service, for all banks will be obliged to do likewise. It is a period of watchful waiting in banking.

FRISCO OWNS AND RUNS ITS 5-CENT-FARE LINES AT A PROFIT

SAN FRANCISCO has a municipally-owned street railway system that is confounding the financiers. At a time when practically every street railway in the United States is shouting for help and prophesying its own bankruptcy as an argument for higher fares, this 67-mile system has been quietly accumulating profits to the tune of \$1,700,000. The existence of this fund, realized by few persons even in San Francisco, was revealed in dramatic fashion when the Board of Supervisors at a recent meeting considered a sub-committee report recommending a \$200,000 extension through a certain residential district. In the midst of the discussion, the chairman of the finance committee, Ralph McLeran, was asked: "How much money is available at the present time for extending the municipal lines?" He made the astounding reply: "We can spend \$1,200,000 without bringing the depreciation fund below the

\$500,000 mark." Gasping, the board promptly voted to expend \$850,000 on three extensions immediately, leaving an equal sum in the treasury. In the *New York Globe* a special correspondent presents these facts that make the achievement the more remarkable:

The sum indicated had been amassed in only ten years of operation. It has been done on a uniform 5-cent fare. The system has paid the highest wages of any street railway in the country—never less than \$3 per eight-hour day to platform men, and for the past three years \$5 an eight-hour day. The line has paid taxes at the regular city rate, being assessed at its actual value. It has regularly made its payments for retirement of the bonds by which it was constructed, and has paid full interest on outstanding bonds. In other words, it is buying itself.

It has placed 4 per cent. of its gross receipts in a fund for insurance and acci-

dent payments. It has given service of the highest class, both as to frequency and comfort of cars and rapidity of transit. It has paid for the repair of its lines and rolling stock, and for the purchase of new cars and equipment. And it has annually reported profits—not large profits—but profits of around \$10,000 or \$15,000, enough to convince all but the doubters, those financial interests opposed to municipal invasion into private fields. These interests have used the small reported profits as an indication that all was not well in the largest municipal railway in the country. Annual reports of the San Francisco system have invariably been made the basis for attacks of this sort.

By way of explanation, we are told that the system has been quietly piling up its earnings under a bookkeeping device that insured their being applied to the benefit of the system, not diverted to outside purposes. It is called a "depreciation fund" and is designed to absorb 18 cents out of every dollar of income—18 per cent. of the gross receipts. This fund, on the books, appears along with taxes, interest, bond redemption, etc., as a charge against the line—a liability, not an asset. However, it is said to have turned out to be the greatest asset that could be devised.

An interesting light on successful municipal ownership and operation of public-service corporations is thrown by Frederick Boeken, manager of the San Francisco system, who states that the pur-

pose of the Board of Public Works in fixing an 18 per cent. depreciation fund was to avoid political pitfalls. While, he says, there was little or no basis of American experience to go on, it was thought highly possible that if the line showed large profits, such profits would be promptly taken over by the city treasury and expended by the supervisors in appropriations for other things than the railway system itself. An 18 per cent. depreciation fund is as high as any in the country, on any street railway. It has at times been a heavy burden for the line to carry. But the earnings in each given year have been sufficient to carry it, to pay all other expenses, and to permit a slight profit as well.

In the fiscal year 1919-20, the line took in gross receipts—on a 5-cent fare—of \$2,703,061. The depreciation fund, accordingly, gained \$486,551, or 18 per cent. of the above. Which, in a nutshell, is the story of the \$1,700,000 "kitty."

The success of this municipal enterprise "shows what can be done by a street railway system that is not burdened with dividends on watered stock, or interest-bearing loans from banks, legal expenses, lofty salaries to overpaid executives and fancy officials, secret payments to union officials, a publicity or propaganda department, and all the million and one extraneous expenses for which the people are 'soaked' by private corporations throughout the land."

RAISING BUMPER CROPS WITH POISON GAS

CARBON fertilization of crops or, in other words, the distribution among growing plants of carbonic acid gas (the CO₂ of school books, a gas fatal to human beings and animals in very moderate quantities, but indispensable to plant life), is being carried on with extraordinary results in Germany. Through the application of adequate doses of this poison gas wheat ears are doubled in weight and size; rye is equally increased; and in impoverished soil rise potatoes, cabbages,

peas, tomatoes and fruits surpassing the prize products of model farms. From red currants to pumpkins no fruit has been discovered that cannot be poisoned into extra size and nutritiousness. And all this magic, reports Robert Crozier Long, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which will "revolutionize agriculture and ultimately the trade of the world," will be achieved at a very moderate expenditure and at practically no operating cost.

As yet, of course, carbon fertilization is in its infancy, and, being an infant, its brilliancy may be exaggerated. There are visionaries already talking of onions as big as pumpkins and of pumpkins as big as balloons. But Friedrich Riedel, of Essen, we are told, who has done most to apply carbon fertilization practically, has proved that any country's food crops may be doubled with CO_2 . For more than three years it has been carried on on a great scale; and the triumphs achieved—verified by minute records and confirmed by conversion of authoritative doubters—give fair color to Riedel's prediction that before long a gas equipment will be as obvious a part of an efficient farm as of an efficient military force. We read:

"Carbon provides the bricks and mortar of every plant, of its root, stalk, leaf, ear, fruit and seed. The water contents, which in some plant parts outweigh everything else, are here ignored. Water constitutes as much as 75 per cent. of the potato, against 24 per cent. nutritive organic matter, and it constitutes 13 per cent. of the rye grain against 85 per cent. If both water and minerals—between 1 and 2 per cent.—are left out of account, 49 per cent. of the average plant consists of carbon, against 43.5 per cent. oxygen, 6.3 per cent. hydrogen and 1.2 per cent. nitrogen. Of carbon, that means, is used 40 times as much as of nitrogen, for which in the form of nitrates every farmer provides as a matter of course. Of cellulose 44.4 per cent. is carbon; of lignin, the wood matter, 55 per cent.; of sugar 40 per cent.; of straw 45 to 50 per cent.; of albumen 50 to 54 per cent.; and of oils and fat actually 76 per cent. Carbon supplies from nearly one-half to two-thirds of the substance of every plant material which has value as food or in industrial use.

"For growth, in addition to the four chief elements mentioned, every plant requires nine other elements: sulphur, silicium, chlorine, sodium, magnesium, iron, calcium, potassium and phosphorus. Of these, with the exception of calcium, potassium and phosphorus, all soils contain enough. The practical farmer recognizes this when he applies lime, potash salts and phosphates; and having applied also nitrates he has done, he holds, his duty to the full. The duty of supplying carbon is performed, he is convinced, by the atmosphere. The quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, it is true, is small. Measured by volume it is .03 per cent., or three parts in

10,000, against 78.04 per cent. of nitrogen, 20.99 per cent. of oxygen, .94 per cent. of argon, and traces of four other gases.

"That is average country air; tests taken outside Munich 40 years ago showed only .02 per cent. of CO_2 , or two-thirds of normal; and a London December day once revealed 14.1 per cent., or nearly 500 times the normal. At most, the quantity is small. But the quantity of CO_2 actually available for plant growth is greater than the average proportion in the air. The gas is brought down to the soil dissolved in rain, and evaporation releases it. The quantity released varies according to the height of the cloud and the slowness and fineness of the rain. The organic matter in a humous soil is continually decomposed by bacteria, worms and minute animals, and the carbonic-acid gas is set free. Organic, in particular animal, fertilizers are decomposed by the same means with the same result. Like all living cells, plant roots breathe and release CO_2 . These four additional supplies of the gas play a great rôle in crop growth. Tests show that between one-sixth and one-seventh of the carbon contained in a normal crop is derived from gas exhaled from the soil."

The dominant personalities in this poison-gas development are, in addition to Riedel, Drs. Hugo Fischer, of Essen, and F. Bornemann, of Heidelberg. In his most recent experiments, Dr. Fischer treated both winter wheat and winter rye. These were planted both under glass and in the open. The results of gassing were in all cases good. The gassed wheat and rye produced more and stronger shoots than the ungassed, they ripened weeks sooner, and they carried bigger ears. Seeds which, ungassed, yielded ten ear-bearing straws, yielded when gassed as many as thirty-two. The best results were obtained under glass, and the results with rye were better than with wheat.

Bornemann followed with independent open-air experiments, lasting 130 days, on winter wheat, oats, barley, beans and mustard. Gas was distributed from ordinary small lighting-gas pipes, which the later large-scale experiments of Riedel show to be unsuitable; and the other conditions, owing to poverty of resources, were unfavorable. The superiority of the gassed crops was less than Riedel attained, but it was emphatic. Gassing increased the yield

of wheat 25 per cent., of oats 41 per cent., of barley 24 per cent. and of beans 63 per cent. Bornemann drew the conclusion that carbon fertilization is an indispensable part of really scientific farming. For commercial farming it was, under present conditions for producing and distributing gas, impracticable. It was reserved for Riedel to solve the problem commercially. He found not a single exception to the rule that carbon fertilization materially increases the weight and size of fruits and roots. The smallest advantage of any gassed fruit or root crop over an ungassed crop was 15 per cent. In all other cases the advantage was at least 36 per cent.; often the advantage was more than 100 per cent., and sometimes it was more than 200 per cent. If a field gets both carbon fertilization and ordinary fertilization the average increase of crop is 82 per cent.

Its three pioneers declare that carbon

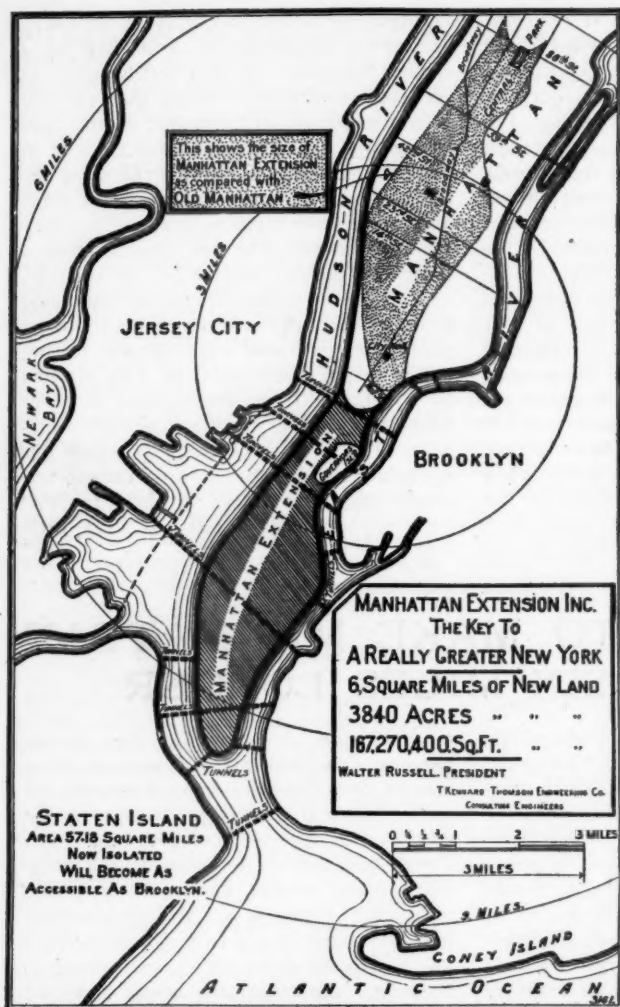
fertilization is within the reach of every farmer in possession of a harrow or a spade. Limited carbon fertilization is achieved simply by insuring that the soil is well supplied with organic matter and by keeping the surface looser than is at present the rule. Backward farmers believe that by this means they air the land, and progressive farmers imagine that they let oxygen in. The real profit from a loose and porous surface is, we are told, that it lets the under-surface carbonic-acid gas rise freely towards the leaves. Bornemann proves from experiments lasting seventy-eight hours that the CO₂ emitted by a continually broken surface is three times as great as from an incrustured surface. The increase of crops by poison gas is declared to be no vision of remote scientific magic but "it is an aim attainable by every practical farmer at very little cost."

PLANNING TO MAKE MANHATTAN ISLAND SIX MILES LONGER

WHAT Alton B. Parker characterizes as "the greatest industrial engineering undertaking in generations" is the extension of Manhattan Island six miles southward into New York harbor. This is contemplated by a newly formed corporation whose plans, drawn by T. Kennard Thomson, an engineer of standing, have been indorsed by the Broadway Association of New York business men and property owners. This engineer was retained for the foundation work of the Municipal, Singer, United States Express and other metropolitan sky-scrapers.

In the New York *Times* we read that this proposed six-mile extension of the most valuable real estate on record will, among other things, provide twelve additional miles of needed docks, afford a 1 per cent. tax reduction on real estate and increase the borrowing power of Greater New York by at least \$5,000,000,000 by adding proportionately to its realty value. The project, we read, has been outlined to officials in the War Department who have offered no objections, since the built-

up extension, as shown on the accompanying map, would still leave on either side of the island the same clearance for navigation that now exists on the Hudson and East River sides, respectively. The *Times*, commenting seriously on the feasibility of the project, admits that it would take a lot of money, but also, if achieved, it would bring in a lot of money—such a lot that to set down the figures would be tiresome. An important result promised from carrying out this plan is, it is emphasized, that "it would keep the center of the city where it belongs and stop the present tendency of that center, which is to drift steadily toward the north, to the great disquieting of owners of down-town property. Another is the addition of six new square miles on which to levy taxes, with a consequent huge increment of the city's debt limit, or of its resources, to use a preferable phrase." The engineer believes that the extension could be completed in five years. His theory is to fill the space for the extension with sand and detritus dredged from the lower bay.



THE NEXT STEP IN MAKING NEW YORK THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD

By adding 6 miles to Manhattan Island realty values would be enhanced sufficiently to increase the borrowing power of the metropolis by \$5,000,000,000.

In a statement to *CURRENT OPINION*, supplementing his representation to the Broadway Association, Engineer Thomson dwells on the fact that the business center of New York is moving northward rapidly, and this will be remedied by having the Battery six miles further south and carrying Broadway by tunnel to the lower end of Staten Island, adding twenty miles to the famous street. This, we are assured,

is feasible by "building sea-walls from both sides of the Battery, carried down to bed-rock wherever the bed-rock is not over 8 feet below the surface of the river; then by building sea-walls to connect these side-walls, which would permit us to pump out an area of several square miles all ready for the foundations of the buildings and streets. At the lower end of the extension we would build massive concrete walls and then fill up the intervening space with sand. For this purpose we have plans for such dredges forty inches in diameter, of which design dredges have been operating in Egypt for years and have easily pumped 50,000 cubic yards of sand per day. By extending Broadway six miles down the bay we can reclaim an area of 167,770,000 square feet, or six miles, and at the same time obtain twelve lineal miles for new docks. These docks will be arranged in such a manner that boats coming down the Hudson River will find their docks pointing up the Hudson. For those coming from the Sound, the pier slips will point towards the East River. Those from Jersey and Brooklyn will point towards Jersey and Brooklyn, and those for the ocean liners will point towards the Narrows, the object being that the boats can enter their berths without the aid of tugs. The cost of these tugs must now amount to more than the steamship companies pay to the city for the use of such wharfs."

Among other features of the gigantic undertaking, the projectors hope to use hydro-electric light, heat and power from Niagara Falls, which will save wear and tear on the streets and will cost a fraction of what such construction work has hitherto cost. Also, it is proposed to construct tunnels from building line to building line for sewers, pipe lines, wires, etc., so that it will not be necessary to dig up the streets. Moreover, "we will have a subway line that will not be a dark hole in the ground, but will have sidewalks and

stores the whole length thereof on both sides as well lighted and ventilated as our department stores. The ordinary street level would have sidewalks and stores as at present, and we may have a third street level above, having an opening twenty or thirty feet wide down the center of the block. Which means that buildings could have three valuable ground and underground floors, and also that one might walk all over the city without a hat or overcoat any day of the year." Such dreams are not often translated into realities.

A GREAT GOVERNMENTAL ADVENTURE IN PROFIT-SHARING

PROFIT-SHARING is being given its first governmental sanction in this hemisphere by the state of Vera Cruz, the richest, most densely populated and most advanced industrially and commercially of the 27 Mexican states. Its legislature has decreed that all workers shall share in the profits of the firm, company, corporation or individual by whom they are employed. The law has been in effect about four months but was made retroactive, so that its operations extend backward to February, 1917, when the Carranza forces came into control of the state.

The attitude of the Mexican government toward this experiment in state profit-sharing is of interest and is of vital moment to its continuation, but thus far it is reported by Harry H. Dunn, in the *Dearborn Independent*, to be working quite satisfactorily. The new law provides, briefly and in plain English, that all workers, irrespective of sex, age, character of work performed, or any other qualifications whatever, except that of seniority in employment, must—not "shall" or "will," but "must"—share in all profits taken by the firm, company, corporation or individual by which they are employed, forward from the date of the passage of the law forever. Further, these employees or any others who are employed or have been employed by any person, company,

firm or corporation, back to February, 1917, or for any period since that date, must share in all profits taken by their employers during the period of their employment. That is to say, the man or woman, boy or girl, who has worked for any one employer, or for any number of employers, any time since February, 1917, is entitled to a share in the profits of that employer or those employers for such time as he or she may have worked for him or them. Workers who have been employed by one employer continuously for these four years are entitled to a share in the aggregate profits of all four years. The man or woman who has been employed continuously for all four years by one employer, however, gets a larger share of the profits than the worker who has been employed by more than one employer during that period, since length of service is placed at a considerable premium in the percentages of the profits allowed to the workers. The profits mentioned are the net profits.

The minimum share of any workers in the profits of any individual, firm, company or corporation, is 10 per cent. That is to say, if an employer employs only one worker, that one employee is entitled to a minimum of ten per cent. of that employer's profits; if the employer employs any number of workers more than one, the entire body of workers is entitled

to a minimum of 10 per cent. of the profits, the ten per cent. to be divided equally among the workers. This 10 per cent., however, is merely the minimum. The worker's share may be as high as 50 per cent. of the profits, or may be fixed at any figure between 10 and 50 per cent., but it must not be less than 10 per cent. Seniority of employment also is taken into consideration in the division of the percentage of profits among the workmen. While the detailed working out of this ratio of shares among the working people is left to a commission especially created to handle the entire profit-sharing project, the legislature makes it plain that the employee who has worked longest for an employer is to receive a larger share of the "dividends," as the worker's share of the profits are called, than the employee who has just commenced to work for this employer, and so on.

Incidentally, we read, steps are being taken by two foreign industrial corporations operating in Vera Cruz to test the constitutionality of the law. In preparation for this, the Vera Cruz legislature has framed an amendment to the state constitution, embodying this law, which is to be adopted at the next session of the legislature. The chief protest of the foreign individuals and firms seems to be to the retroactive section of the law, rather than to its present and future operation. Some of the most brilliant legal minds of Mexico are working on these attacks, either on behalf of those who are seeking to overthrow the law, or in support of the state's action. There seems to be a growing opinion among the newspapers of Mexico City and of the state of Vera Cruz that the retroactive clause of the law will be declared unconstitutional, but that the law itself will stand.

WHY WAR DOESN'T PAY POWDER AND MUNITIONS MAKERS

THE popular conception of a munitions maker is a sinister individual with an abiding hatred of peace and a contempt for the pursuits thereof. He is pictured as doing all in his power to fan the flames of distrust between nations and to delight in ensuing conflicts, since they create enormous and immediate profits for his corporation. Yet Pierre S. du Pont, chairman of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, lays down the broad statement, in the *Nation's Business*, that no munitions concern can live by war alone. He points out that in the history of the United States, a period covering 139 years, there have been but four major wars, not including the last one. These wars, he shows, lasted about ten years in all, or about 7 per cent. of the time. How could any independent corporation keep itself alive for 139 years by turning out a product that was only wanted ten years of the time? he asks. He insists that the manufacturers of war material are not supported during the intervening periods, when there is no war, by preparations for

future conflicts. Such manufacturers exist through the ownership of factories occupied in making peace-time products. In other words, it is insisted, the du Pont Company has attained its present position not because of, but in spite of, the wars it has helped to fight. He could, but doesn't, name "a dozen great concerns that turned their energies to war production that are having serious difficulty in pulling through the after-war slump." In fact, "it is probable that few munitions makers gained much financially from their operations. In the case of the du Pont company, taxes paid to the United States Government during the recent war not only absorbed the entire profit of the company on powder sold to our Government, but, in addition, they wiped out all of the profit made on these powders during the preceding twenty years."

The *Christian Science Monitor* observes, in this connection, that this is the first authentic instance known where the operation of the excess profits tax provision of the United States revenue laws has taken

a sum in excess of the total profits, to say nothing of the claimed retroactive effect of the law in wiping out profits accumulated during a score of years.

At the outbreak of the war, we are told, the du Pont company had capital assets of about \$80,000,000, and employed about 6,000 men. Its business amounted to about \$26,000,000 per annum. Demands of war required the increase of this business to over \$300,000,000 per annum, the employment of 68,000 men, and the investment in factories for the production of special military explosives of \$220,000,000, equal to 270 per cent. of the total assets of the company prior to the war. The building of these factories and the production of 1,466,000,000 pounds of explosives required the purchase of an enormous quantity of materials in widely fluctuating markets, and in face of possible cessation of hostilities at any moment. Failure to produce on specified time would have entailed most serious consequences. Presence of explosives made the factories particularly liable to successful attack by the enemy, requiring constant guarding at all points. The introduction of thousands of untrained men not only caused grave risk with respect to the quality of product, but, through possible carelessness or lack of information, introduced hazards whose consequences might amount to thousands of dollars in a single accident. Chairman du Pont cites the war-time destruction of several powder magazines in flares that lasted a fraction of a minute, where the value of material lost amounted as high as \$250,000 in one such accident.

The *Christian Science Monitor* finds it hard to reconcile some of the foregoing statements with the annual report of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company to its stockholders in March, 1919. In this re-

port, given wide publicity at the time of its issue, the activities of the company during the four years of the war are reviewed at length. After showing that, during those four years, the company produced a total of 1,466,761,219 pounds of military explosives, it is stated that the gross capital of the company was increased during the same period, 1915-1918, from \$83,423,000 to \$308,846,000 or 270 per cent. During the same period there was distributed to stockholders \$140,983,000. The gross business done throughout the war period, in explosives, was \$1,490,000,000. Summarizing the financial results of the four years' campaign, the report continues:

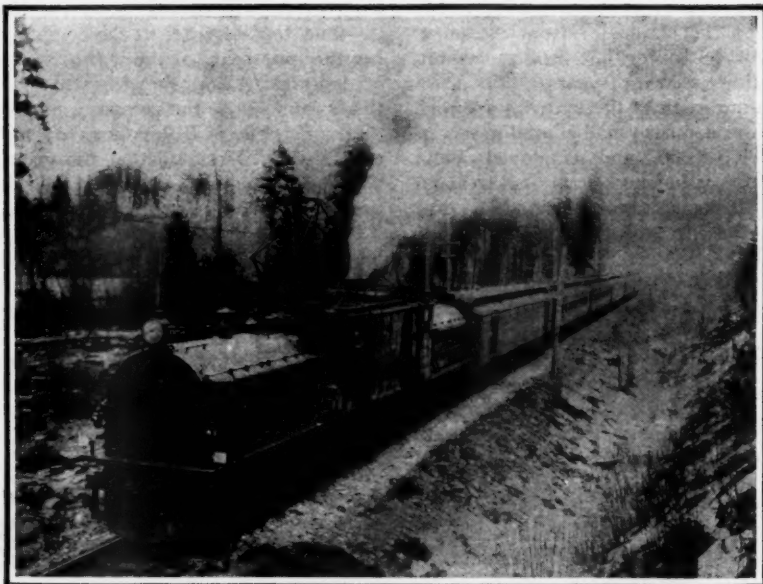
"The stock of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, the predecessor of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., sold during the early months of the war at \$125 per share. The share of debenture stock and two shares of common stock of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., which were exchanged for the former security, are worth in to-day's market (December 31, 1918) \$593, or an increase in value of 374 per cent. In the meantime (1915-1918) the total dividends on the common stock of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company and on the exchanged securities of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. have amounted to 458 per cent. on the par value of the original stock. It is difficult to imagine a more satisfactory financial result."

It was stated that, following the signing of the armistice, war contracts worth \$260,000,000 were canceled, but the stockholders were assured that no apprehension should be felt on this score because, after liquidation of the munitions business, the company would hold about \$200,000,000 of assets on which, it was claimed, earnings should average the 11½ per cent. of pre-war days.

CAN THE RAILROADS SAVE MONEY BY ELECTRIFYING

CAUTIOUSLY predicting that within the next 50 years or so airships will entirely replace railroads, Alvin W. Krech, head of the Equitable Trust Com-

pany, of New York, and a director in a score of corporations, including eight railroads, is, oddly enough, dubious as to the practicability of electrifying the great



LATEST TYPE 265-TON ELECTRIC PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE,
C. M. & ST. PAUL RY.

railway systems of America. Every road, as he qualifies, must be a law unto itself in this electrical connection—dependant upon the accessibility of water power. Consequently, in his carefully considered opinion, expressed in the *Magazine of Wall Street*, "electrifying railroads and abolishing steam power altogether seems a long way in the future, the tremendous outlay involved in substituting one for the other being of vital consideration." In support of his contention it is of interest to read that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, a pioneer in railway electrification on a large scale, now has two long stretches of electrified road in operation. Its first development was 440 miles, covering three mountain ranges, including the so-called Continental Divide extending from Harlowton, Montana, to Avery, Idaho. This division has been in operation for several years. The later application was from Othello, Washington, to Tacoma, some 210 miles, and includes not only the Cascade Mountains but a long climb out of the Columbia Valley. There is now left between these two sections over 200 miles of railroad which will in

time, no doubt, be electrified, altho not in the near future.

The power employed is all hydro-electric. These far western lines of the St. Paul run through a country where there are many water-power possibilities in excess of power requirements.

A very considerable advantage which the St. Paul enjoys from electrification is on the mountain grades, which are long. There is no end of economics, on this account, which would not be disclosed under ordinary conditions.

There are other conditions, too, which surround this wonderful undertaking and which are conducive to economy. The St. Paul is operating through a country where connecting railroads are not frequent. The interchange of business between steam and electric lines presents complications which in the St. Paul case are not many.

It is of special interest to know that the St. Paul has for some time past been operating electric locomotives on continuous runs in the passenger service from Harlowton to Avery—440 miles—and these locomotives are frequently turned

at either end without being run into the roundhouse. This is remarkable in consideration of the fact that such work would require the services of at least steam locomotives. The St. Paul management is satisfied that an electric locomotive in passenger service can be driven continuously over a stretch of 1,000 miles. In considering the St. Paul case, Mr. Krech opines that "early developments

promise some other method for transmitting power whereby overhead wires and the third rail will be abandoned entirely." He is expecting an economical storage battery to enable trains to run independently of a general power station. Today, however, he believes that "the adoption of electricity by all the railroads in the country is quite out of the question."

REVEALING GEO. WASHINGTON AS A PIONEER CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

STRIKING evidence of the fact that the first President of the United States was also the first American millionaire, if not multi-millionaire, is freshly revealed by Eugene E. Prussing, of the Chicago Bar, whose search of obscure and forgotten Colonial records authenticates an early important chapter in our industrial history. It, of course, is well known that George Washington inherited a considerable estate from his brother, Lawrence, and that it was greatly enhanced by his marriage to the widow Custis. George Washington Parke Custis, in his "Recollections," assumed that Washington received through his wife \$100,000, part in sterling and part in Virginia currency, and this estimate has been generally accepted. The buying power of a dollar was then eight or ten times as much as now.

Washington was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1759, soon after his marriage, and held his seat continuously until he was chosen a delegate to the First Continental Congress in 1774. In a volume to be published shortly under the title "The Estate of George Washington, Deceased," extracts from which appear in *Scribner's*, the author states that the 15 years of legislative training and business experience which Washington thus acquired have never been fully exploited by his biographers or the historians of his time. "We are left to guess what he did from day to day and year to year, politically and otherwise, to train him for that ability and

soundness of judgment which he later displayed in the national field, in the Revolution, the Constitution, the presidency and the French crisis." A few items, hitherto glossed over, are thus summarized by Eugene E. Prussing:

In 1759 he succeeded his wife as administrator of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis, her deceased husband, consisting of \$100,000 in cash and securities, belonging to her, and through her to him, and to her son and daughter, in equal shares.

He also succeeded to the long guardianship of the two children's shares in this personal estate and doubled its value in the 17 years in which he administered it.

He was guardian and manager of "Jack" Custis's 45,000 acres of cultivated and wild lands. These were scattered through half a dozen counties in tide-water Virginia, and were farmed in part by many slaves, managed by overseers, or were leased on shares to tenants. Their product must be planted, husbanded, reaped, watched, warehoused, and then shipped to and sold in English and West Indian markets, and the returns secured, collected, and accounted for.

The result of his labors was that young Custis at 21 became the richest young man in the old Dominion. His mother had been advised in writing by her lawyers to get the ablest manager in the colony to superintend this vast estate if she would conserve it, a thing she was not qualified to do, and that she "ought to pay him any salary he might reasonably ask for the service." That she chose wisely in marrying young Colonel Washington,

and got the best of a good bargain, is the opinion echoed by Mr. Prussing.

Washington, furthermore, managed his own estate of Mount Vernon (inherited from his brother), increasing it, through these years of his prime, from 2,700 to 8,200 acres. He ran the mill his father established, conducted fisheries at wholesale along his nearly ten miles of river-front, teeming with shad and herring, shipped flour and salted fish to England and the West Indies in annually increasing quantities. He maintained a ferry across the Potomac at a profit and to the great convenience of the public, built a village of houses at Mount Vernon, and enlarged the mansion-house to double its original size. He established half a dozen "quarters" for his slaves on the various farms of his estate, increased their number by leases from his neighbors and watched the welfare of these dependents with prudent care and far-sighted discipline. Their ignorance, shiftlessness and general unprofitableness are said to have been a source of his constant anxiety and conscientious yearning to see them freed, and their condition and that of the colony improved accordingly.

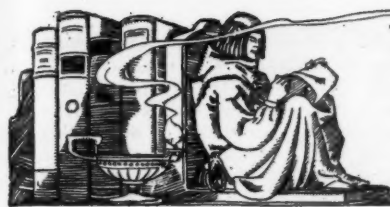
In 1763 and for five years thereafter, we read, Washington managed what was known as the great Dismal Swamp enterprise, involving the drainage and lumbering operations on 40,000 acres of "spongy" forested land below Norfolk, in Nansemond County, Virginia. It required the building of several miles of canals and docks at Suffolk, the construction of roads and camps, and the usual labor of timber-cutting and shipping on a large scale. To this Washington devoted the greater part of his time as managing director of a company of twelve "adventurers."

A little later he bent his efforts to create what was known as the Mississippi Company and to procure for it a grant of several millions of acres of land in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys from the crown. He was the manager of the enterprise and for some years it engaged his best endeavors. He invited the participation of his Virginia friends, and from 1765 to 1772 struggled, but in vain, in com-

petition with London and court influences, for the royal favor. Then the Revolution dissolved all the rainbows of hope in that direction.

Throughout the years 1759 to 1772 Washington was constantly engaged in an endeavor to compel the British Government to fulfill a promise made by a former Colonial Governor, Dinwiddie, to give the Virginia veterans of the French and Indian War 200,000 acres of land on the western waters. It took him 13 years to get justice done. He constituted himself, with their full approval, the agent and trustee of his soldiers, advanced all the expenses of survey and allotment, and finally distributed the lands to officers and men in due proportions, so that no complaint by them or their heirs seems to have remained of record. Washington is on record as receiving 10,000 acres of this land on his own account and as having purchased more in the open market from those "who preferred a bit of cash in hand to much land in the bush. He made the journey to Ohio in 1770 and selected the lands along the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, and other streams best suited to agriculture, for his soldiers and himself."

He further caused Colonel William Crawford and his brother Valentine to locate for him many claims in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the present West Virginia, until such purchases, together with his share of the bounty lands, amounted to 53,000 acres of the best bottom-lands on the Ohio, Great Kanawha, and Little Miami Rivers, as well as the Great Meadows, on which he had surrendered Fort Necessity, and a great tract in the heart of the now famous Connelsville coke region. Incidentally he also acquired two large farms in Maryland, and jointly with General George Clinton, while waiting for the signing of the definitive treaty of peace with England in 1783, he bought 6,000 acres in the Mohawk Valley near Utica, New York. Washington had no money at the time, but Clinton loaned him \$2,500 for the purpose, on his note at 7 per cent. interest, which was promptly repaid, partly out of the first crop Washington raised after the Revolution and partly from sales of the land.



BOOKS IN BRIEF



A Journal of the Great War, by Charles G. Dawes, Brigadier-General, Engineers (Houghton Mifflin), has a present as well as a retrospective interest in view of the fact that its author is now the Budget Director of the United States. He had made a reputation as a lawyer, financier and business organizer before he was appointed General Purchasing Agent of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, and his record throughout has been one of extraordinary efficiency. He tells of his difficulties in getting coal, transportation, food and horses for the American Army, and of efforts, finally crowned with success, to create unified support for unified action. In all that he did he was closely associated with General Pershing. He speaks of the American Commander-in-Chief as "incomparably the strongest character" that he has ever known. One of the interesting passages of the Journal describes a "violent" discussion that took place in 1918 between Pershing and Marshal Foch in regard to the question whether the American Army should be held intact or dissipated among the Allied forces. At one time Foch told Pershing that he would appeal to the President of the United States. The discussion ended as a victory for Pershing. "Foch and Pershing," says General Dawes, "are great friends and will always be so. Each admires the other. Unusual men take unusual methods of expression at times, but they never misunderstand each other. The sincerity of both Foch and Pershing, their common and sacred purpose, their common ability, bind them closely together. But when General Foch said, 'I accept,' he had yielded the American Army its proper place in history."

Portraits of the Nineties, by E. T. Raymond (Scribner), falls into the prevailing mode of "realistic" biography. We get here twenty-nine sketches of Englishmen who dominated the later years of the Victorian period. Authors and artists, as well as statesmen, are treated, and the list includes Gladstone, Chamberlain, Morley, Balfour, Meredith, Hardy, Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley. It is Mr. Raymond's aim to lay bare the springs of personality and to account for

achievement. His method is both positive and negative. He tells us, for instance, that Gladstone owed his power to his "massive seriousness, deriving from his intense sense of the eternal." He says that Balfour is weak because of his inability to encourage or even to suffer friendship on equal terms. There is something unreal, according to Mr. Raymond, in the democratic principles which Morley avows in the presence of peers and scholars, but shrinks from carrying into actual practice. There is something equally unreal, he would have us believe, in the philosophy of even so great a literary artist as Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy's pessimism is based on excessive gentleness; his characters are, in the light of average human experience, exceptions.

The Portrait of Mr. W. H., by Oscar Wilde (Kennerley), is the elaboration of a famous essay first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1889. It was once announced for publication in London, but is said to have been stolen from Wilde's rooms in 1895 and is now offered to the reading public for the first time. The central idea of both essay and book is that the "W. H." whom Shakespeare called the "Onlie Begetter" of his sonnets was Willie Hughes, a boy-actor who played the parts of Shakespeare's heroines. This idea is worked out with rare skill and beauty, but is bound to be recognized as a subjective revelation, rather than as a convincing historical argument. Wilde was obsessed by the idea of homogenic love, and was determined to justify it. When he says that Willie Hughes became to him a kind of spiritual presence, an ever-dominant personality, and adds, "I could almost fancy that I saw him standing in the shadow of my room, so well had Shakespeare drawn him, with his golden hair, his tender, flowerlike grace, his dreamy, deep-sunken eyes, his delicate, mobile limbs, and his white lily hands," it is clear that we are getting Wilde's emotion, not Shakespeare's.

Brass, by Charles G. Norris (Dutton), is a tale of unhappy wives and husbands conceived in the spirit of Browning's lines: Annul a marriage? 'Tis impossible! Tho ring about your neck be brass not gold,

Needs must it clasp, gangrene you just the same!

The story is crowded with detail and centers about the marital experiences of Philip Baldwin, son of a California fruit-grower. His first wife is Marjorie, shallow, irresponsible and pleasure-loving; his second is Leila, who develops into a shrew. There is a third woman in his life, who adores him and slaves to make him contented, and there are a partner, a friend and a sister who are wrecked on matrimonial shoals. It is all a picture of the seamy side of marriage, and it appeals to Zona Gale (in the *New York Evening*

Post) as a novel quite in the new American manner of disillusion with the way in which we live. "So true are Mr. Norris' situations," she says, "so honest his characterizations, so daring and wise his choice of detail, that he offers a theme far stronger than the one which presumably—to judge by that text of his—he intended to present. Namely, that the social and spiritual problem of marriage is unsolved, and as much unsolved at the book's end as at its beginning. And that it never can be solved until the race recognizes more of the high mystery of the double principle in nature."

THE BEAR-TAMER'S DAUGHTER

(Concluded from page 750)

trollable rage, she went for her whip and began to lash the dog with its thongs.

"So, ha, ha, you will let thieves go and come as they please, will you, will you, ha? Take this and take that."

"Why do you hit the dog?" asked Costa, coming out of his tent, awakened by the animal's howls.

"Why? Why? Because, look, look! Look at my hair. Some one has entered my tent and sheared them off while I was asleep. And he did not move, did not bark, nothing."

"What? What is that?" Costa screamed. "Who did that? Who did that? If I did not know that Ursu was lame, by fire and water! Margarita—my poor girl—my poor girl—who could have done it? I will go to the end of the world to find him."

"A thief, a coward, a triple coward, one who dared not fight me in daylight," screamed Margarita at the top of her voice, knowing that Petrackio could not be too far off to hear her words.

Costa was soon on his horse.

"I shall not return before finding the thief, the coward," was all he said before riding away.

Costa was hardly out of sight when Petrackio showed himself, emerging from behind a tree only a few paces behind the girl.

"Well, I heard you calling me a while ago, so I arrived astride an eagle and dropped your tresses on your cot through the air-hole on top of your tent. Why have you called me?"

"Called you? I called you?"

"I heard your whistle!"

"That was for the dog."

"Be it as you say," Petrackio grinned. "Well then, I may go, Costa's daughter. I gave you back what I took from you." He

turned to leave her. "I was sorry, afraid that your father might beat you."

"Did I ask my hair back from you? No. I did not."

"I thought you might want it back," he said banteringly, without looking at the girl, "and, as I happened to pass this way, I just dropped it in the tent."

"You lie; you came on purpose," answered Margarita.

She felt a sudden pang as she saw the deep gash her whip had cut in the boy's face. They looked each other over. The glint of his eyes gripped her eyes even more strongly than his steely fingers had gripped her a day before. The sound of a galloping horse was coming nearer and nearer. Her father was returning. She looked at Petrackio. He too had heard the hoofbeats yet there was no trace of fear on his face.

Margarita watched the boy's face while she measured the nearing sound of the hoofbeats. Her father must have entered the mouth of the gully. Petrackio knew that as well as she, yet he did not move a foot. He looked at her steadily. When she had heard her father's voice talking to the horse and seen that the boy had made no move to leave, to hide between the trees, she called to him, trembling with fear:

"Hide, for God's sake, hide. He comes."

"I will wait for you on Sunday at the inn," Petrackio said quietly before vanishing behind a tree.

And as the bear-tamer's daughter passed by the tree to which a bear was chained she felt that she herself was as a bear that had been tamed, or trainer that had been tamed by a real live bear, tamed to do the master's will, yet she was already unhappy, thinking of the long days and long nights between then and Sunday.



SHEAR NONSENSE

Heavy-hearted

"Maud says she puts her very heart into her cooking."

"She must have been heavy-hearted when she made this cake,"—*Boston Transcript*.

Mending the Break of Day

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler.

"Any good?" was the reply. "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."—*Chicago Herald and Examiner*.

No Wonder!

Visitor: "Plenty of deer about here, I suppose?"

Gillie: "Weel, there was yin. But the gentlemen kept shootin' and shootin' at the puir thing. Aam thenkin' she left the neighborhood."—*London Punch*.

The One He Loved Best

A husband, having offended his wife, came home on the evening of the quarrel with a package under his arm.

"Darling," he said, "I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world."

She came forward with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Humph! What is it?" she asked. "A box of cigars?"—*New York Globe*.

Feminine Punctuation

Returning from school the other afternoon, a little girl proudly informed her mother that she had learned to "punchtate."

"You see, mother," explained the child, "when you write 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question you put a buttonhook!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

An Alarming Prospect

An American who had been married a couple of years confessed to having five children.

The first home was in the twin city of Minneapolis and St. Paul, U. S. A., and twins arrived. They

moved to the City of Three Rivers, and triplets came.

"What on earth," said the father, "would happen if I moved to the Thousand Islands I dare not surmise."—*Tit-Bits*.

Prudence

Two Scotsmen were shipwrecked. One of them had many failings. As they clung to the upturned boat he commenced to recite a list of his offences, vowing he would never be wicked again.

Suddenly his friend interrupted with, "Mon, dinna commit yersel'. I think I can see land."—*London Evening News*

There's Many a True Word

This comes all the way from Paris:

"Babies are being born in New York with long arms now."

"Why?"

"So that they can reach their mammas' skirts."

More of Van der Weyde's Humoresques

The pictures on this and the following page are "humoresques" of the type featured in



DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT

"I'm going to stick around till she hops out and then I'll nab her."

CURRENT OPINION for October. They are truly alive, but they are made from objects that have no life.

Grateful Appreciation

When Whistler, the famous artist, was living in London he was annoyed not a little by a bumptious Englishman who always persisted in accosting him familiarly in public places.

"Hello, Whistler," exclaimed the pest as they met one afternoon in a club. "Hello, Whistler, I passed your house to-day."

"Thank you," retorted the artist fervently. —*Saturday Evening Post.*

Ocean's Complaint

The ocean wearily exclaimed:

"Incessantly I go;

I wonder that I don't get corns
Upon my undertow!"

—*New York American.*

His Own Carriage

"Yes, mum," sniveled the panhandler, "there was a time when I rode in my own carriage."

"My, what a come-down!" sympathized the kind-hearted woman. "And how long has it been since you rode in your own carriage?"

"Just forty-five years, mum," replied the panhandler, as he pocketed the proffered

dime. "I was a baby then."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Natural History in Congress

A Congressman from the West recently grew indignant at a collegue who did not believe that there was any danger that the United States would ever become involved in war again.

"To ridicule the idea of this country ever being invaded," said he, "is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches."

To which the collegue retorted: "Surely the gentleman, in giving utterance to this apothegm, must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, under these circumstances, has a habit of putting its eye through a needle."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Tahiti and "Nightie"

Carolyn Wells has twined a rather nice little limerick for *Life* around-about the hint that Tahiti of Frederick O'Brien's recent book—"Mystic Isles of the South Seas"—is pronounced to rhyme with "nightie." Here it is:

MYSTIC NAMES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

There was a young lady of Tahiti
Whose neighbors declared she was flahiti,
For they saw on her line
(If Monday was fine)

An extremely diaphanous nahiti!

A Shaw Anecdote

George Bernard Shaw was lecturing in Dublin, and, as is his practice when talking to his compatriots, he began by finding the most uncomplimentary thing he could say. So he launched into an embittered tirade on the state of the children's teeth which he had noticed walking through the poorer quarters of the city.

"If you would devote the money to dentistry which you waste on reviving Irish, a dead language, it would do you more credit."

At this, the audience began to hiss and boo most vigorously. Shaw waited for a momentary lull in the storm and then retorted: "If you don't keep quiet I'll continue this lecture in Irish and then not one of you will understand a word of it." There was attentive silence from that moment.



FEARFUL SUFFERINGS

The Giraffe: "I'm suffering fearfully from my sore throat. Every inch of it hurts."

The Centipede: "A sore throat's nothing; I have corns on every foot."

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